The most damning indictment of the judiciary lies in a plain statement of incontrovertible facts—page 660

MAY

15 CENTS

Everybody's Magazine

Weighing the Candidates

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

START HOUSEKEEPING RIGHT —

LET DREAMS COME TRUE

The bride's ambition is for a happy home, contentment, peace and right living.

Realize then, you girls who are wise, that GOLD MEDAL FLOUR makes good bread, and good bread makes a good table and good nature.

Let GOLD MEDAL FLOUR be your very first order to the grocer and say plainly – "GOLD MEDAL FLOUR" – don't say merely "flour".

Bread-makers are making better bread, bread eaters are eating more bread: both the result of the goodness of GOLD MEDAL FLOUR.

Use WASHBURN-CROSBY CO'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK *for* MAY

MAY hath 31 days *By* FRANKLIN P. ADAMS 1912

Predictions for May

The weather this month will cause many to observe that this is the { coldest / warmest } May on record. Jests about the May Queen and furs will be numerous. John D. Rockefeller will advise young men to save money. The Delaware peach crop will be ruined by frost. The cost of living will increase.

MAY

Let us lyricise a lay
To the merry month of May,
Month of merriment and love
And whatever else it's of!
If a poem of this sort
Seems to be a trifle short,
As, perhaps, is now the case,
Let a picture fill the space.

1—W. —First elevated train run in New York City, 1878. Battle of Manila Bay, 1898. Moving day in all cities but New York. *Look out for parodies on "You must wake and call me early, mother dear."*
2—Th.—Newspapers protest against overcrowding of elevated trains in New York City, 1878. First medical school in America founded, 1765.
3—Fr. —Jacob A. Riis born, 1849.
4—Sa. —Haymarket Anarchist Riot in Chicago, 1886.
5—Su. —Theodore Roosevelt repudiates interview, 1904, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1911.
6—M. —Philander C. Knox born, 1853.
7—Tu.—Alcohol discovered to be a food, B. C. 1025.
8—W. —Andrew Carnegie declares wealth unessential to happiness, 1901-1911.
9—Th.—John Brown born, 1800.
10—Fr. —James Gordon Bennett, Jr., born, 1841.
11—Sa. —Ottmar Mergenthaler, inventor of linotype machine used by newspapers and the New York *Journal*, born, 1854.
12—Su. —Vegetarianism discovered by Nebuchadnezzar, B. C. 598.
13—M. —Heloise discovered by Abelard, 1109.
14—Tu.—Robert Owen, first American Socialist, born, 1771.
15—W. —Sir Walter Raleigh swears off smoking, 1637.
16—Th.—Philip D. Armour, founder of school where editor of EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK studied history, born, 1832.
17—Fr. —Theodore Roosevelt discovers Decalogue, 1903.
18—Sa. —Hobble skirt invented by Mephistopheles, 1910.
19—Su. —Spanish fleet arrives in Santiago, 1898.
20—M. —Theodore Roosevelt considers sinking Spanish fleet, 1898.
21—Tu.—Hemlock discovered by Xantippe, B. C. 399.
22—W. —Noah has fight with ticket speculator, B. C. 1271.
23—Th.—Ty Cobb leads American League in batting, 1909, 1910, 1911.
24—Fr. —First telegraph message sent, 1844.
25—Sa. —Diaz, president of Mexico, resigns, 1911. *Time to clean last year's straw hat.*
26—Su. —WHITSUNDAY. Jonathan Edwards, Jr., born, 1745.
27—M. —Cornelius Vanderbilt born, 1794. Jay Gould born, 1836. John Kendrick Bangs born, 1862. Their total fortunes were enormous.
28—Tu.—Amelia G. Bloomer, dress reformer, born, 1818.
29—W. —Ed. Walsh discovers the spit-ball, 1901.
30—Th.—DECORATION DAY. Two ball games in all major league towns. League of American Wheelmen, of which editor EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK is a member, organized, 1880.
31—Fr. —Walt Whitman, inventor of footless poetry, born, 1819.

Useful Hints

Hunger often is relieved by the deglutition of food, such as meats, vegetables, soups, etc.

To remove claret stains from table-cloths, draw a pencil line around the stain. Take a scroll-saw and cut along the line. Throw away this bit of linen and the most meticulous will find no trace of the claret.

Riddle

What is it that has the power of speech, the right to vote, and the ability to walk?

Answer: A CHORUS MAN.

Anecdote

The Bishop of M———, a little town in the county of S———, is noted for his ready repartee. Once, while on his way from X———, he met with Lord D———, the well-known soap merchant of W———.

"There is a Biblical question that has been vexing me for many years," said Lord D———, "and I am going to ask you for help."

"I shall be glad to give it," answered the bishop, "if it is in my power. What is it?"

"I want to know," said the soap merchant, "why Eve bit the apple."

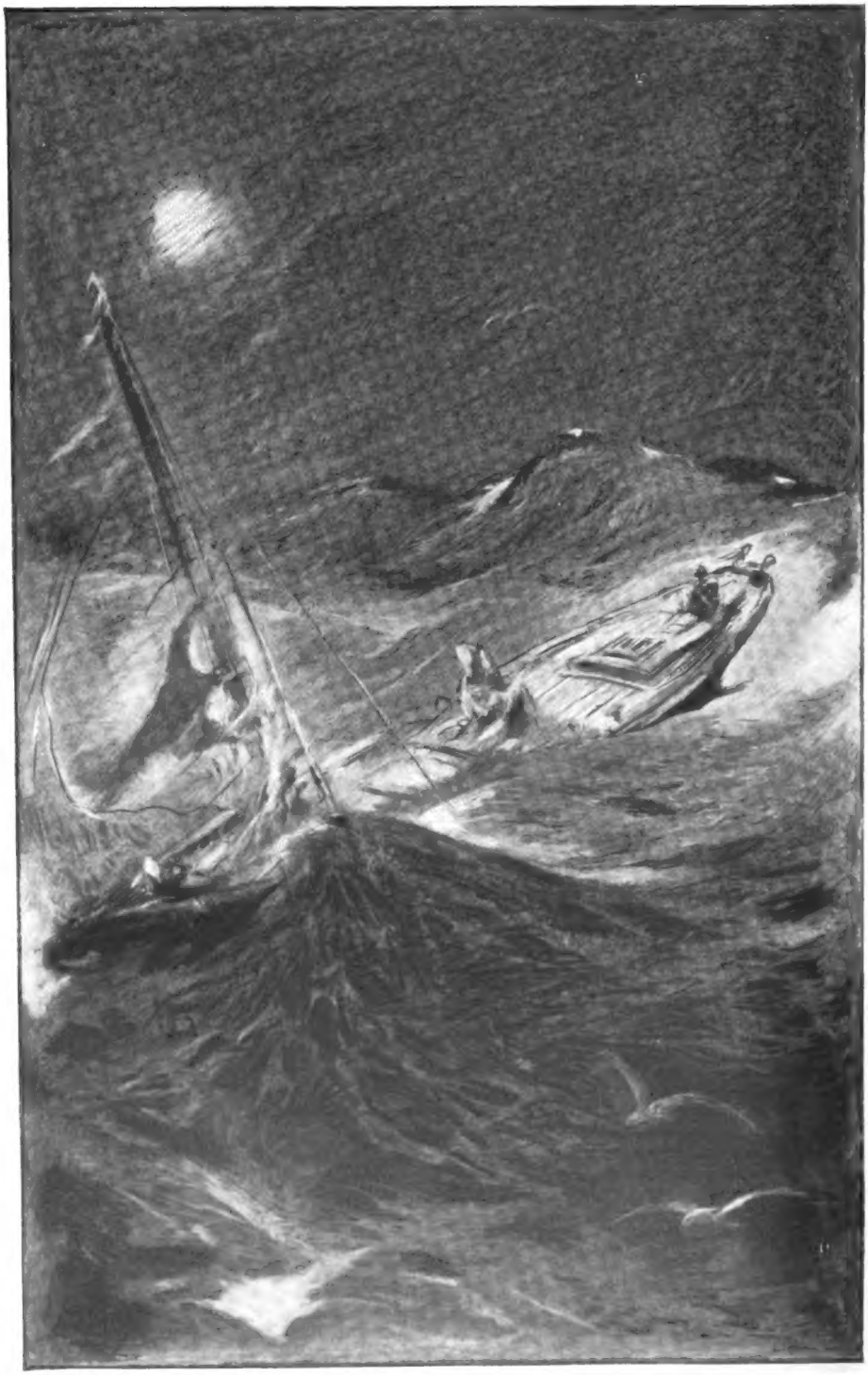
"Because," responded the bishop, a twinkle in his eye the while, "because she had no knife."

Anagram

My *first* is in marriage, but never in love;
My *second's* in sparrow, but never in dove;
My *third* is in furnace, but never in coal;
And Adam, I think, was my very first *whole*.

Answer: MAN.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



SHE WAS RUNNING, NOT TO HARBOR, BUT TEARING STRAIGHT TO DESTRUCTION AND THE BROAD ATLANTIC! *My Eldest Brother.* ***Page 650.***

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

VOL. XXVI
NO. 5

Everybody's Magazine

MAY
1912

WEIGHING *the* CANDIDATES

by

ERMAN J·RIDGWAY

YOU stockholders of the United States of America Company are about to select a President. The number of candidates is confusing. Champ Clark says, "Put them in a barrel, roll it down hill, and there will be a good American on top all the way down." (The eagle screams.) But each stockholder has his own idea of the way the business should be run and the kind of man to run it.

All the stockholders agree on the "good American," and that he must be honest, able, and a superior executive. There's the rub. A superior executive. Which candidate is the superior executive?

Which candidate is best equipped in capacity and temperament and by experience to administer a business world-wide, expressed in billions on the money side, and on the side of sentiment dedicated to the cause of Liberty, not only for our own millions but for the oppressed everywhere?

He must be a big man, our President. Big in brain, big in soul, and of iron endurance. And he must know how.

I have gone carefully over the records of the candidates, and I give you here a brief summary of each one's achievements and what is said in his disparagement. An ungrateful task is disparagement, but we can not fairly estimate a candidate without knowing what is said against him.

Both sides I have meant to give without personal prejudice. A difficult undertaking. And if I have failed, it is proper that you should know where prejudice may have crept in despite my honest purpose to bar it out.

I call myself a Republican Progressive. I wanted Hughes four years ago, and strongly resented Roosevelt's steam-roller for Taft, but voted for Taft. Said I would not again if he did not revise the tariff downward. He did not. I vote in New Jersey. Voted for Wilson. Glad of it. Do not believe in sacrificing state or country for party. Do not believe a man should be nominated for a second term unless the first term has made good. I believe in careful experiments in so-called popular government. Do not believe in recall of judicial decisions.* On the fence as to the recall of judges, and Federal and high state officials. Consider Roosevelt the most remarkable man alive. Have no fear of third-term bogy. But regret Roosevelt's candidacy. Believe he should withdraw. Will not support his candidacy for the Republican nomination.

There you have my prejudices.

I have wished to photograph each candidate's features and color with the fidelity of a kinemacolor camera. I trust no prejudice has been permitted to creep into this summary. If you will try to read without

*Definitions of political terms in current use may be found in the Publishers' Department, page 719.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

prejudice, as I have tried to write without it, you may come away from a study of the candidates with better understanding.

There are three issues in this campaign very clearly marked, and for once the whole country, candidates and electorate, practically agree on what is wanted. The disagreement concerns how we shall get what we all want. By what methods.

One—The Tariff: All* agree it must be revised downward. But how? Through recommendations made by a tariff board to the President? Or to the House? Or shall the House appoint its board from its own membership? Or shall the House and Senate have a joint board? Or shall there be no board? Shall the committee of the House prepare bills as formerly, but schedule by schedule rather than *en masse?*

Two—Big Business: All agree it must be curbed. But how? Nobody wants to hurt business. But business must stop hurting people by unfair methods and unfair prices. How can we stop business hurting without hurting business? Shall we restore competition or develop cooperation? Shall we license corporations? Shall a commission supervise Big Business as the railroads are supervised?

Three—Popular Government: All agree that government is a means and not an end, that "consent of the governed" is first source and final authority. That judges and legislators and executives and constitutions are several parts of the government machine. That the machine ought to run obedient to the will of the governed. All agree that the machine is not so running. That special interests are tampering with the engineers and conductors so that, like bandits, they may ditch the train, loot the express cars, and hold up the passengers. All agree as to the conditions. But there is a divergence of opinion as to the cause and cure. The advocates of direct—or "popular"—government believe in representative government. They claim that we now have delegated, instead of representative, government, with Big Business doing the delegating. They claim that the elaborate machinery of checks and balances designed to protect the rights of the minority is being used by a very small minority to oppress the great majority They favor the initiative and referendum, by which they assert the people may temporarily take charge of their own trains when their officers are disobedient to them. By the recall they may put the officers off the train between stations and select others.

The opponents of "popular" government maintain that representative government in its present form is the best possible; that it has not failed; that the people will go to smash trying to run their own trains; that they will be unable to find good officers if they go over the officers' heads constantly and threaten to yank them off the trains every minute. That such a method would repel competent, conscientious officers, and invite only the spineless. That clever bandits could ditch more trains under "popular" government than under the present régime.

There are other questions included under, or allied with, the three main issues. Finance included with Big Business. Reciprocity allied to the Tariff. The growing power of the Federal Government. Government Ownership. Imperialism. Dollar Diplomacy. Ship Subsidy. Panama. Peace. All told, enough questions, surely, with new ones cropping up, to strain the capacity of the biggest. I wonder sometimes why men tempt Fate so blithely.

Now let us look at the records of the candidates in the attitude of stockholders seeking a president.

WOODROW WILSON

Believes the executive should counsel and take counsel with the legislature, and both should disregard the bosses. Deplores the use of patronage. Sets great store by Public Opinion. States his position on public questions only after mature deliberation. Believes in state rights, but with the emphasis on the duties of the states. Says character of our government must be determined by states, because in their hands are questions of suffrage and methods of nomination and election. Initiative, referendum, and recall should be resorted to only in emergencies. In theory all wrong, but in practise they work well, so he is for them, although he was against them when teaching. Against recall of judges. Judges are experts, not administrators. They determine what law is, not what it ought to be. Says our laws are a generation behind our economic advance. Present laws made for individuals. Should be enlarged to cover corporations. He quotes from the Virginia Bill of Rights: "A majority of the community hath an indubitable, inalienable, and indefeasible right to reform, alter, or abolish it as may be judged most conducive to the public weal." To the General Assembly of Virginia he said:

*I use "all" meaning the vast majority; practically all.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Copyright by Brown Brothers, New York.

WOODROW WILSON

"I have heard men say that it is un-American to criticize the institutions we are living under. I wonder if they remember the significance of the American flag—the first insurgent flag that was flung to the breeze—the flag that represented the most colossal 'kick' that was ever made in political affairs; a flag that I can not look at without imagining that it consists of strips of parchment upon which are written the fundamental rights of man, alternating with the streams of blood by which those rights had been vindicated and validated."

He says of protection: "The worst feature of protection is the demoralization of our political ideals. We have based government upon patronage and privilege instead of upon justice and equality."

He says of the tariff: "The tariff lies at the bottom of much of the trust question. It is behind the shelter of the tariff wall that the trusts have been able to build up a system by which they have all but shut the door upon independent enterprise."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

And of how to handle the tariff, he says: "We are to act upon the fundamental principle of the Democratic party: not free trade, but *tariff for revenue*. And we have got to approach that by such avenues, by such stages, and at such a pace as will be consistent with the stability and safety of the business of the country."

He believes that Congress and not a tariff board is the proper body to make the change.

Of Big Business he says: "A comparatively small number of men control the raw material of the country, control almost entirely the water-power that can be made useful for the economical production of the power to drive our machinery; that same small number of men, by agreements handed around among themselves, control prices, and that same group of men control the larger credits of the country."

He calls these corporations "joy-riders." Says they constitute themselves a sort of trusteeship to govern the people. Insists that their methods must be made to square with the best interests of all the people, and that the people and not the trustees must be the judges. Says he will "stop troubling business if business will stop troubling politics." He recognizes the economy and efficiency of combinations, but says the abuses must stop, and every lawyer knows how it can be done.

He believes in a merchant marine. He says:

"We have deliberately cut ourselves off from the currents of trade; we have deliberately divorced ourselves from world commerce; and now, if we are not going to stifle economically, we have got to find our way out into the great international exchanges of the world."

He believes in publicity. Says it is "a great antiseptic against the germs of some of the worst political methods."

Does not like doing business behind closed doors. Believes in commission government for cities and short ballot for municipal and state elections. Also the direct primary.

HIS RECORD

As governor he lifted New Jersey into the front rank of progressive states from the rear of the procession, as the following laws will indicate: He secured direct primaries, an employers' liability and a corrupt practises act, a public utilities commission, commission government in cities, factory protection, a law regulating time goods can be left in cold storage, law abolishing register of deeds in second-class counties, and other laws. He accomplished this with a Democratic House and a Republican Senate. He broke Boss Smith's hold on the party, and kept him out of the senatorship. Notwithstanding the break which this made in the party, the Democrats carried the state at the 1911 election by a good margin, although it had gone Republican by over forty thousand the year before Wilson entered politics. His administration has been endorsed by the New Jersey State Federation of Labor.

HIS CRITICS SAY

He set out after the Presidency, with Harvey and Wall Street back of him, to be a "great conservative force" as distinguished from Bryan's radical tendencies. Finding the people not ready to backtrack, he flopped, got rid of Harvey, who had discovered him; got rid of Boss Smith, who had made him governor; and started in to out-Bryan Bryan in radical suggestions. This necessitated changing his mind on initiative, referendum, and recall, which he promptly accomplished, apparently painlessly and without effort. Now has Bryan's support.

It is said of Wilson that if he can secure an end either peaceably or by fighting, he prefers to fight. He tries to be original. Does not take advice easily. He does not take kindly to details. In a message he advised tax reform, but no details. Also consolidating several state boards, without suggesting the way. Both ignored by legislature. He preaches publicity, but won't talk with reporters; sends them typewritten statements. Statements he gave out over Harvey controversy concealed rather than revealed true situation. Not strong for publicity then. He will discuss only the questions he chooses to discuss. He is impatient of delays, and takes short cuts.

All his acts appear to have concerned more his candidacy for the Presidency and less his governorship. Neglected an opportunity to redistrict state to his party's advantage. His primary law not working well. He has been out of the state more than a governor should be.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

Attorney-at-law; assistant prosecuting attorney; collector of internal revenue.

Superior Court judge in Cincinnati. Laid down decision that it is unlawful for a union to coerce an employer by boycotting those who deal with him—the secondary boycott. Decision affirmed by Supreme Court.

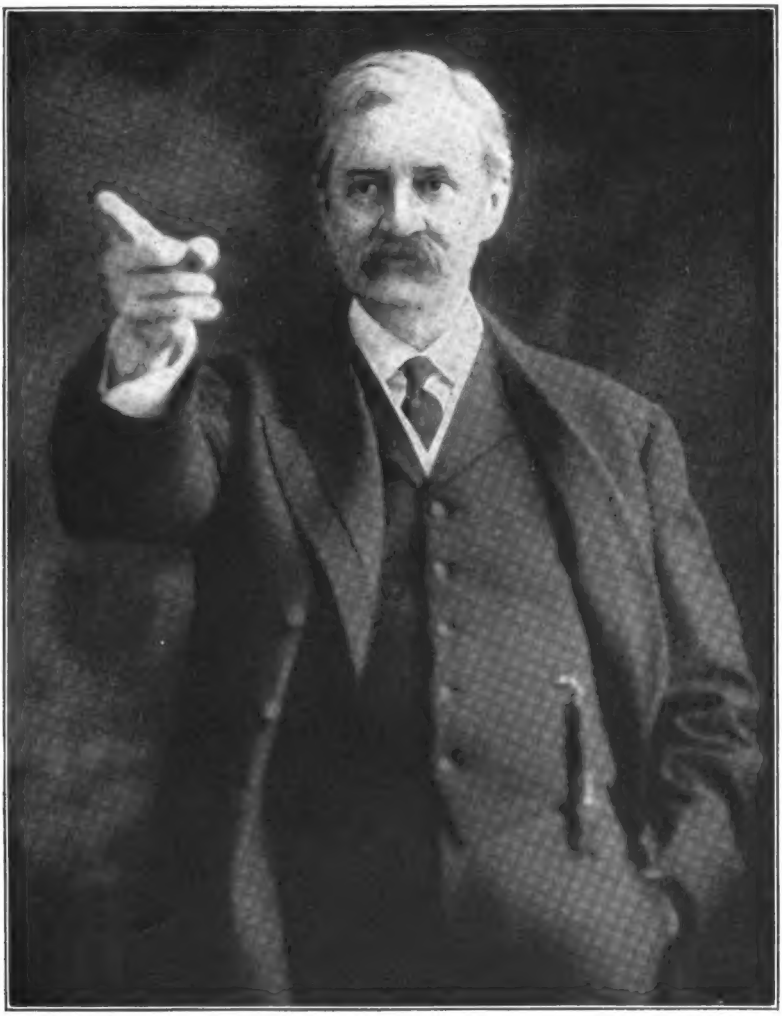
At thirty-three became solicitor-general of United States. Not a single important case went against him.

Federal judge of Circuit Court. Sat in Addyston Pipe case and upheld the Sherman act. Important labor cases, such as the Arthur case and Pullman strike case—both boycotts. Taft issued injunctions against both.

Governor of Philippines. "The Philippines for the Filipinos." Refused to give up the job to become Justice of Supreme Court—a real sacrifice. Brought order out of chaos. Laid foundation for self-government.

Secretary of War. Had charge of reorganizing the Canal management. The resuscitation of Cuba.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

ALBERT B. CUMMINS

As President: Arbitration treaties with Great Britain and France aimed at war were negotiated, but turned down by the Senate. Similar negotiations with other Powers pending.

The Sugar corporation convicted; proceedings brought against the Steel corporation; Coal, Whisky, Lumber, and Beef corporations brought to court. More than two score prosecutions pending. The Standard Oil and Tobacco cases completed, and an interpretation of the Sherman law, many years in doubt, obtained. *More suits have been instituted against trusts than during any previous administration.*

When a Democratic House threatened to involve the United States with Russia in a too hasty annulment of the passport treaty, President Taft assumed the responsibility, and declared, in diplomatic form, that the treaty would be abrogated upon the notice of one year which it required.

Scientific tariff revision has been put in place of political giving and taking in such

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

OSCAR UNDERWOOD

legislation. A tariff board created; revision and reduction of the woolen schedule recommended by the President. Other schedules under scrutiny preparatory to further recommendations. The tariff bill, regarded by President Taft as a step in the right direction, has turned a $58,000,000 deficit into a $30,000,000 surplus. Wool, cotton, and so-called farmer's free list bills, originating in a Democratic House, vetoed because they violated the Republican principle that the tariff should be based upon the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad.

The opening of the Panama Canal advanced by several months through systematic work.

The Arizona statehood bill vetoed because it provided for the recall of judges. New Mexico admitted as a state, and Arizona admitted without the recall.

The Post-Office Department placed upon a self-sustaining basis.

A difficult situation resulting from the revolution in Mexico, arousing deep feeling in the southern portions of the United States, handled with diplomacy and tact.

Fraud weeded out of the customs service; thousands of dollars lost under fraudulent importations recovered.

A Bureau of Mines created. Steps taken toward a new employers' liability and workmen's compensation act, and additional safety appliances on railroads.

A new policy as to river and harbor appropriations begun, the old "pork barrel" appropriation system abandoned, and the business policy of continuing contracts adopted.

Reciprocity with Canada was offered, brought to a successful conclusion in the United States, and failed because Canada evidently thought the agreement gave us the advantage.

A treaty with Japan negotiated, bringing about genuine friendship between her and the United States.

New treaties with Honduras and Nicaragua, which will make for permanent peace in those countries, negotiated and awaiting action by the Senate.

Postal banks established. Rigid economy and efficiency instituted in the Government departments. A Court of Customs Appeals created.

A Stock and Bond Commission appointed, which has made a valuable and exhaustive report.

Parcels post recommended.

Judicial appointments taken out of politics. Appointments have been either non-partisan or bi-partisan. The thirteenth census made non-political.

President Taft has declared for the extension of the civil service.

The passage of a corporation tax law,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

yielding thirty millions annually, obtained.

The question of an income-tax amendment to the Constitution submitted to the states.

Provision made for the accomplishment of conservation policies, and a bond issue for irrigation projects obtained.

Legislation further extending the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission obtained, and a Court of Commerce to review the Commission's findings created.

Civil pensions for superannuated clerks championed.

Federal incorporation act recommended.

China induced to open to American finance on equal terms with the rest of the world.

Peace in Cuba maintained by a word of friendly warning.

The railroads of the country prevented, by an appeal to the writ of injunction, from putting rate increases into effect.

HIS CRITICS ASK:

Why, immediately upon your election, did you dismiss the Roosevelt Cabinet, and fill their places with corporation lawyers, men known to be endorsed by Wall Street?

Why, after saying that you owed your election to Roosevelt, did you immediately change your attitude toward him and practically insult him by welcoming to the White House all his notorious enemies, such as Foraker, Tillman, Bailey, and others?

Why did you come to the rescue of Cannon and the old guard in the House, when the Insurgents made their valiant fight against the old, oppressive rules?

Why did you form your alliances in the Senate with Aldrich, Hale, and other notorious reactionaries?

Why did you connive at the passage of the Aldrich tariff bill, declaring while you played golf that you would not interfere

Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

PRESIDENT TAFT IN ACTION

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

until the bill had reached conference; and why did you defend that tariff bill as the best tariff bill ever passed?

Why did you repudiate your specific promise to aid in the passing of an income-tax bill and defeat the Cummins income-tax bill, when otherwise it would have become a law?

Why did you offer a judgeship and an ambassadorship to Charles E. Fulton, of Oregon, made infamous by the prosecutions of Francis J. Heney against the Mitchell land-fraud gang?

Why did you kill the Conservation Commission and other commissions created by Roosevelt?

Why did you cooperate with Senator Nelson in reversing the Roosevelt water-power policy?

Why did you reverse the Roosevelt ruling against imitation whisky and nullify by executive action the pure-food law?

Why did you permit the now notorious cabal in the Agricultural Department, a conspiracy whose purpose was to get rid of Dr. Wiley, and which was only prevented from dismissing Wiley by the sudden outburst of public opinion in his favor?

Why do you still retain in the Department of Agriculture Secretary Wilson, Solicitor McCabe, and the others who were guilty parties in the anti-Wiley conspiracy?

Why did you discharge Gifford Pinchot and uphold Ballinger?

Why did you select John Hays Hammond, legislative lobbyist for the Guggenheim interests, as your personal mentor on conservation and your personal ambassador at the Coronation?

Why did you discharge Glavis for telling what has since been proved to be true?

Why did you dissemble to the Senate your reasons for discharging Glavis, and then, when in danger of being exposed in a falsehood, become a party to the manufacture of evidence, the antedated Wickersham summary?

Why did you deliberately trick the public by giving out as your own an exoneration of Ballinger, prepared by Ballinger's subordinate, Oscar Lawler?

Why did you seek by indirection the repeal of the railway-rate law?

Why did you secure the creation of the Commerce Court, in order to emasculate the Interstate Commerce Commission? And indirectly, by judicial usurpation, to head off rate and other railroad regulation?

Why did you use the vast Federal patronage at your command to coerce the Insurgents in the House and the Progressives in the Senate?

Why did you recommend in a special message to Congress non-forfeitable charters for outlaw corporations?

Why have you endorsed the proposed Aldrich plan for a money trust?

Why did you favor the so-called reciprocity agreement with Canada which was intended merely to grant a special favor to the newspaper publishers, and to take the farmer's share of protection away from him?

Why did you give the secrets of our navy to the Argentine Republic merely to serve Secretary Knox's friend, Schwab, of the Bethlehem Steel Company, who desired private ship-building contracts?

Why have you made the State Department and the entire diplomatic force the bond-selling agents of Wall Street, in deals with China, and Central and South America, all in the service of J. P. Morgan and associate bankers?

Why did you pretend to favor world-wide peace, while refusing to send the Jewish passport controversy to the Hague?

Why did you unlock the door of Alaskan exploitation by reversing Roosevelt's order putting Controller Bay into a Government forest reserve?

Why did you dismiss the Government suits against the New England railway and steamship monopoly built up by Morgan?

Why did you veto the reduced wool and cotton tariff bill—the first legislation in twenty years tending to take the tax from the poor man's coat?

Why did you veto the farmer's free-list bill?

HIS OPPONENTS SAY FURTHER:

He has used the tariff board merely as an excuse to delay tariff legislation.

Talks and travels too much.

Claims legislation that was not due to his efforts: railroad rate bill (Cummins); tariff board (Insurgents).

In general, approved measures he should have vetoed, and vetoed measures he should have approved.

Read out of the party the Republican Progressives who have fought consistently

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

for Republican principles, and thus has been the means of splitting the party in two.

Tried to coerce the Insurgents, as evidenced in the infamous Norton letter.

Turned down Hook for the Supreme Bench, not because governors of Western states protested, but because the negroes protested against Hook's decision upholding "Jim Crow" cars.

Used Federal patronage to coerce the Southern delegates in the next Republican convention.

Has consistently opposed all efforts to obtain direct popular government.

His personal disposition is sullen, vindictive, and belies the popular "Taft smile." Born to the bench, he is out of touch and out of sympathy with the common people. Affiliations and leanings all aristocratic.

Is easily led—by his reactionary friends.

Has a weakness for delaying his work until it becomes imperative.

Has lowered the dignity of his office by going out on the stump for renomination.

Sends his Cabinet too often on junketing trips when they should be in Washington attending to business.

TAFT'S VIEWS

Tariff: Would not make his Winona speech today. Does not now think Payne-Aldrich bill the "best ever"; but believes it did revise the tariff downward.

Wool and cotton schedules need trimming down. Doesn't blame Insurgents and Democrats for wanting them changed, but doesn't like the way they disturbed business.

Principal objection to high tariff is that it breeds monopoly. Doesn't think it necessarily has raised the cost of living.

His attitude on his tariff revision conduct is as follows: He couldn't get help from the Democrats, so, in order to get something done, he had to ally himself with the high-protectionists, and try to beat them down. He says he did get large reductions from them.

The Payne-Aldrich bill is a great revenue-producer.

Railways: Favored the Cummins bill, but thinks the Insurgents made it too drastic against the railroads. He favored the clause prohibiting one road from acquiring the stock of a competing road. He also wanted the Interstate Commerce Commission to supervise the issue of securities, but he says the Insurgents threw it out. But he got the Stock and Bond Commission.

Postal Savings Banks: He favors them, but he did not like the provision in the bill making it impossible for the Government to remove deposits where made, except in case of war.

Recall of Judges: He is strongly against it.

Recall of Decisions: He terms it "reactionary." "It subjects property without remedy to the fitful impulse of a temporary majority of the electorate. This must be limited by fundamental law."

If impeachment is not sufficient, he proposes a tribunal for the removal of judges.

Law and the Judiciary: Not all judges are perfect; and he favors a drastic reform in present court procedure which results in so much delay. He also

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

admits that some courts are guilty of judicial legislation, and he feels that many courts have unduly opposed certain desirable social reforms. But the bench, as a whole, is clean. And its independence must not be interfered with.

Peace Treaties: He flays the Senate for its failure to sign peace treaties with Great Britain and France. He highly commends Knox's treaty with Japan.

Economy: He wants an Economy Commission to draw up a plan for running the Government cheaply.

Corporation Tax: He favors a tax on corporation net receipts. He thinks it equitable, a great revenue producer, and easy to collect.

Income Tax: Favors it on a graduated scale. But does not want Congress to trespass upon the dignity of the Supreme Court in the matter.

Labor Laws: He wants a workmen's compensation commission; strict rules for safety appliances on railroads, etc., etc.

Alaska: Wants legislation to help develop it without infringing upon a broad policy of conservation.

Sherman Law: Competition is a good thing. There is no rigid line between a benevolent and a bad monopoly. His attitude is to prosecute both.

Direct Primaries: That is a question for each state to decide.

JUDSON HARMON

Lawyer, judge, attorney-general under Cleveland. Won first case to test Sherman act. Also cases against Freight Traffic Association and Addyston Pipe Company. Secured payment of Government's second lien on Union Pacific Railroad. Told Congress how to strengthen Sherman act in 1896: advised that Government stop guilty corporation from shipping goods between the states, eliminate immunity bath, imprison high officials—"Guilt is personal." Receiver, Baltimore & Ohio R. R., 1898; Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton R. R., 1905. Reorganized both successfully. Special counsel, investigated Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé rebating. Blamed Paul Morton. Roosevelt would not permit criminal prosecution; Harmon resigned.

Governor of Ohio, 1909. Reelected 1911.

Punished grafters of previous administrations. No immunity baths. Secured bill for direct election United States senators. All judges elected on non-partisan ballot. Workingmen's compensation act. Public utilities commission. Corrupt practises act. Bills to safeguard workmen. Nine-hour day for women. Ratification Federal income tax. Delegates to constitutional convention nominated by petition and elected on non-partisan ballots. Central board of control for nineteen state institutions. Subordinate employees under civil service. State deposits by competitive bidding. Laws restricting loan sharks. Law compelling appellate courts to affirm judgments of trial court in spite of technical errors when trial court's decision is right on merits of case. *And a complete reformation of tax laws putting corporations and large owners on same basis as small property owners. This includes a one per cent. tax levy limit.*

Harmon believes in a tariff for revenue only, claiming that will take the tariff out of politics and out of the hands of those who prostitute it for gain. He believes merchant marine was destroyed to benefit ship builders. Believes in reciprocity, but not with Canada alone, and not bearing down on farmers only. Thinks the law too considerate of the criminal. Strong for state rights. Economy is a favorite text. On the liquor question he is for home rule and license. He is doubtful of the initiative and referendum. He says, "We should await the result of a fair trial in our cities and villages before making state-wide the operation of so radical a change in our methods." Of judges he says, "A strong and independent judiciary is one of the most distinctive marks of a government created to secure liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

Now let us look at what is said against him.

Morgan and Hill approve of him. Bryan vigorously disapproves of him. His political ideals have not changed since the Cleveland administration. He was elected governor the first time by whisky interests. Received 75,492 fewer votes the second time. In 1910, 204,263 who voted in 1908 would not vote for either Harmon or Harding, his weak Republican opponent, hence Harmon's 100,000 plurality. He ran on a platform with an initiative and referendum plank, and later opposed initiative and referendum before the constitutional convention. He never fought a corporation, except as attorney for another corporation. He permitted bills which he did not approve to become laws, when a veto would have hurt his political chances. Lived in Cincinnati all his life and never raised a finger against Boss Cox. He has been opposed consistently by the Progressives in his own party in Ohio. When he was receiver for the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton (a Morgan road), Ohio did not get $125,000 in taxes which she should have gotten. His one per cent. tax limit bill has brought the possible revenues of the larger cities under the actual needs for public improvements, while saving, he claims, seven million dollars a year to the farmers. He assumes a "b' gosh" with all the farmers; but is a corporation lawyer with a hunger for the Presidency. He will never declare himself if he can avoid it. Sidesteps. He is slippery. Denies what he said yesterday. Too old (sixty-six) to undertake Presidency.

All of these claims against Harmon are answered by his followers quite satisfactorily to them. They have full faith that if Judson Harmon were known to the whole country as they know him, he would be speedily sent to Washington.

CHAMP CLARK

Clark firmly believes in the Democratic principle of tariff for revenue only. If we must have a tariff board of some kind, he

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

wants this board to report to the House and not to the President.

One of his favorite topics is economy in public expenditures. He holds that the expenses of the Government should never exceed revenue, except during war or for the maintenance of the Government on war footing. He does not favor the borrowing of money by the Government on long terms for short-time needs. He would not apply this objection, however, to such big projects as irrigation.

Clark has vague fears that recent Republican executives have encroached very much upon the power of Congress. He sees an element of danger in it, as a departure from the idea of government laid down by the fathers.

He is rather impatient with those who criticized the Democrats during this last session for wanting to hurt business. He insists that nothing could be farther from his or their mind; but he takes his stand with the consumers as against the interests. In regard to his reputed statement that he favored the annexation of Canada, he points out that what he favored was a union with Canada by mutual consent. Since the Canadians are opposed to such a union, he declares that is the end of it.

The Aldrich plan is to him essentially a monopoly of money issue. He would not have so much power given to any one institution or corporation. He thinks that the National Reserve Association would control the business of the land, and is therefore strongly against it. His remedy would be more elasticity in our present system.

Photograph by Brown Brothers, New York.

CHAMP CLARK

He is quite bitter against the depredations of the Sugar Trust, and feels that it should have returned all, instead of a per-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

centage, of its pilferings. All the officers should have been sent to jail.

We have wasted with a prodigal hand most of our vast resources, so that we should keep a careful watch over what little remains. He favors strongly the drainage and reclamation of swamp lands. Our small timber supply should be carefully conserved, and an elaborate system of reforestation inaugurated. He prefers that Congress should undertake the vast projects of irrigation, as they have done with those of arid lands.

On the question of whether the Government or the states should do the work of reforestation, he is in doubt, but he thinks that the better method should be quickly determined.

He believes that the railroads are entirely inadequate to meet the present demands of traffic, and that our navigable rivers should be developed to take over some of the strain. As a regulator of railroad rates, water competition seems to him much more effective than supervision by the Interstate Commerce Commission or by Congress. The development of rivers and harbors is much more important than the Panama Canal, because our domestic and coastwise commerce is much more important than our foreign commerce. There is no question in his mind but that the Federal Government should develop our national waterways.

Good roads are to him a vital topic. There is an imperative need for them throughout the country. He is not quite certain whether the Government should build them or the states. If neither, he advises the farmers to do it themselves, as they have done in Missouri.

Among other things, he favors an income tax, favors limiting the hours of railroad employees, and favors the Chinese exclusion act.

He is against contract labor, against allowing competing roads to pool their business or to merge, and against a Commerce Court.

CLARK'S RECORD

While a member of the Missouri legislature, he secured the passage of the first anti-trust laws in this country. They have stood the test of the courts, and under them three or four big trusts have been driven from the state. While a member of the legislature, he helped pass a corrupt practises act, and a primary law.

Elected to Congress; served for seventeen years. John Sharp Williams resigned to let Clark become minority leader of the House. For twenty-seven months he waged battle on the tariff and the House rules. He resisted the ship-subsidy bill through coalition with the Insurgents, and continued his fight on the House rules. Led the fight against the Republican House extravagances.

When the Democrats started to break out among themselves, and also to break their alliance with the Insurgents, he brought about a continued coalition, and harmonized the party within itself. Fought strenuously against the zinc, cotton, lumber, and other prominent schedules of the Payne-Aldrich bill. He challenged the Republicans to open up the bill for discussion, paragraph by paragraph. The challenge was not taken up.

Unanimously nominated by his party for Speaker, and easily elected.

IN DEFENSE

Clark's friends say he is largely responsible for the wonderful record of the last Democratic House. Through his aid it has made good every one of its platform pledges. He fought valiantly during the party's darkest days, and for the last four years has worked to give it its present efficiency. Under his leadership the dominance of Cannon was destroyed.

He himself elevated Underwood to the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee.

He has nothing in his record to defend or cover up.

He is considered a great diplomatist, and has been highly successful in unifying the divergent factions within his own party. As a personality, he does not excite friction. These qualities of his are in great contrast to those of Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Taft.

His record is consistent.

Even his enemies admit that he "has more courage and directness than all the rest of the party combined."

His long experience qualifies him for the Presidency. He has held a national post longer than any of his rivals.

He is essentially a man of the common people, and he fought his way up from the bottom under conditions of intense rivalry.

When he entered Congress, the Missouri delegation was, perhaps, the ablest in that body; he has since towered over them all.

When elected Speaker, he did not reverse his former position, but went ahead, and fought for the revision of the rules, which took away from his Speakership most of its former powers.

He is the best-liked man in Congress.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Copyright by G. V. Buck, Washington, D. C.

ROBERT M. LAFOLLETTE.

CONGRESSMAN, GOVERNOR, UNITED STATES SENATOR. PIONEER PROGRESSIVE. RESPONSIBLE FOR THE LEGISLATION THAT HAS MADE WISCONSIN THE MOST PROGRESSIVE STATE. IN THE SENATE, HE WAS IGNORED AT FIRST AND GENERALLY CONSIDERED TOO RADICAL. STEADILY HE COMPELLED THE ATTENTION OF THE WHOLE COUNTRY, UNTIL IN THE LAST CONGRESS HE WAS ACKNOWLEDGED LEADER OF THOSE WHO STAND FOR PROGRESSIVE PRINCIPLES. YOU CAN GET NO BETTER LINE ON LAFOLLETTE AND HIS WORK THAN BY READING HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY NOW RUNNING IN *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE*.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

UNFAVORABLE

Perhaps Clark's greatest weakness is his unfettered tongue. He very often blurts out things, merely because they sound picturesque or unusual, which he afterward regrets. This, his critics say, betrays a lack of statesmanship. His remark about the annexation of Canada is an example. Years ago he once declared that he wanted to see every custom-house razed to the ground, and free trade established. He evidently does not think so now.

Clark is said to have an ungovernable temper. And his critics say this would make him extremely troublesome as a President. He is also criticized for elevating Underwood to the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee. For years he had been leader of his party, and now, when the most influential position in the House was being transferred from the Speakership to the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee, he let his rival take it. This shows in him an inability to grasp opportunities, his critics say.

His friends rejoin that Clark's willingness to let others share the rewards with him, his willingness to have his own powers limited; his fears of too great power in the hands of a President, rather recommend him to the American people's appreciation of generosity and modesty.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

As an all-round executive, Roosevelt's friends believe he has no peer. His seven years in the White House were strenuous, and resulted in a vast amount of legislation and public education along all lines of progress. A complete list of his achievements would be a very long and a very broad document.

Here are the notable achievements of the Roosevelt Administration:

Dolliver-Hepburn railroad act.
Extension of forest reserve.
National irrigation act.
Improvement of waterways and reservation of water-power sites.
Employers' liability act.
Safety appliance act.
Regulation of railroad employees' hours of labor.
Establishment of Department of Commerce and Labor.
Pure food and drugs act.
Federal meat inspection.
Navy doubled in tonnage and greatly increased in efficiency.
Battle-ship fleet sent around the world.
State militia brought into coordination with army.
Canal Zone acquired and work of excavation pushed with increased energy.
Development of civil self-government in insular possessions.
Second intervention in Cuba; Cuba restored to the Cubans.
Finances of Santo Domingo straightened out.
Alaska boundary dispute settled.
Reorganization of the consular service.
Settlement of the coal strike of 1902.
The Government upheld in Northern Securities decision.
Conviction of post-office grafters and public-land thieves.
Directed investigation of the Sugar Trust customs frauds, and the resultant prosecutions.
Suits begun against the Standard Oil and Tobacco companies and other corporations for violation of the Sherman anti-trust act.
Corporations forbidden to contribute to political campaign funds.
Keeping the door of China open to American commerce.
Bringing about the settlement of the Russo-Japanese War by the Treaty of Portsmouth.
Avoiding the pitfalls created by Pacific Coast prejudice against Japanese immigration.
Negotiating twenty-four treaties of general arbitration.
Reduction of the interest-bearing debt by more than $90,000,000.
Inauguration of movement for conservation of natural resources.
Inauguration of the annual conference of governors of states.
Inauguration of movement for improvement of conditions of country life.

SOME OF "MY POLICIES"

Reform of the banking and currency system.
Inheritance tax.
Income tax.
Passage of a new employers' liability act to meet objections raised by the Supreme Court.
Postal savings-banks.
Parcels-post.
Revision of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.
Legislation to prevent over-capitalization, stock-watering, etc., of common carriers.
Legislation compelling incorporation under Federal laws of corporations engaged in interstate commerce.

ROOSEVELT'S VIEWS UP TO DATE

Sherman Law and Trusts: Legislation that tries to prohibit all combinations, good and bad, is bound to fail. Mere size, however, does carry the potentiality of grave wrong-doing. Therefore, *all large combinations should be carefully scrutinized by the Federal Government.*

Absolute private monopoly is not justified. *If properly supervised, absolute monopoly will not come to pass, as the laws of competition and efficiency are against it.*

Individuals should be punished.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

No watering of stocks should be permitted.

Checks and Balances: This means that checks and balances obtain among the powers of the different representatives of the people—not that the people have parted with such power, or can not resume it.

Labor: The nation and the several states have the right to regulate the terms and conditions of labor, which is the chief element of wealth.

Direct Legislation: "Human rights are supreme over all other rights."

Believes in constitutionalism, but does not believe that the Constitution should thwart, instead of secure, the absolute right of the people to rule themselves.

It is false constitutionalism to give the people full power, and at the same time to trick them out of it. Yet this is precisely what is done in every case where the bench declares the people have not the power to right grave social wrongs.

It is clear beyond shadow of doubt that the people in their legislative capacity have the power to enact into law any measure they deem necessary for the betterment of social and industrial conditions. The wisdom of framing any particular law of this kind is a proper subject of debate. But the power of the people to enact the law should not be subject to debate.

The Recall: Favors the Massachusetts system—judges appointed for life, subject to removal by a simple majority vote of both houses of the legislature. Each state has the right to have its own version of the recall. Some states need a more drastic type than others.

Personally, he does not favor the direct recall of judges. In fact, he is doubtful about recalling a judge who has rendered an improper decision. His way out of the difficulty would be the—

Recall of Decisions: Lincoln practically effected the same thing in the Dred Scott case, although he did not use the word "recall." The decision of a state court on a constitutional question should be subject to revision by the people of the state. If any considerable number of people feel that a decision is in defiance of justice, they should have the right by petition to bring the decision before all voters and let them decide whether the judge's interpretation of the constitution is to be sustained. If it is not, the decision is to be reversed—subject only to action by the Supreme Court of the United States.

Short Ballot: Unqualifiedly in favor of it.

Direct Nominations: Including the direct preferential primaries for the election of delegates to the national nominating conventions. The election of United States senators by the direct vote of the people. Favors the direct method, instead of the indirect method of Oregon.

Initiative and Referendum: If a state is satisfied with its present representative government, then it surely has a right to keep that government. When a great many states need these devices, they should be used, not as substitutes for representative government, but to make representative government representative.

Recall of Officials: Favors it as a last resort, when it has become clearly evident that no other course will achieve the desired result.

Remarks: Impeachment as a remedy is a failure. The American people are fit for complete self-government. If the courts have the final say-so on all legislative acts, and if there is no appeal from them to the people, then they are the irresponsible masters of the people. If the people have enough intelligence to frame and adopt a constitution, have they not enough intelligence to interpret the constitution which they themselves have made? "I know of no popular vote by any state of the Union more flagrant in its defiance of right and justice than the recent decision by the highest court in New York State." These judges should not be recalled, but the decision should be. In all these cases, judges and courts have decided every which way, and it is foolish to talk of the sanctity of judge-made law, which half the judges strongly denounce. If there must be a decision by a close majority, then let the people step in, and let their majority decide.

ROOSEVELT'S CRITICS SAY:

Roosevelt is a demagogue. His Columbus speech shows his ideas to have been taken from Bryan, Debs, Jerry Simpson, and Ben Butler. When he says he believes in a pure democracy, he is crazy. There is no such thing as a pure democracy. Pure democracy means pure despotism, and has always been a failure. His Ohio speech should be called "a charter of demagogy." It means that the minority has no rights. It would suggest the South American way of doing things. Thus there would be a new state constitution from day to day.

He wants to substitute the corner crowd as a court of appeal to the Supreme Court. He was probably influenced to this idea through his own previous differences with the opinions of courts.

His "on this hand," "now on the other"—is very confusing. First he argues for democracy, and then for constitutionalism! This is his favorite method in handling public questions.

He is "revolutionary," "anarchistic."

He holds it our duty to free government from the control of money in politics, but he invited Harriman to private conferences.

His Ohio speech is an adroit attack on the Sherman act, an approval of the Gary-Perkins scheme of Government regulation of prices.

Shows he will do anything to be President again.

He is even accused of wanting to split the party, in order to elect a Democratic President.

He wants to be leader of the radicals of both parties.

He has dodged the tariff consistently.

When not definitely revolutionary, he is indefinite.

He doesn't think competition can be

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

restored. He wants great combinations regulated by the Government.

He attacks Taft by allusion and in various underhanded ways.

He is impatient with all established institutions.

His dominant characteristic is inconsistency. "Theodore the Sudden."

Has sided with Tillman and Chandler one day to get legislation, and the next day thrown them over for Aldrich, Cullom, Kean, *et al.*

When caught with the goods for having asked Harriman for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, he called all the Washington newspaper men to the White House, and told them about a five-million-dollar conspiracy against him, to distract public attention. And he got away with it—as only Roosevelt could have done.

JUDSON HARMON

Professes loudly his preference for the common people, yet hobnobs with the rich. Inaugurated the custom of separating the sheep and the goats at White House receptions—the important from the unimportant people. Introduced the custom of uniformed military and naval attachés, not only at White House receptions, but on all of his tours.

He relies extensively on an elaborate spy system, both in Government and in private affairs—an extremely un-American procedure.

He doesn't like to hear bad news, and cuts those friends who talk straight to him.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He is quite without a sense of humor – a sense of proportion.

His greatest weakness is wanting to be always in the limelight.

OSCAR UNDERWOOD

Boyhood was spent in Minnesota. Had no early struggles, because his father was a prosperous lawyer. University of Virginia. Practised law a few months in St. Paul, then went into partnership with his brother in Birmingham, Alabama. Had his eye on Congress all the time. The district was strongly protectionist, and down there the people elected men to office only when the incumbent died. So his chances looked very bad. Made campaign, however, on tariff for revenue platform, and after a wonderful fight was elected, 1895. He was then thirty-three years old. Started to buck up against Czar Reed, and was unseated by a Republican majority. Went back to his home district and got re-elected, and has been sent back for the last sixteen years. Gradually made his way up, and got some committee appointments from Reed and Henderson. Party "whip" in 1901. In 1902 put on Committee of Rules by Henderson. Second man in the party under Clark. Now the real leader of the party, since most of the power has been shorn from the Speakership.

HIS FRIENDS CLAIM:

He is a trained legislator of long experience. "Underwood is the only man in either branch of Congress who can be shut up in a hermetically sealed room and emerge with a complete tariff bill." He is a masterful debater, clear, forceful, but sane.

He has absolutely no connection with the United States Steel Corporation, and has successfully refuted Mr. Bryan's imputation to this effect. He has bravely stood out against the demands of his district for protection on pig iron, for the sake of consistency. The Steel Trust has opposed him many times, and has tried by trickery to defeat him in his own district.

He is a quiet, systematic, steady worker, without the sound and fury of the usual politician.

HIS CRITICS SAY:

He is a non-progressive. Sentiment for the South in the choice of a candidate should not count in his favor. It was with reluctance that he agreed to an investigation of the Money Trust. The big interests are satisfied with him. He did prevent an investigation of the Money Trust by a special committee.

Under him the Democratic House has been tamed, made conservative. He has seen that only "safe" men were put on such important committees as those on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, Judiciary, Banking and Currency.

He has buffaloed Congress and the country by keeping his mouth shut, concealing what he did not know.

All the tariff bills credited to him, except the wool, were humbugs. Neither he nor any Democrat expected them to become laws. The greatest humbug was the Underwood Free Sugar bill. This is surely not statesmanship.

He has denounced the tyranny of Cannon, but at present he wields just as much power, and as effectively. He adopted the conservative attitude when it became probable that Harmon could not win.

It is claimed that he is really at heart a protectionist, and is interested in protection because of his affiliations with steel mills in Birmingham.

UNDERWOOD'S VIEWS

To Underwood the tariff is the most important issue. He has made it his specialty. The first step, he thinks, is to break down the backbone of protection, though he believes there will always be incidental protection. He believes that a lowering of the tariff should reduce the cost to the consumer, and will open up new foreign markets to the American manufacturer. Much more revenue will be obtained than under a protective tariff. To protect profits is to protect inefficiency, and to strangulate rather than to develop industry.

He was against the seventy-five million dollar pension bill, because it was against the Democratic platform for economy.

He believes in the development of harbors and rivers, but he thinks that the present is the time for economy, so he voted against the forty-million-dollar bill for rivers and harbors and public buildings.

He believes that future legislation should be progressive along conservative lines.

He is not in favor of amending the Sherman act. He would wait until the courts decide whether it can be enforced criminally.

He is against the present tariff board. In fact, he ignores it. He holds that it was to assist the President in determining the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

maximum and minimum rate power given him, but that the President kept it at work after this job was finished. He favors a real commission which will report to Congress.

He is unalterably opposed to the initiative, referendum, and recall. In defense he says that the people suffer far more from the failure to enforce existing laws than they do from the lack of proper legislation.

"The masses of people are far better judges of men than they are of measures."

He favors a discriminating tariff duty in favor of American ships, so as to build up our merchant marine.

He also favors the parcels post.

His aim in public service is to equalize the burdens of taxation, and make wealth carry its proportionate burden of the expense of running the Government.

ALBERT B. CUMMINS

Carpenter, teacher, clerk, express messenger, surveyor, railroad builder, lawyer, assemblyman, three times governor of Iowa, United States senator. Successful attorney for railroads, but did not approve lobbying. As attorney for people (legislator and governor), he forced effective legislation against the railroads, with due regard, however, to their rights. As member of assembly, he supported an amendment to the Constitution preventing railroads from escaping liability for accidents to employees, in face of the opposition of railroads for which he was then attorney. This independent spirit gave him high standing with the people of Iowa.

As lawyer, he defended the labor unions of Des Moines. As governor, he successfully prosecuted the Barbed Wire Trust in the interest of the farmers; and in four years he raised railroad assessments over fifteen million dollars. He was one of the earliest advocates of the direct primary and the direct election of United States senators. Solved the long- and short- haul problem for the jobbers and retailers of Iowa. Vetoed a bill by which the railroads had hoped to "New Jerseyize" Iowa. While governor, he secured the passage of the following laws long before many of the other states, and in the face of strenuous opposition:

The two-cent fare law.
The anti-pass law.
Primary election law.
Joint freight rate law.
Law limiting the hours of railroad employees.
Pure food law.
Pure seed law.
Law making it a crime for corporations to contribute to campaign funds and to candidates.
Law prohibiting the watering of corporation stock.
Campaign publicity law.
Soldiers' roster law.
Laws requiring banks to pay interest on state deposits.
Instituted the Iowa Idea—the revision of the tariff downward, on the theory that the present tariff is the mother of the trusts.

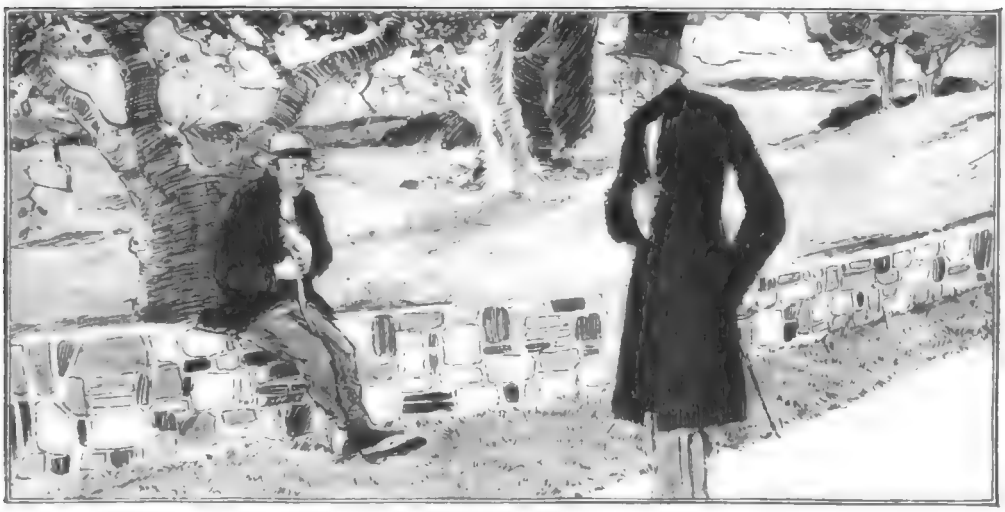
As senator, he has been continually one of the most prominent Insurgents. Especially important was his work on the Interstate Commerce Committee of 1910 and 1911. He put an amendment into the railroad rate law, giving it teeth: the burden of proof should be on the railroads, to maintain the reasonableness of any proposed increase in rates; thus saving millions to shippers.

Ten years ago, speaking in Denver, he said: "Do not fear the title of reformer, but put the true meaning upon the word. The reformer who destroys is the enemy of mankind. The reformer whose cry is 'march on' is the benefactor of his race. In a country like ours, whose foundation-stones were laid by the hands of patriots, and whose structure is cemented by the blood of heroes, where justice and equality have been the watchwords of our commanders, what we need is not revolution, but evolution. We need reformers who recognize that what we have is good, but that it may be better; men and women who devote their lives not to tearing down, but to building up."

There is little criticism of Cummins, possibly because Roosevelt and Taft are exhausting the party's critical capacity. If they wear each other out, and the party turns to another, and if the traditional policy against naming a candidate west of the Mississippi is abandoned, Cummins will be abundantly heard about. There are almost as many voters west of the Mississippi as there are in the solid South.

In the Publishers' Department, Page 719, are some explanations of current political and economic terms, which may be of use to readers in the coming campaign.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



The Reason Why

By Edwin Lefèvre

Decorations by James Moore Preston

Editor's Note:—The trouble with this story is that most everybody will enjoy it. Most everybody will think it is "on" most everybody—else. The other fellow will get it, just as he gets most everything. That is not fair, and it doesn't do any good. And this story is calculated to do good. But only if most everybody sees that it is "on" most everybody.

JOHN HARRIS had been nine days on the road, begging his way, sleeping under trees, impartially afraid of tramps and farmers, but sustained by the thought that he would see his wife and children at his mother-in-law's worked-out farm in Barnumville, whither they had gone meal-seeking after they were dispossessed. Foot-sore, hungry, he shuffled along the dusty highway dismally.

The fence on his right was of field-stone so neatly laid that he stopped and scrutinized it enviously. It must have taken many days' work to build! Beyond it stretched acres and acres of lawn, smooth, green, immaculate; a rich man's place—innumerable meals!

Work! Money! Food!

Overcome by the thought of what he lacked, John Harris approached the wall and sat down on it. He was very tired, and Barnumville was eighteen miles away. Despair wrapped itself shroud-wise about his soul. He became too inert to think even of death.

"Good morning!" said a voice.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

John raised his head. He saw a tall, thin, white-haired man; then two dark eyes, which took in with a sort of unblinking scoop all that was in John Harris. The old man did this with a leisureliness so obviously habitual that it gave him the air of a world-tourist methodically sight-seeing his way through life.

"Good morning," said John; then he added, "sir."

The dark, deep-set eyes were shooting self-answering interrogations at John with an uncanny deliberateness. Feeling himself inventoried and price-tagged from soul to skin, John meekly stood up. He was beyond resentment.

"Too tired to fight; and not the fighting kind, anyway!" The musing voice implied a disregard of John's person and presence so complete that John felt himself turned into one of a column of numbers in a statistical table. "A failure! My friend, do you know why?" He looked at John.

John answered: "What? Ah—yes, sir. I—they said——"

"You are a clerk. Probably a book-keeper?"

"Yes, sir. Since the firm went up, seventeen weeks and three days ago, I haven't been able to find another position. I——"

"Where's your wife?"

"At her mother's. We couldn't——"

"Then you have children. How many?"

"Two."

"Why did the firm fail?"

"The trust put us out of business."

"What business?"

"Wholesale dry-goods."

"There is no trust in dry-goods."

"Well, they all said, and the newspapers, too, that——"

"And you believed it?"

"I thought——"

"I don't want to know what you thought. You believed it?"

"Yes, I did. Call it a trust or a combination; anyhow, the small jobber——"

"Why did you believe it?"

"Because I—well—with their capital, they can buy ten to our one and give credits that——"

"Thank you. Tell me, my friend, what do you think ought to happen to a man who doesn't know?"

"Doesn't know what?"

"Anything."

"I—I don't know," said John Harris.

"And therefore you think you are having hard luck?"

"If it isn't hard luck to lose——"

"I know. But who is to blame?"

"Well, it's hard to tell just exactly who is to blame. I know *I'm* not."

"You are sure you *know* that much?"

"Yes, sir; I am!"

"Then it comes down to blaming God; what?"

"Well, I'm not blaming Him or anybody."

"Yes, you are. Whom should a blind man blame if he stumbles into the pit?"

"I don't know what you mean by that. I am not blind——"

"Not more than a mole."

John stared at the old man. Too weak to argue, too hungry to resent, too fearful of offending, he ventured on humor:

"If you think I'm blind, just put a beef-steak anywhere within a mile and see if I can see it or not. I'd see it with my eyes shut!" He smiled—the hungry man's fearful grimace before a Barmecide feast.

"Is your wife nice?"

"She's the best——"

"How about the children?"

"Oh, my God!" groaned John Harris. He leaned heavily against the neatly laid stone wall that must have taken so many days to build.

"If you will come with me," presently said the white-haired man, "you may eat as much as you wish."

John straightened up. His face went pale, then red. He drew in a deep breath. "Oh, sir," he said eagerly, "if you will only give me work, for one week, for one day, anything, any pay, I'll——"

"Come and eat first." The tall, white-haired man started up the road. John followed, reducing on the way his whole future to one hope: that he might eat enough to give him strength to walk the eighteen miles to Barnumville. He would see Mollie and the kiddies. There his vision stopped.

Fully a mile, always along the fine stone wall, the tall old man walked with a calm, steady stride. Beyond the fence scattered sheep were feeding. Certain of abundance, they fed tranquilly. Great trees here and there made shade for white lambs.

At length the old man arrived before an imposing stone gate and turned into a wide, blue-graveled drive. A man hastened out of the ivy-covered stone lodge and touched

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

his hat to the tall, white-haired man.

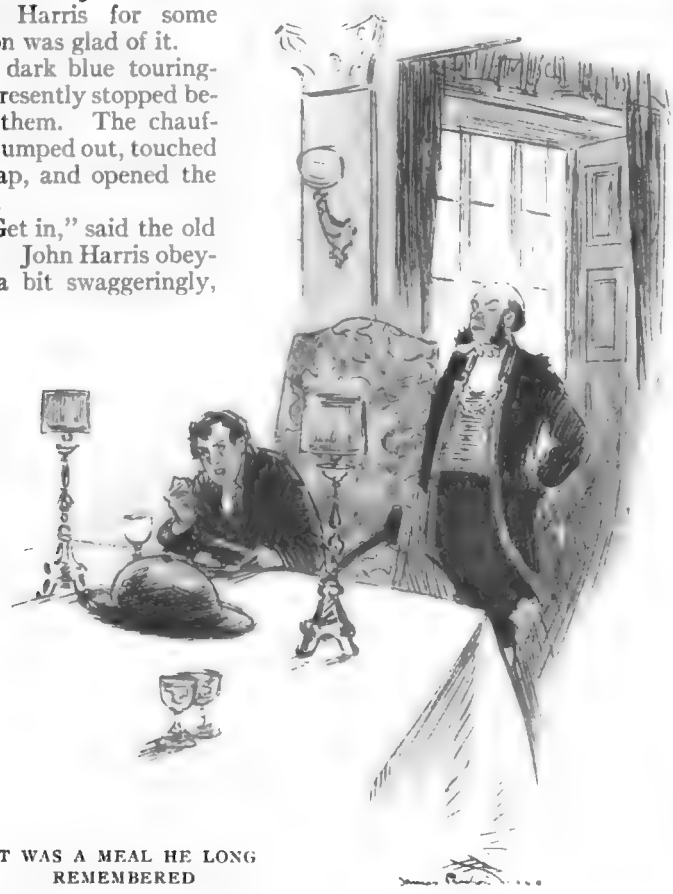
"Ah! the owner!" thought John Harris. His nostrils dilated; he moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue—hope licking its chops!

"Phelan, telephone for the motor. Also tell the housekeeper to have a luncheon for one very hungry man ready at once, in the breakfast-room. No frills; solid food."

"Yes, sir," said Phelan respectfully, and went into the cottage. He did not so much as glance at John Harris. John Harris for some reason was glad of it.

A dark blue touring-car presently stopped beside them. The chauffeur jumped out, touched his cap, and opened the door.

"Get in," said the old man. John Harris obeyed—a bit swaggeringly,



IT WAS A MEAL HE LONG REMEMBERED

braced by the thought of the impending meal.

After a half-mile of private road they drew up at a palace—John called it that. The chauffeur opened the door of the tonneau and ran up the steps ahead of them, to press the electric button. Instantly the elaborate door opened. A footman in livery took their hats.

"Allow me," said John's host, and led the way past undreamt-of splendors to the breakfast-room. Dishes of cold meats, rolls, bread, were on the table; also cut flowers. Back of the one chair stood another manservant in livery.

"Sit down and eat—slowly or you will be sick. When you are done, tell him to let me know."

"Sir, I thank you——"

"*Not yet!*"—and the old man left the room with the same leisurely gait that had so impressed John Harris on the road on his way to food.

It was a meal he long remembered. The servant's object in life was to divine his wishes. John ate slowly, not from a desire to Fletcherize, but because he felt the presence of the waiter and the discomfort of the magnificent room. He surprised himself by the comparatively small amount of food that satisfied him. He took two cups of coffee. He regretted that he could not carry away the abundance of food left uneaten on the table. With each mouthful his strength came back to him, and with it courage. At length he turned to the waiter and said quite boldly:

"I guess now I'll see the—the gentleman."

"Very well, sir," and the waiter disappeared. Presently he returned and said: "This way, please, sir."

The man's voice and manner were so very respectful that they gave to John a feeling of superiority—the same feeling that, grown chronic, breeds races of conquerors. He followed confidently until he stood before his host. The old man was sitting in a wicker armchair in the loggia, gazing over

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the stretches of lawn. He turned upon John Harris that stare of his which was a psychic scoop. John's superior feelings oozed out of him. In their place came a disquieting sense of difference rather than of self-acknowledged inferiority. To end it, he ventured:

"I wish to thank you——"

"*Not yet*," again said the old man, calmly. "Do you read the newspapers?"

"Yes, sir."

"Morning and evening?"

"Yes, sir; that is, I used to when I was——"

"Yes. Which papers?"

John told him.

"And the magazines?"

"Yes, sir; my wife took several of them. She's a great hand for reading. We often——"

"Yes. What are your politics?"

"Well," John said, hesitatingly, "I've always voted for the ticket that had the best men, whether Republicans or Democrats. I think——"

"Thank you. Do you believe in luck?"

"Well, I—" He paused.

"Do you?"

"Yes, I do. Sometimes it seems as if everything a man did——"

"I know. Your children go to public school?"

"One of them. The baby is too——"

"Yes. You are willing to work?"

"Yes, sir. I'll do anything to earn an honest——"

The old man's lips smiled; the eyes remained serious.

"Of course," he said. "You are typical."

John said nothing.

"What's your name?"

"John Harris."

"Father American?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mother?"

"Yes. Our people came to this country over a hundred and fifty——"

"Good!" He looked at John with eyes almost friendly. "Where's your family?"

"In Barnumville."

"Oh, near by! And you've come from——"

"New York City. I left a week ago Thursday——"

"Tramped all the way?"

"Yes, sir."

"Domesticity strong; probably has all the homely virtues." The old man obviously was thinking aloud, and John again had the feeling of being tabulated. He began to wonder what it meant; then, if it meant more food. The old man pursued: "Always vote at elections?"

"Yes, sir. I used to be secretary of the Dry-Goods District——"

"Fine! You would like to earn some money?"

"Yes, sir," said John Harris, eagerly.

"An experiment in democracy," mused the old man. "Nothing more. And foredoomed to failure!" He shook his head. Then: "My friend Harris, what do you think of God?"

"Why, I—" He paused; into his eyes came a hunted look.

"You go to church?"

"Well——"

"Regularly, I mean."

"No, sir, not regularly. My children," he finished eagerly, "go to Sunday-school."

"To give you peace on Sunday while you read the newspapers?"

"No, sir," denied John stoutly. "Because I believe all children ought to be taught——"

"I see. You love them; they ought to be taught to be good. All parents ought to do it." You would not have called the old man's smile sardonic, but it was not benign. He grew serious. After a pause he took from his pocket a wallet and from the wallet five twenty-dollar bills.

"My friend, here's one hundred dollars."

"Oh, sir——"

"Wait, please; a man of your type of mind should make a point of listening to the bitter end, especially when young and poor. The chauffeur will drive you in the automobile to your house or wherever your family is. Understand me; I don't mistrust you, and if you'd rather go by yourself in the train, you may do so."

"The quicker I get to them, the better!" said John Harris. Not for him subtle courtesies or emotional *nuances*, with a hundred dollars in his pocket.

"My man will drive you over, then. With this money you will buy yourself and your family some clothes. Will it be enough?"

"Yes, sir. But if you don't mind, I think we'd better——"

"It gives a man courage to see himself decently clad, and self-confidence wins bat-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

tles—within limits, for there is also the self-confidence of the peacock."

"I'll do anything, sir, if only——"

"When you say you'll do *anything*, you are inaccurate."

"Yes, sir," assented John deferentially, and waited.

"My friend, in an experiment in democracy, which is all this nation is, you and your like complacently constitute yourselves into its chief menace. For, you see, you and men like you are in the majority and, unfortunately, you vote. How can I convince you that you and your like are not fit to vote if you do not believe me when I say you are blind?"

He looked at John, who looked back until he began to feel like a patient in the operating-room of a hospital—with this difference: that he had in his pocket one hundred dollars and in his heart the conviction that in case of need he could outsprint the old man's automobile. So he waited. The old man went on:

"What would you say, Mr. John Harris, my respected fellow citizen and equal, if I offered to give you work and to pay you one hundred dollars a day, the job to last as long as you cared to keep it?"

John's heart skipped a beat; he distinctly felt it. A troop of delectable visions whisked past him; then a legion of doubts.

"If it's honest work—" he began. The look in the other's eyes checked him.

"I shall give you," said the old man, slowly, "the benefit of the doubt."

"I didn't mean to insinuate that I suspected your—" began John, self-defensively.

"I was thinking of your own," said the old man.

"Is it something I can do?" John asked hastily.

"It is something that any man who is fit to be the citizen of a republic can do."

"Then," said John Harris, with profound conviction, "it's a life-job for me!"

The old man smiled—so skeptically that John's blood ran cold.

"Democracy—unattainable!" he muttered.

John didn't understand, but he said firmly: "If it's anything——"

"It calls for but one thing—sight. What you see is important. What you probably won't see is still more."

"Is it a dangerous——"

"There is always the danger, Mr. John Harris," interrupted the old man very quietly, "of your not really wishing to earn one hundred dollars a day."

Not wishing to make one hundred dollars a day? The things he was willing to do in order not to lose the job made John blush guiltily. Almost he felt a policeman's hand on his shoulder. But—one hundred dollars a day? One—hundred—a—*day?*

Yes; he would. *Anything!*

The old man was leaning back in the porch chair, his eyes fixed steadily on John's face. A slight smile came upon his lips. You would have called it a sneer but for the suggestion of sadness in it. John uneasily felt rather than perceived this; and it made him look as he felt; whereupon the smile on the other's face ceased abruptly. The bright eyes seemed to film over with pensiveness.

"An experiment in democracy!" he muttered. "Individualism rampant, begetting masters and slaves; Socialism without God, breeding disorder and decay. An experiment; that's all."

The constant use of the word "experiment" now suggested vivisection to John. He knew that was absurd; the old man did not look like a fiend. But how explain the hundred a day except by torture, crime, or insanity?

Still, multi-millionaires had whims. It was not wise to jump at silly conclusions.

"The work," he ventured diffidently, "will oblige me to——"

"To accept a hundred dollars a day. The hours are from ten to four."

"I'd like to know exactly what you expect me to——"

"I expect you to prove that you are blind to what is before you, to your duty, to your own present desires, to everything in life and after life. The work entails no physical suffering, the commission of no crimes, no writing, no reading, no manual labor, not even the fatigue of talking. To-morrow at nine my automobile will be at your house. It will fetch you to this place. Then I shall tell you what I want you to do. You will be at liberty to refuse the work after you hear what it is. You have received one day's wages—for listening to me. You might risk another visit."

"Oh, I'll be here all right; and I want to thank you——"

"*Not yet!*"—and the old man nodded dis-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

missingly. But John hesitated, craving explanations, only to hear in a cold voice:

"You will find the automobile just around the house, on the left. Tell the man where you wish to go."

He turned his back on the vaguely dissatisfied John and stared out across the broad lawns—green, smooth, immaculate, as far as the eye could reach. Noble trees, star-scattered in the grass, bore their hundred years proudly. The sheep were munching tranquilly, assured of their food-supply. Overhead was a turquoise abyss cobwebbed with the spinnings of quintillions of silver spiders. A beautiful world!

"An experiment in democracy," John heard him mutter to himself. "All it is; and foredoomed to failure."

"His," thought John, "is a harmless sort of insanity; says the same thing over and over," and he felt easier. The insanity theory not only made the hundred a day plausible but brought it within easy reach. Indeed, lost in the joy of his gain, he forgot to be sorry for his patron's sad infirmity. It made the trip to Barnumville a triumph, dampened only by the taciturnity of the chauffeur, who at the first question said: "N'understan'. French!" . . . .

"See, Mollie? A hundred! Let's go out and blow ourselves to clothes and grub. Come, kids, to the village! I'll tell you on the way," John Harris said after the tenth hug. And two hours later the Harris family, garbed anew and riding in the grocer's wagon, atop boxes of eatables, returned to Mollie's mother's ramshackle little house.

"If she'll deed it over to you, I'll fix it up real nice," promised John, with an architectural squint at it. He was a happy man.

At bedtime they talked about it.

"John, he must be one of those eccentric characters," said Mollie, under the feminine compulsion of explanations, "that you read about in books. I wonder if when he was young he—What's his name?"

"All I know about him is what I've told you."

"If he pays you by check," pursued Mollie, astutely, "you can tell what his name is; and perhaps they'll know about him at the bank, when you get it cashed."

"What's the odds? Let's just bless our stars. Even if he doesn't do another thing, the meal and the hundred he gave me to-day are enough to be thankful for."

"He must be a good man," assented Mollie with conviction "Jimmy wanted those corduroys so much. He *must* be!" And it took them a long time to fall asleep that night.

John was up betimes the next morning, tortured by doubts that made the hours pass slowly. But at nine the touring-car whizzed up to the house. The chauffeur did not have to blow his horn; John was beside the car when it stopped.

"Good morning," said John pleasantly. The driver nodded curtly without even looking at him. Angry at the rebuke, John was silent for eighteen miles, until the car stopped before the mysterious palace. The chauffeur opened the door and pointed. John saw his patron walking slowly toward them. The sight filled his mind with a hundred dollars and emptied his soul of anger. He descended from the car, taking exaggerated pains not to scratch the paint with his heels. He hastened toward his benefactor and said deferentially:

"Good morning, sir." Then, he scarcely knew why, he touched his hat, English-servant like.

The old man took in the gesture and frowned. "Do you know how money talks?" he asked abruptly.

"No, sir," answered John. Uncertain whether it was safe to smile in anticipation of an exquisite jest of his patron, he kept his face serious but his smiling muscles ready to work in a flash.

"With the voice of the past, Mr. John Harris. Just now you are hearing yesterday. But I do not expect you to agree with me. Come this way," and he walked southward to an apple orchard. It was very well kept and the trees bore abundantly. Before the largest of all he stopped and said:

"See that tree?"

John nodded. "Yes, sir."

"I shall have a comfortable chair brought out to you. Sit in it. At noon a servant will bring you luncheon. You will not speak under any circumstances, to any one, not even to yourself. I expect you to see and to remember what you see."

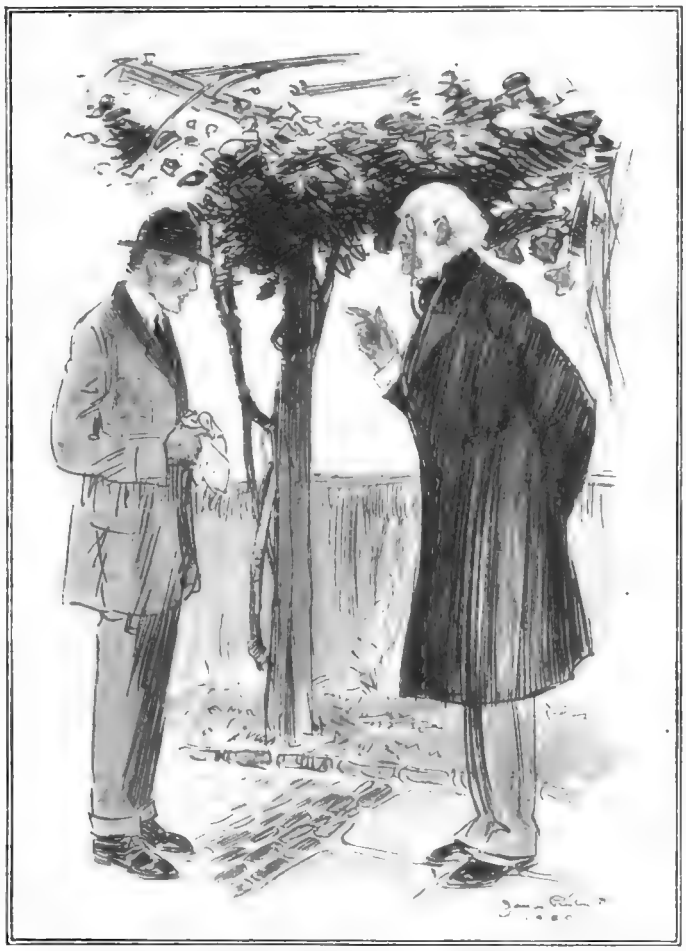
John's mind was in a maze. But, pursuing one thought to its end, he asked: "Supposing you yourself should come and speak to me; am I to answer you?"

"Why do you ask me that?"

"I'd like to know just what you wish me to do——"

"No, no! *Why* did you ask that?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



"DO YOU KNOW HOW MONEY TALKS?" ASKED THE WHITE-HAIRED MAN.

"Well," confessed John, uncomfortably, "supposing you should come before four o'clock and say to me: 'Harris, this is a joke. Here's five dollars for your trouble; are you satisfied to call it square?' Of course I'd say I was more than satisfied, and you could then say to me: 'Ah, you spoke!' So I thought I'd ask——"

"There are, Mr. John Harris," said the old man slowly, "about forty-five millions of you in this our glorious country, which is as it should be, since we are born equal by statute and are by law prohibited from becoming otherwise as we grow older. Equality is the lawful husband of liberty; and the offspring of their union are John Harrises. I shall not come to this orchard during business hours. You need not invent traps for yourself to keep out of. I do *not* ask you to do anything. For this task, beyond the powers of the average John Harris to accomplish, I am willing to pay one hundred dollars a day. Will you undertake it?"

John could not help having visions of spectacular horrors concocted and enacted for his benefit. Nevertheless he said, promptly:

"Yes, sir, and I thank you——"

"*Not yet!*" checked the old man. Turning on his heel, he walked toward the house.

Presently a man-servant brought a comfortable porch rocker and placed it in the shadiest spot under the tree. John Harris, who had been reckoning his wages by the year and was sending little Jimmy to college, was so full of gratitude toward all the world that he barely caught himself on the verge of a "thank you."

When he sat down, after the servant left, he was still trembling; a man does not come within a hair's breadth of losing $36,000 without a tremor.

Nothing happened. Seated in his comfortable chair under the apple-tree, John Harris rocked gently, with businesslike deliberation—there would be six hours of it. During the first hour the thoughts came quickly. But after he had exhausted his ten thousand guesses at the meaning of his strange adventure, the minutes began to walk rheumatically. It was more irksome than he had imagined, this thing of doing nothing while expecting something. And it was not only the exasperation of not knowing against what or whom to be on his guard, but he really did not remember the time or place when he had so vehemently desired to speak as here and now, to some one, to any one—to speak aloud to the air. Indeed, his relief was immense when at noon

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

he heard a distant bell toll—the call to the men at work in the fields.

Presently a man bearing a dinner-tray and a portable serving-table came into the orchard, stopped before John's chair, opened the folding stand, and placed the tray on it.

John thanked Heaven, in silence. It was a fine luncheon: three kinds of cold meat, bread, potato-cakes, fruit, and pie. But no water, no milk, no tea or coffee.

"Aha! It's supposed to make me so thirsty that I'll inadvertently ask for a drink." He smiled at the childish trap. But presently the servant returned bearing another tray on which were two glasses, two cups, a pitcher of water, a pitcher of milk, a teapot, a coffee-pot, and a sugar-bowl.

The danger, then, was more subtle!

He would eat first and think afterward. By so doing he would, in any case, be one meal to the good. But after he had eaten and after the servant had returned and had taken the luncheon things away, he thought and thought—there were so many things that might happen, ingeniously calculated to draw speech from a human being! He would be on his guard against his nerves, that no startled exclamation might drop from his ashen lips if he saw a burly ruffian put out a child's eyes with a rusty spike.

At times, he told himself candidly, he felt like a damned fool.

Gradually he fell to studying the trees, seeing human resemblances in limbs and knot-holes and in the silhouettes of the leaves. Then he counted the apples.

He began to feel almost physically weary of the silence and the purposeless thinking, and craved for mental coma, for the unattainable joy of not thinking, to offset the torture of not speaking. It got on his nerves, and he wondered if people ever went mad from not talking, as they were said to do from not sleeping.

He was beginning to fear the old man's subtle fiendishness when he thought he heard a noise behind him. He turned, with eager pessimism, not really expecting to see anything unusual.

A woman was coming toward the orchard. She was tall and very slender and walked with a sort of stealthy stride. She was about thirty-five, he judged. She was dressed in black. That and her coal-black hair accentuated the pallor of her face. In one hand she carried a large splint-basket.

She did not look at him, though she walked toward his tree and set her basket down at its foot. He saw that she had come to pick apples.

He watched her, at first gratefully, then anxiously, but always prepared to return a blank stare if she should address him, or feign illness or resort to bewitching ruses. She, however, made no effort to speak to him, but plucked apple after apple from the low branches and the high. He noticed how very tall she was, or how very tall she seemed, when she gathered the higher fruit.

Presently it struck him that she was plucking the apples indiscriminately—the unripe and the ripe and the overripe and the bird-pecked. The basket soon filled. But she kept on picking more and more apples, which she threw into her basket with a backward sweep of the hand, and never a look to see if she hit or missed. They overflowed and scattered about the grass.

But she kept at it! She would make sudden darts, as though the apples were birds that she feared to frighten away. Others she would pull very gently time and again until she loosened them, only to throw them into the basket without another look. It became evident to him that she meant to pick every apple on that tree in order to sort them afterward! The waste was appalling. The whole thing was unspeakably irritating. It was far worse; it was just like a woman. Women were all impractical, illogical, inefficient creatures. Thinking of women and their ways made him forget one—his wife; and her needs, and his own. Inevitably the apple-picking woman became merely Woman. She ceased to be *the* woman who had come into the garden fifteen minutes before. Then, as *a* woman kept on foolishly and femininely doing a thing which no man would do or permit his wife to do, John Harris said to her, politely:

"Madam, if you——"

At his first word she ceased her fruit-picking abruptly, and, leaving the basket where it stood, walked away toward the house. He watched her through a red mist of anger till she vanished from his sight. He could not blame the old man, who was a good-natured lunatic with good-natured lunatics in his household. He blamed himself, until in self-defense he began to think of ingenious excuses that would enable him to keep his position, to have another chance at that hundred a day.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Looking up, he saw the old man coming toward him. Instantly he was filled with the realization—complete of detail, painfully elaborate, dismally real—of what he had lost. He looked at his generous benefactor as a condemned murderer might watch the electrician adjust the screws and wires about the death-chair.

"My esteemed fellow-citizen, speaking of self-government, do you think it is unfair for me to bet on averages?"

"I don't know—s-sir," stammered John Harris. He was looking into the old man's eyes, which had already plucked the truth from his very soul.

"You, a man with a family you love, starving yesterday, willing to do anything to get work and live, who probably figured out to the penny how rich the new job would make you in two years, and gloated over your golden independence; who believe in the election of good men to public places and in the duty of sending children to Sunday-school, you, Mr. John Harris, the ninety-millionth part of this republic, could not earn that hundred?"

"No, sir."

"And so you will go back to the long, dusty road, convinced of the hardship of life and the bitter caprices of luck, of the injustice of the uneven distribution of good things here, a half-baked Socialist—you, who more than anything else desired a moment ago to get something for nothing; won't you?"

"No, sir. That I'm a fool, yes. I—I——"

"Don't blame your mouth for words others put there for you. Tell me, though, how was it that not even the thought of those two little ones whom you brought into a talkative world——"

"I know," interrupted John Harris, "that I am not fit to——"

"No, you are not; nor the other John Harrises. And when I think——"

"And when *I* think!" echoed John Harris with an almost fierce bitterness.

"Well, you've had your chance to realize the dreams of your life. A man should not ask for more."

"I didn't ask for it; you gave it to me. I couldn't help being glad. But if you will only give me work, hard work——"

"Harder than silence?"

"That wasn't work; it was——"

"Blind!" muttered the old man.

"Yes, sir; I admit it."

"You don't mean that. At least be honest."

"I worked for nine years with one firm——"

"Tell me, Harris, *why* did you speak?"

"Well, sir, it came out before I knew it."

"It always does."

"Yes, sir. I thought she was spoiling your apples and I thought I'd help her by advising her not to pick——"

"Exactly; admirable human virtues. And that desire to keep a woman from wasting apples, woman-fashion, was stronger than the desire to feed your children?"

"If I had thought about them I——"

"And of what you were here for."

"I'd have kept my mouth shut. But I——"

"You did not think of what she was doing, but of what you would do."

"Well—" John paused.

"Harris, the wisest man is an ass only a little less asinine than you or I. Therefore, I, who should know better, am thinking of your children. The chauffeur will now take you home. To-morrow morning he will again call for you, as he did this morning. I'll give you another chance."

"Thank you, sir, I—" began John Harris.

"*Not yet!*" interrupted the old man, with that faint smile of his so much like a sneer deflected in its course by a mood of sadness. "The car is waiting for you. Good afternoon; and remember: To-morrow!"

"Yes, sir. Good afternoon, sir. I'm very much obliged——"

The old man held up a hand warningly and walked away.

John Harris went home. He told Mollie all about it. She did not reproach him. Their rescue from starvation was so recent that she still looked at the world through a telescope which magnified obstacles. Therefore, all that Mollie could see was the breathing-spell which the lunatic's hundred-dollar whim would give to the children.

"If you can only do it for a few days!" was her only observation—and it sounded like a prayer.

"If I only can!" was his only retort—and it was like an "Amen."

The tragedy of life is not knowing what is tragical in our own lives. This man, John Harris, and his wife prayed that night that their tragedy might be prolonged. Oh, but he was a bookkeeper out of work! Was he?

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

And she a mother, with the mother-instinct excusably making a cud-chewing animal of her soul! Was she? That was the reason, was it?

At all events, John Harris awoke the next morning full of determination to hold on to what, with an unconscious admission of his manhood's bankruptcy, he called his job. Fail again? Impossible! Suppose the work should be *work;* say, gardening at one dollar and fifty cents a day? Well, he would have to take it—for a time, until he got on his feet and could fight like a man again—at bookkeeping! Suppose the old man should ask him to sit in the middle of the lawn with his eyes closed, one thumb on his left ear and the other pressing his right heel? Well, for a hundred a day, he, a free citizen of this great republic, would do it gladly; for it was his duty.

When money means the power to live comfortably *to-day* and the power to make others wish to live comfortably *to-day*, there is a slump in the honor market—and in democracies. *To-day* has massacred ten million *to-morrows!*

The chauffeur came promptly at nine. Harris jumped into the automobile and smiled bravely—as he thought—at Mollie, and Mollie from the threshold smiled back bravely—as she thought—at him. Both felt the solemnity of this leave-taking; and neither thought of self; nor of the tragedy of their unselfishness!

The old man stood at the head of the steps in the *porte cochère* as the motor drew up.

"Good morning, sir," said John Harris. His deferential eagerness to please, his fear of unwittingly offending, showed in his face, in his manner. The old man frowned and shook his head slowly; he did not like the tragedy. John's heart sank; how foolish, how dreadful, to look for consistency in a millionaire's whims. But when the old man looked at him again, the meditative eyes were not at all unfriendly.

"Good morning, Harris; will you come with me?"

"Yes, sir," quickly said John Harris, once more hopeful, ready to fight the great battles of life! A great battlefield is life! And one hundred dollars a day is a great victory!

They went across the lawn, across the orchard, across meadows, toward a hill half a mile away. They followed a path and finally came to the edge of a gravel-bank in the hillside. There was an open shed before it, where workmen might have kept their tools. Within was a rude bench. The old man pointed to it and said:

"You will stay under this shed, sitting or standing or walking about; but you must not, under any circumstances, step outside of it, and you must not speak to any living being, human or animal. Your luncheon will be brought to you at noon. I shall come at four, and you will tell me what you have seen. Remember that I have said you were blind. The pay is the same—one hundred dollars a day. Is it satisfactory?"

"Yes, sir. Of course, I know it isn't worth anything like a hundred dollars——"

"Sight is worth hundreds of millions, Mr. John Harris. Do not permit yourself the luxury of speech until four. Good luck to you, my esteemed fellow citizen," and with a nod the old man walked away.

John Harris looked about him. He saw an amphitheatral excavation into the side of the hill where the gravel-bank was. Above it was a sign: "*Take only one load!*" At the foot he saw a mound of cobblestones and small boulders, left there by the gravel-diggers. The hill shut out his view to the south. To the east he looked out on low, swampy ground, covered with high marsh-grass beginning to yellow. The breeze blew fitfully and made the dried grass shudder; he saw tremors of brown shade sweep across the marsh and he heard whimpers and long sighs.

Nothing happened. John Harris, too concerned with his escape, found the silence and the loneliness less irksome. They were part of the day's work and the pay was royal. He was content, during the first hour, to earn it. During the second hour. he considered, leisurely, methodically, painstakingly, the many worthy uses to which the Harris family could put a few thousands—say, ten—and assured himself that this day-dreaming had a practical side to it: it helped to keep him from falling into the error of speech.

At noon the same servant brought to him the same kind of luncheon. John Harris confidently ate it.

Gradually, the silence and the solitude grew oppressive. It is only a very great or a very small mind that can bear these comfortably—the one because it can think and therefore live; and the other because

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

it doesn't think and therefore can keep on living. Not having either kind of a mind, John Harris began devoutly to wish something might happen; anything! He felt like a prisoner. To put his foot for one brief instant on the forbidden outside took on the same allurements that liberty has for the life-convict.

He sought diversions, and took the census of the boulders in the gravel-pit, of the boards in the shed-roof, and the knot-holes, of the hummocks and the shrubs and the distant trees. When he had exhausted all these he yearned madly for a printed page. The advertisements of a Sunday newspaper would, he hyperbolically told himself, prolong his life. Anything to take from his mind the thought of what he must not do! The difference between being silent and being compelled to be silent was abysmal. Man must because he mustn't!

At times he calmed himself by reckoning to the penny the wages due him at that very minute. He was engaged in calculating the length of the path which went from the mouth of the pit and disappeared from view around the hill, when he saw a tall, strongly-built man coming. Harris sat down, his mind defensively on his guard, his lips tightly shut. The man walked firmly, his head held high, conscious of a strength so great as to make him harm-proof.

John saw him stop before the gravel-bank and look at it carefully. Presently he picked up an overgrown pebble and threw it at a sand-streak in the bank. It dislodged a little sand. Then he flung a stone weighing at least fifty pounds. It dislodged some gravel. He nodded and went away.

John was disappointed. His defense had been wasted. He relaxed his lips and sighed. But presently he heard a crunching sound on the path and the man reappeared. He was wheeling the largest wheelbarrow John had ever seen. In it were two picks and two shovels. The man stopped before the gravel-bank, set down the barrow, and took off his coat, his shirt, his undershirt, until he stood naked from the waist up.

John Harris had never seen so marvelously built a man—deep-chested, massive, the bulging muscles gliding under the skin like snakes, the arms like piston-rods, the hands large, muscular, with a stupendous gripping-power. A man to admire and to beware of, to fear and to follow, according to his moods and your needs!

He now grasped a pick and with it smote the bank. An avalanche of gravel followed each stroke. Then he shoveled the loosened dirt into the barrow. With exactly nine blows of the pick he loosened enough to fill the wheelbarrow.

The man turned about and smiled, not at John Harris, but at the blue sky and the swamp and the torn hillside—at the entire world. It was good to be strong, to fill the barrow in one minute! He seized the handles and wheeled his load perhaps one foot. He set it down again and looked alternately at the bank and at the barrow. He smiled contemptuously and shook his head. One little load and all that gravel left in the bank? That was what his sneer conveyed to the watchful and taciturn John Harris. And Harris nodded to himself congratulatorily when the Hercules took his pick again and with a half-dozen blows loosened enough gravel to fill two barrows. He shoveled it on until he had a cone-shaped load almost as high as himself.

He lifted it up. Ah, it was easy to see that he could wheel a far heavier burden. But the barrow was full.

He cogitated intensely. At length he nodded to himself, walked to the shed, and without a look at John wrenched a dozen boards from the roof. John backed away to the other end and offered no objection, bodily or vocal. The man carried the boards away and with a deft dexterity and a brute force that John envied he contrived to rig them so as to make a sort of three-sided box atop the wheelbarrow. It would now hold, John thought, fully a ton of gravel. The man began to fill it. Every now and again he paused, looked at the load he had, and seemed minded to cart it away. But always one glance at the gravel-bank was enough to set him to shoveling again.

When he had filled his high-rigged barrow, he seized the handles and essayed to lift them. John saw the great muscles on his back swell and grow tense with the effort; his face purpled; his body glistened with sweat; little drops ran down his arms. With one last Titanic tug he lifted the legs of the wheelbarrow clear from the ground and tried to go forward. But it was too heavy for him, so he set it down again and wiped the sweat from his eyes with the back of his hand—a superb brute of a man in a superb mood of obstinacy.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

IT BECAME EVIDENT TO HIM THAT SHE MEANT TO PICK EVERY APPLE ON THAT TREE IN ORDER TO SORT THEM AFTERWARD! THE WASTE WAS APPALLING.

The pebble-strewn ground sloped toward the pit, and the wheel pointed that way. The man studied both the ground and the position of the wheelbarrow. He began to smooth the path, brushing the pebbles from it with his foot, before turning the wheelbarrow around, in order to push it up the path—a foolish thing, John thought, when

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

he couldn't budge it before even with the slight declivity in his favor. But the man braced his feet firmly, grasped the handles, and lifted. How he lifted!—a half-inch; that was all.

He shook his head; then he shook his mighty fist at his load. He stood there, panting, his body mottled and wet, his head bent, thinking.

"If the jackass would only take off about five hundred pounds from the extra ton he has no business to carry, he might make it," thought John Harris. But he did not say what he thought. His business was not to say anything.

The giant, breathing stertorously, his head bowed, his huge fists clenched, thought and thought. At length he looked up, smiled triumphantly, and ran down the slope to the swamp. Breast-deep in the marsh grass, he ran a quarter of a mile to a line of telegraph-posts, climbed one like a huge ape, and broke off the wire from the insulator with his naked hand. He descended and with one jerk tore the wire off of the other pole. He ran back to the gravel-bank, fastened the wire about the handles, and stooped until the loop of wire rested on his shoulders; then, his hands gripping the handles crushingly, he straightened his bent back and lifted the legs of the wheelbarrow clear from the ground.

Painfully, with staggering, two-inch steps, he turned it around until he faced the path up which he must go. He pushed, his body leaning forward, his head lowered like a bull about to charge, when he happened to look toward the bank. Instantly he set down his load, and, grasping a pick in each hand, smote the hillside maniacally. Tons and tons of gravel came down. Discarding the picks, he took up the two long-handled shovels and, as a child might use two little sand-spades, he piled more gravel on the wheelbarrow.

"He must be crazy!" thought John Harris. So interested had he become in the madman's doings that he lowered his guard; he began to forget why and how he himself happened to be a silent spectator there, at one hundred dollars a day!

There were two cubic yards on the wheelbarrow—and two thousand still on the bank! — when the panting giant again grasped the handles and, with legs, arms, hands, and wired back all at work, sought to wheel away his load. The barrow did not stir. He tried again. His legs seemed to need an eternity to straighten; his arms, rigid as iron, lifted resistlessly; the wire stretched across the muscled back until, cutting deeply, it disappeared from sight; the back-muscles knotted, bulgingly, strainingly, and he raised the barrow off the ground! The load moved!

Instantly he ceased; he released himself from the wire-yoke; a red line came out across his back; it was like the scar of a fresh-healed wound; then it became a purpling welt. But the man was smiling, pleased, proud, triumphant. He stooped, gathered up some cobblestones, and flung them on the wheelbarrow.

"What the dickens!" thought John Harris.

Once more the man sought to carry away that load. The wire cut into the mighty back until the blood came; it trickled down; a little red pool spread beneath his feet. And the wheelbarrow did not stir! The enormous body heaved and strained, the face grew purple, the eyes bulged until they almost burst from their sockets. The load did not move.

At length he desisted.

John Harris breathed deeply, as the giant drew in a breath which swelled that thick, hairy breast, and, bending once more to his task, made one last supreme effort. *He lifted it!* The wheelbarrow moved an inch! John Harris, his fists clenched, was between a hurrah and an oath. But the man set down the handles. Panting heavily, he walked to a large, round stone, almost a boulder, and rolled it and pushed it—in itself a load for a strong man—until it was alongside the wheelbarrow. Then he measured the distance, and, stooping, grasped the boulder in both hands. Slowly, strainingly, he lifted it until it rested on his bent legs and, with a final mighty effort to lift it still higher, he was staggering toward the overloaded wheelbarrow when John Harris, oblivious of all and everything save this crowning folly, cried:

"Great Scott, man, you can't——"

Instantly the man dropped the stone and walked away, leaving his coat and shirt where he had thrown them.

Dismay, remorse, anger in turn overwhelmed John Harris. He was beyond the power of speech now, when it was too late. He walked to and fro, not daring to step beyond the limits of the shed, though the necessity for self-imprisonment no longer

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

existed. He was still pacing, caged-animal-like, his face pale, his eyes wild, when the old man came down the path, with that leisurely gait of his.

"Well, Mr. John Harris?" he asked, calmly.

"Oh, sir!" moaned John Harris.

"Come, my esteemed fellow citizen, do not take it so hard."

"I don't know how I could——"

"Oh, yes; it was inevitable. You see, Mr. John Harris, the fault is not with you."

"Oh, yes, it is. It is! *I* am to blame. After yesterday I should have known better. Oh, what will she say?"

"The dreams of leisure and golden independence are, I presume, shattered?" It was as though he were asking for information. If it was cruelty, it was very subtle, because the sneer was hidden.

"It serves me right," said John Harris almost fiercely, looking the old man straight in the face. "Give me work, a man's work, if you have it." His mood changed. "No, a fool's work; it's all I'm fit for. Pay me what you like. I'm not worth much; I know it. But if I can *earn* even a few cents——"

"A bargain's a bargain," interrupted the old man, coldly.

"I know it. But give me a chance to *work*. If you knew what it is to have children, to need food, clothes——"

"Self, always self!" muttered the old man.

"No, sir," denied John Harris, fiercely, unmindful now of consequences. "If I were alone what in hell do you suppose I'd care if I was hungry or ragged or out of work? I'm thinking of the souls I brought into the world——"

"Always self!" and the old man nodded to himself.

"Good day, sir," and John Harris turned away determinedly. He had not taken six steps when he halted and faced the old man.

"I am very much obliged to you, sir, for the money and food. And I am sorry——"

"Wait, Mr. John Harris. You are so altogether typical as to be invaluable. Suppose I give you another chance?"

"I don't deserve it and I don't ask it," replied John Harris sullenly.

"Great! Well, I'll do it anyhow."

"I'm willing to work at anything. I'll do what I am told. But I don't want any more—" He caught himself on the very verge of saying "any more crazy tasks."

The old man smiled. Then he looked at John Harris sternly. "Look here, my man, if you'll do as you are told you make one hundred dollars a day. Have you absorbed that? *One hundred dollars a day!* As a laborer you are not worth anything to me; and I don't need a bookkeeper. So long as I don't ask you to do anything criminal, what do you care? You will get one hundred dollars at the end of the day."

"I do care," said John Harris. "A man doesn't want to feel like a—" he paused.

"Like a what?" asked the old man.

"Like a damned fool," blurted John Harris. "Or like a thief," added the same John Harris.

"My friend, this, I have been told, is a free country. You may take my offer or leave it. There is no compulsion. Neither will I coax you. But, if you wish—I repeat, *if you wish*—the automobile will call for you in the morning, bring you here, and I'll set you at work, testing once more your blindness."

A hundred is really a HUNDRED, when you think about it.

"Very well, sir," said John Harris; "I'll come."

"Go home, now. Tell your wife I have specifically forbidden you to speak about to-day to any one. That way you will sleep better. Be ready at nine. Good day, Mr. John Harris," and he walked away. John thought he was muttering to himself: "An experiment in democracy, foredoomed to failure!" but it might have been imagination, for John's nerves were in shape to play him tricks. Indeed, he was glad, later on, of the old man's injunction against telling the details of his second failure to his wife. Mollie, being a woman, was not really braver but more of a gambler; she wanted him to look for work elsewhere.

The chauffeur appeared on the minute of nine and whirled him to the old man's estate. They met the owner on the private drive. The car stopped and the old man climbed aboard. He said: "To the garden" to the chauffeur, and "Good morning" to John Harris.

He seemed preoccupied, and this at first disturbed John Harris. Then it strengthened his resolve not to fail again. It was not alone the loss of the hundred, but the feeling of failure that John would prevent. It made his brain alert; but, after all, only

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

defensively alert, which was according to averages.

The automobile stopped before the entrance to a walled enclosure. The old man alighted, beckoned to John Harris, and paused before a gate of wrought-iron. The chauffeur deferentially opened it. The old man entered; John followed.

The wall—it was at least ten feet high, of brick, with a flat marble coping on the top—enclosed a garden on all sides. Against the wall grew shrubs and climbing plants. Beside the graveled paths were spattered harmonies of color framed by the differing verdure of the shrubbery. Fountains here and there splashed; in one, two nude boys tilted with glass spears and splintered them. Fauns and satyrs and nymphs, lured from the woods, had turned to marble within the garden; and the flowers coquetted before them until their hundred odors blended into one garden-scent. The wind, kept out by the high wall, complained to the tree-tops, and the tree-tops answered with the ten thousand tongues of the leaves. Overhead the sky was the inside of a hollow jewel. The morning sun sprinkled gold-flour through a mother-of-pearl sieve over the garden. And the dewdrops thereat changed each into a tiny sun.

The old man led the way along a graveled path flanked by trimmed box-trees, to a pergola at the south end of the garden. A line of straight sentinel-like poplars stood along the rear wall. There were marble tables and seats. A marble basin, breast-high, spurted a diamond-feather into the golden air. In falling, the feather turned from light into music.

"Does the place suit you, Mr. John Harris, born my equal, and free?" he asked.

"It is beautiful!" answered John Harris.

"You may, if you wish, spend the day here."

"What am I to do?"

"You may sit here and listen to the trees and heed the message of the sky. You may count the leaves of the plants and think of the even more numerous errors of mankind. You may look at the flowers and consider how they grow and why. You may think of men and women and children; of love and hatred; of poverty and riches; of health and illness; of good and evil; of anything and everything. You may do what you will—except talk. Into this garden no servant ever comes; only the free and equal."

John Harris smiled wanly. He felt, rather than perceived, sarcasm.

"If anything happens, look on, for I shall ask you to tell me what you saw. If you think nothing happens, you must still tell me; but remember that there is never a time when nothing happens. This is your third chance and your last."

"I understand, sir," said John Harris, quietly.

The old man looked at him keenly, for it was the voice of a different man. But after a moment he shook his head.

"Foredoomed to failure!" he muttered. "Leaders and the led. Not life but death they fail to understand!" His eyes were fixed on Harris's; but Harris could see that the old man did not see him.

"I beg your pardon, sir?" said John Harris gently.

"I beg yours, Harris. I wish you luck. Good morning."

"Good morning, sir; and thank you for——"

"*Not yet*, my friend!" and the old man walked away.

John heard the clang of the garden gates as they closed. He sat down and looked about him. By the western wall he saw what looked like bricklayers' scaffolding made of planks laid across saw-horses. He counted ten horses and ten ten-inch planks, each about ten feet long, he judged. They stretched parallel to the wall but about three feet from it. They doubtless had been left there by masons; but he could see no sign of fresh repairs anywhere.

John wondered why the scaffolding had not been taken away, but presently he forgot everything except that he was alone in the most beautiful garden he had ever seen. It was more impressive than the old man's house, for where that represented work done, and money spent, by men, the garden represented men's work and men's money and also time, which is not man's, and the handicraft of Nature, and the inherent mystery of all growth, of all that stirs and lives. Wherefore even John Harris was able to find new delights at every step, new surprises on all sides—rare flowers, strange, mysterious blossoms, bizarre leaves and growths that like a magician's wand touched his soul and sent it soaring into wondering skies.

A maze of box-hedge mathematized him, as it were, back to terra firma; for he puz-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

zled it out for himself and in the end discovered design everywhere, even in the seeming carelessness of the shrub-grouping, in the apparently haphazard location of the trees. There was a relationship in the things of this garden that made them mean something—something felt, and never deliberately detected, by him. And he was surprised at the lightning flight of time when he heard the tolling of the bell in the distance that summoned to the midday meal the men at work in the fields.

He walked toward the south end of the garden. The bell had made him think of dinner, and dinner had made him think of the old man and of his test. He sat down in one of the marble seats by the pergola, as he might have sat anywhere else, and wondered how soon they would come—food and the test. On the previous day the servant had been punctual as the sun.

Of a sudden he remembered that the old man had said no servant ever entered this garden.

"It means I am not to eat to-day!" he thought. Well, the pay was worth a few hours' fast, he decided, with a fine sense of justice. A half-hour later he told himself that he did not hire to starve.

"Don't be a damned fool!" he told himself. He was not sure he had not spoken aloud, he had thought it so violently, as it were. Nevertheless, he arose and walked to the gate at the other end of the garden, to see if the servant had not left the tray outside within reach. No; there was no sign of a tray, and no sign of anybody coming on the blessed errand. He cautiously tried the gate. It was locked.

He walked back to the marble seat and sat down. Happening to look up, he saw on the flat marble coping of the garden wall a score of platters heaped high with meats and bread, baskets of fruit, pitchers full of milk, glasses, cups, dishes, piles of folded napkins and glittering heaps of table-silver. They were just above the scaffolding.

Somebody had placed them there while he had gone to the gate to look for the tray!

"Well," he asked himself, "what does that mean?"

He stared at the array of dinner-things for fully five minutes. There was much more than enough for one man. Did it mean that he was not to help himself? If he did, would that be a violation of the agreement? If he did not, would the old man call him an ass and blind? Was any one else expected, that so much food was there? And if people were expected, what were the dishes doing on the top of the wall?

Was this the test? If so, it was worse than a Chinese puzzle. What was a citizen's duty in the premises?

He was still gazing with dubious longing at the bread and the meats and the fruit on the top of the wall when he heard the garden gates clang. He saw men and women and children coming toward him. He watched them carefully. Some were young; others old; some well dressed, others in overalls; some looked healthy, others pale and emaciated. There was neither order nor disorder; they merely walked toward the pergola, some quickly, others leisurely, some looking at the flowers, others at the fountains. There were, according to his count, fifty-three human beings. Finally, they reached the marble seats before the pergola, sat down about the tables, and waited for something.

So did John Harris.

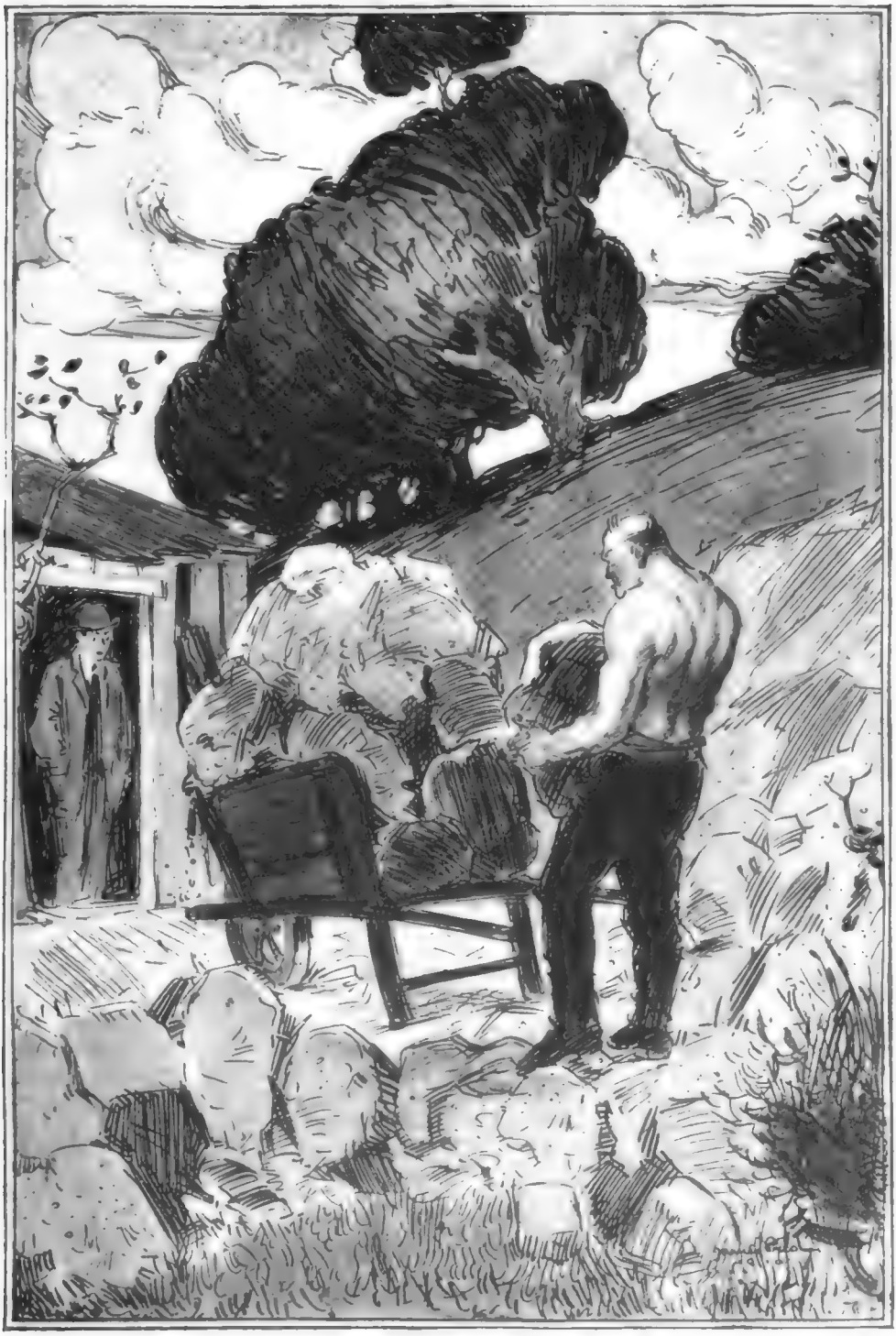
They waited one hour. To John it seemed an eternity.

It became evident that they were mutes. But they were not deaf, for often they looked as if they were listening.

Of a sudden, a clean-looking chap of about thirty snapped his fingers to call the attention of the crowd, and pointed to the food on the top of the wall. Whereupon everybody arose and walked toward it. Some of the men and nearly all of the women began to run, in order to be among the first, those with small children dragging their offspring in their haste. They reached for the food, trampling upon grass, flower-beds, and shrubs, jumping up in the air as high as they could, with hands outstretched. But the wall was too high. So they climbed upon the plank-platform and made frantic grabs at the food-laden dishes. It was in vain; the planks were too far away from the wall, so that what was gained in height was lost in lateral distance. But they persisted. In their eager efforts nearly all overbalanced themselves and toppled off. Here and there one deliberately jostled another off, to be himself pushed off the scaffolding by the next man.

Some of the children, unwatched by their parents, who were incessantly but vainly trying to reach the luncheon things on the wall-top, ran in and out among the wooden

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



SLOWLY, STRAININGLY, HE LIFTED IT UNTIL IT RESTED ON HIS BENT LEGS.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

horses and under the planks. In the heedless slipping and tumbling of the grown-ups, child after child was stepped on. They squealed and screamed and cried. A stout man fell from the platform heavily, his teeth clenched, his eyes staring wide. He lay on the ground and breathed hissingly.

Nobody heard him.

"There's enough there for a hundred people," thought John Harris. "What ails them?"

The young man with the clean-looking face approached the men on the overcrowded platform and with eloquent gestures pointed out that if all stepped down and pushed the horses nearer to the wall, they might take the dishes off easily, carry them to the marble tables, and everybody could eat comfortably. But they pushed him away fiercely, excepting two who jumped down and tried, with him, to move the wooden horses, men and all, nearer the wall. It was beyond their strength. The young man again tried to get some more to jump down and help; he held an open watch before them and pointed to the late hour. But they kept at it, stretching their arms and failing to touch the dishes.

Suddenly a very tall man jumped down, ran back a dozen yards, and darted toward the platform. With a leap, he landed, pushed off the front rank, jumped at the wall, clutched the edge of the coping with one hand and with the other seized a loaf of bread. He let himself down, took a bite, and started back toward the woman and children who had followed him, when a little girl snatched the bread out of his hand and ran away, pursued by other girls.

But the clean-looking young man and half a dozen others were keeping at their work, and little by little their ranks swelled. They went to the end plank and argued and gesticulated, trying to induce the clutching crowd to step down. Two or three who looked exhausted, obeyed. One of the exhorters clutched an unheeding old man by the leg and dragged him off. The old man fell on top of the other, who presently extricated himself, pulled out a handkerchief, and held it to his bleeding nose. Whereupon he half-heartedly helped the men who were trying to move the planks nearer the wall. They would have succeeded but for three stout men and two very fat women who were still making frantic snatches at the dishes.

"I believe they are all crazy," said John Harris to himself.

The mad work kept on. Men and women jumped off or fell off and lay panting on the ground, their places on the platform instantly filled by others, undismayed by the failure of the rest. A man with a long white beard, who was trying to push the scaffolding nearer the wall, was struck in the forehead by the heel of one of the madmen and sank in his tracks. A thin young man, his face the color of wood-ashes, walked totteringly back to the pergola. Some of the women were shaking their fists and others watched the struggling men; but for the most part they were trying to soothe their whining children.

The clean-looking young man kept on urging his companions to show common sense. But as fast as he made new recruits, he lost old ones, who, dismayed by the numbers still on the planks, would themselves jump up on them and try once more to get at the food. Weariness evidently overtook some of the silly men and they dropped off.

Their places filled; but not so quickly as before. In time, thought Harris, wisdom would come to this crowd. The young man appealed to those who watched from a distance to help, but they shook their heads: the task was beyond them. Finally the young man beckoned to one who had been his most faithful assistant, and approached the wall. He braced himself against it, and the friend climbed up on his shoulders and took from the wall platter after platter, which he passed to the crowd that pounced on them like hungry wolves.

To reach a basket of apples the assistant stepped with his shod feet on the fair head of the clean-looking young man, and the young man tottered and sank down. Some of the crowd, seeming to think that the wall was lower at that point, ran to it and, stepping on the young man's prostrate body, tried to reach the coping.

They missed by two feet.

The sensible men now concentrated on the first horse. John thought that, if they succeeded, the crowd, thus receiving an object lesson, might acquire horse-sense. But on that particular plank stood five men, tall and strongly built, who had linked their arms together, and, standing as a unit, braced themselves while the tallest of them, steadied by the others, one foot on the plank and the other against the wall, suc-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ceeded, at every tenth effort, in snatching some fruit or a slice of bread.

John Harris, certain that this was a crowd of crazy deaf-mutes, so interested in their antics that he had long ago forgotten about the old man and his test, so hungry that their folly began to assume the form of injury to himself, indignant at the sight of the helpless women, angry at the obstinacy of the five big men on the first plank, went after his own luncheon. He ran toward the crowd, shouting:

"Get off and let the others push the——"

Instantly all efforts ceased; the tumult died suddenly. The women, the children, the men, everybody, silently walked away.

John Harris, his fists still clenched, looked at the retreating crowd. He thought of the old man, of his hundred dollars a day.

"I don't give a damn!" he said. "I'll go to work! I'll go now," and he started to walk after the crowd, only to see the gates close behind the last man—the young man with the clean-looking face. When he reached the gates he found them locked.

He was a prisoner. The thought intensified his anger. He shook the gates fiercely. They did not pay his strength the compliment of even rattling. Gradually he grew calm and thought of his plight.

Well, his luck-spree was over. He would go to work, somewhere, somehow. There was enough money left of the first and only hundred to live on for some days. Much can happen in some days! He was glad this fool trick was over. If ever again anybody suggested paying him a hundred dollars a day and a lot of crazy claptrap went with it, he would tell him——

No; he would accept the offer and win the hundred; *sure!*

In the meantime, if he could only get something to eat and go home to Mollie and the kids, he would begin life anew.

The old man appeared at the gate. He was followed by a servant with a loaded tray. He opened the gate and looked at John Harris.

"Hungry?" asked the old man kindly.

"Yes."

"Take that tray."

John hesitated, opened his mouth, closed it, took the tray, and followed the old man to the pergola.

"Sit down and eat, Mr. John Harris."

"Thank you. I'd like to say——"

"After you've eaten, you'll feel better. Eat!" The old man said it so quietly that John obeyed.

He did feel better after he had eaten; it was as if his resentment had gone with his hunger.

"Suppose," said the old man, "that we talk a little."

"Yes, sir," said John Harris calmly, and waited.

"Why did you speak in the orchard?"

"Well—" he paused.

"Think, my friend," urged the old man. "Take your time."

"Well," said John Harris, thoughtfully, "the woman was picking up all kinds of apples, green and ripe and rotten, wasting more than she could use, throwing them into the basket and bruising them. It was the silliest thing I ever saw. I don't know—I felt sorry for her and for the waste of fruit. She was going to sort them after picking instead of picking only the good ones! And so I thought if she was crazy I might coax her to leave them alone, and if she was just a woman who wasn't thinking of what she was doing, I'd sort of bring her to know what she was doing. Before I knew it I——"

"Acted just like a woman, did she?" The old man smiled encouragingly.

"She certainly did."

"Long is the life of tradition! And how did *you* act? Just like a man or just like a woman?"

"Well—ah—a little of both, I guess."

The old man smiled good-humoredly. John almost liked him.

"And what about the gravel-pit incident? Why did you speak to the man, especially after what had happened in the orchard?"

"Well, you see, he irritated me so by his hoggishness and his stupidity that I guess I forgot everything except that I was angry and the man was a fool——"

"He is a very strong man, the strongest man that I could hire in this country. And he always does what I tell him to do. A very competent man."

"Yes; but he had bitten off more than he could chew. No living man could possibly——"

"Yes; but *why* did you speak when you did?"

"As I said, being so angry made me forget, and then that wire he had across his back was cutting into the flesh. I felt sorry,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

too, and so I thought I would tell——"

"Yes. Now, with two warnings such as you had, why did you again speak to-day?"

"Well, I was hungry, and that made me think of eating; and when I saw the crowd that didn't have sense enough to get at the food or to let others get at it, and women there waiting for the men, and the five hogs who wouldn't get off and let the others move the platform nearer the wall——"

"But you knew there was a hundred dollars to be made by not speaking."

"I suppose I forgot what I was here for, and the harm was done before I knew it."

"*You forgot what you were here for!* That's what all the John Harrises always forget, and you probably think I laid traps for you!"

"Well, I thought——"

"You never thought, my esteemed fellow citizen. If you had thought you would have been silent, in order to see what would happen. I had some really interesting tests in store for you. They are unnecessary. You were too easy, too blind!"

"I don't understand that part. Do you mean that I couldn't see——"

"Pardon me, Mr. John Harris. Tell me, what did the woman in the orchard mean to you?"

"Mean?"

"Yes, mean. What did you see her do?"

"I saw her pick all sorts of apples——"

"No; let me put it this way: Did that woman put you in mind of anything?"

"She put me in mind of a woman who does not have her mind on her work——"

"Are you guessing or is that all you saw?"

John Harris thought. After a minute he admitted: "I didn't notice anything else——"

"So the incident meant nothing in particular to you?"

"No, sir. It did not."

"To me, my friend, it means many things." He paused.

"Yes, sir," said John Harris, encouragingly.

"For instance, most obviously it means Death, which takes all men: the old and the young, the good and the bad, the high and the low—ripe, unripe, overripe. And so Death will take you, whether you are fit to be plucked or not. For which reason, it is wise to be always ready. And if you are always ready your life will be wiser."

"I see! I see!" interrupted John Harris eagerly, almost enthusiastically.

"Do you? I wonder!" mused the old man.

"Yes, sir, I do; now that you've told me."

"You heard but a part, and you can understand but a part. I dare say it is enough, for human knowledge can never be complete. That episode might mean other things! Well, then, you saw the man in the gravel-bank?"

"Yes, sir."

"You saw everything he did?"

"Yes, sir." Then John Harris added, "I *think* I did."

"What did you see, with the eyes of the mind which are the eyes a man must have in order to see?"

John Harris thought and thought. Finally, he thought he would guess. The old man said the apple-picking woman meant Death. Therefore John Harris triumphantly exclaimed:

"*Life!*"

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just why, Mr. John Harris?"

"Well, I—" He was silent.

"Be honest, Harris; don't invent and don't guess. Does that man suggest anything to you? The obvious, for instance?"

"No, he doesn't, unless it is that a man never really knows how much he can do and gets conceited and imagines——"

"You are trying to see with a pair of eyeglasses belonging to some one else, Harris. To me he suggests a Rich Man. He was gifted by nature with great strength. He could cart more gravel in the wheelbarrow in one day than you could in one month. He had enough and more than enough for one load, which was all he was allowed to carry; but every time he looked at the gravel he was leaving in the bank, he put more in his wheelbarrow, and tried to carry what was a discomfort, a human impossibility, to carry. Do you see?"

"Yes, yes. You are right, sir. It's just like a Rich Man, that is, like *some* rich men. Although there are some——"

"Thank you, Harris," said the old man. "And now what did the garden episode today make you think of?"

John thought with his very soul. After five minutes he said: "How many guesses do I have?"

The old man smiled and answered:

"Not even one. I've given you two clues

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

as to the way to use your real eyes. The third is the most obvious."

"Well," ventured John presently, with an uncertain smile, "it shows how a few pig-headed, selfish people will act like the dog in the manger." He paused, to look hopefully at the old man, who shook his head and said:

"You have only partially seen. That crowd, my friend, is a Democracy. Its folly is the absence of cooperation, the utter blindness to the one fact that to be intelligently selfish you must be intelligently unselfish; that if you are entitled to get your loaf of bread, as per the Declaration of Independence, to be eaten by your own mouth, carried thither by your own hand, so are there others who have their loaves to get. That to get yours easily you must help the next man to get his own easily too. Do you see that? And do you see how some were sensible and others stupid, and some were patient and others selfish, some would not listen and others tried to help but did not succeed in inducing the crowd to feed itself intelligently, and——"

"Yes, sir, I do! Yes, sir!"

"You interrupted me, Harris," said the old man, very quietly.

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"No matter. That crowd, as a crowd, and as an aggregation of natural groups, suggests too many things. After all, cooperation by itself is not enough, and moderation by itself is not enough, and the knowledge of the uncertainty of life, by itself, is not enough. It is the three of them, Harris, together; for there is enough on the top of the world's garden-wall for all, each man as much as he wants, so long as his neighbor has his own enough, whatever that enough may be; to think of what you can do and do it, not less and not more than you can do; and, knowing why you are here, to know why at any moment you will not be here; to think of to-day and also of to-morrow, for to-day means you and to-morrow means those you most love. Your life is the heritage you leave not only to your children but to the entire world. Do you see, friend Harris, the folly of thinking that your life ends with the cessation of the breath-drawing function?"

"Yes, sir."

"And I called you blind. Were you?"

"Well—I suppose I was, that way."

"And so are some ninety millions of your brothers and mine."

"I am not so sure of that," said John Harris, sturdily, for he was not guessing now but was beginning to see. "I am a great believer in my country and in my countrymen. I am not a good specimen of——"

"You are, my friend—very good. Others may not admit it, because you are a failure at the moment. But you are."

"I don't agree with you. I still think that the majority of Americans are——"

"You see the majority of men in your own self, Harris. You don't think of Life because you don't think of Death, and you don't think of Death because you don't think of your fellow-men. You eliminate God and leave a vacuum—and a vacuum makes a poor pavement, my friend, for democracies! Almost as bad as the delusion of freedom."

He was silent. At length his meditative eyes rested on the uncomfortable John Harris.

"Ah, yes!" he said. "The chauffeur will take you home."

"Very well, sir. I don't think your tests show anything about men in general. If everybody in this country——"

"They are what they are. Not one of us is what he ought to be. Because you are you, you did not earn that hundred; and because I am I, I'll give it to you anyhow."

The old man took from his upper waistcoat-pocket a small roll of bills, one of which he held out to John Harris. It was for one hundred dollars.

"For the children, friend Harris. Look after their eyesight, that they may see beyond to-day! And thanks for your good nature."

John Harris blushed, hesitated, opened his mouth, shut it—and took the money.

"Thank you, sir," said John Harris. "I don't think——"

"I know you don't, my esteemed fellow citizen, and—do you know?—neither do I! Good luck and good-by!"

And—do you know?—it is only by reading this story all over again, from the first word to the last, that you can tell wherein the old man was right and wherein he was wrong.

Perhaps!

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Juno from Irish Hill

by

Jack Hines

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

MURRAY SHEEHAN, his malamute bitch Juno, and his Christmas spree—the three together—had become an institution in Nome. For five years, during Yule-tide week Murray had led a fighting jag from one dance-hall to another, and never without the wolf-dog trailer.

This Christmas—the sixth—Juno had five cubs to look after and could not go. Cubs I call them, and cubs they were—little roly-poly cusses, furred and marked, lynx-eyed and sharp-eared, for all the world like their kin, the timber gray. I should deem it a bit hard-hearted to go, as Murray did, leaving Juno, in need of his care and attention, to shift for herself and her young. But Murray was not proof against the siren call of the dull, shiny floor and the red liquor.

Besides, any remorseful pangs he may have felt at deserting Juno were submerged in the quantities of stewed prune and potato-mash "hootch" he had consumed the night before, during a grand jamboree of the inhabitants of Irish Hill. This home-made tonga of the pioneer Alaskans had caused brother to kill brother, and son to slay father; so what could be expected when only the feelings of a dog were to be considered?

Five times had Juno seen Murray's preparations for the big carouse—seen him distribute yellow-backs and gold about his belted person, sail forth from the cabin with a "tooraloora-loo," and swing down the trail, while she followed at his heels.

To-day as he left the cabin, headed Nomeward, she sensed his purpose and gave voice to her disapprobation by a whine of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

distress, whose supplication should have reached even Murray's dulled intellect. Then in her most seductive, plaintive manner she tried her animal persuasion on him, tried by the swish of her magnificent tail and her whinny cry to beg him not to go. She rubbed against his legs, with the five little rascals tumbling and scampering beside her, and nosed her muzzle into his palm, pleading, as any sober-minded man would have known:

"Oh, man alive, will you go to Nome without me? You know you need me, and you know I can't go now!"

Yes, he needed her. For five years she had taken the lead in bad going, and piloted him, as only such as she could, with her mysterious, God-given instinct. It was a good sixty-mile trip, and seldom at the mid-winter season could it be made without encountering at least one of the terrifying Alaskan blizzards that burst, all unheralded, over the unsuspecting traveler—a whirling, tornado-like fury, blinding, icy, and deadly. . . . Now Murray was facing these dangers alone.

In town, wherever he trailed from one place to another, Juno unmistakably marked his presence by hers, sitting patiently outside the door, whether in furious, howling storm or peaceful, clear weather. Never did she venture within. These Northern cousins to the wolf are fresh-air dogs, and the sickening heat and nauseating closeness of confined air are unendurable to their lungs, used to the vigorous clarity of the Arctic open. Expectant and alert, she always waited without for the familiar figure to appear, staggering and muttering along to the next joint. . . . Now Murray was starting for Nome with none to stand guard.

But the "hootch" pounding against Murray's temples made him deaf to the dog's entreaties. He was obsessed with the desire to hurry to Nome and take a boisterous share in the Christmas festal whirl—in those festivities whose dissoluteness and abandon had put this Arctic metropolis in a class by itself. And as Juno persisted in her pleadings, Murray's drunken impatience turned to rage and he angrily cut a vicious arc at her with his moccasined foot. It barely missed her.

"Back widjer!" he shouted. "How th' hell kin I git ter Nome wid th' boonch av yez thrailin' afther me? Git back, I say!"

In hurt bewilderment the dog huddled her young to her, and so they stood, with ears and eyes pointed at their master's disappearing form, until the turn of the trail had taken him from their sight. Juno's face wore a look of perplexity, as if she were trying to comprehend that astounding attempt of Murray's to kick her—his one true and devoted slave. Then, after a few moments, she turned and trotted back to the cabin with the cubs that Murray had left her to care for, unaided.

For four nights a convenient fish cache and grub pile knew Juno's surreptitious presence. Her babes had to be fed. For four nights she thieved as only a wild, cunning creature can thieve for the hungry little stomachs of her whelps.

It was Owen Kerrigan's store of provisions upon which Juno concentrated her marauding tactics—and Owen her best friend, too, next to Murray. Kerrigan had not noticed the shrinkage in the dried salmon supply until his eye missed the slab of bacon which had hung from the ridge-pole of the tent that housed his winter's outfit.

"Phwat th' ——!! Who th' ——!! And can ye bate that now!" he exclaimed. Violation of one's neighbor's cache is as rare in this country as rowing in December.

Then the telltale tracks upon a frost-covered box of canned stuff gave him the key to the puzzle.

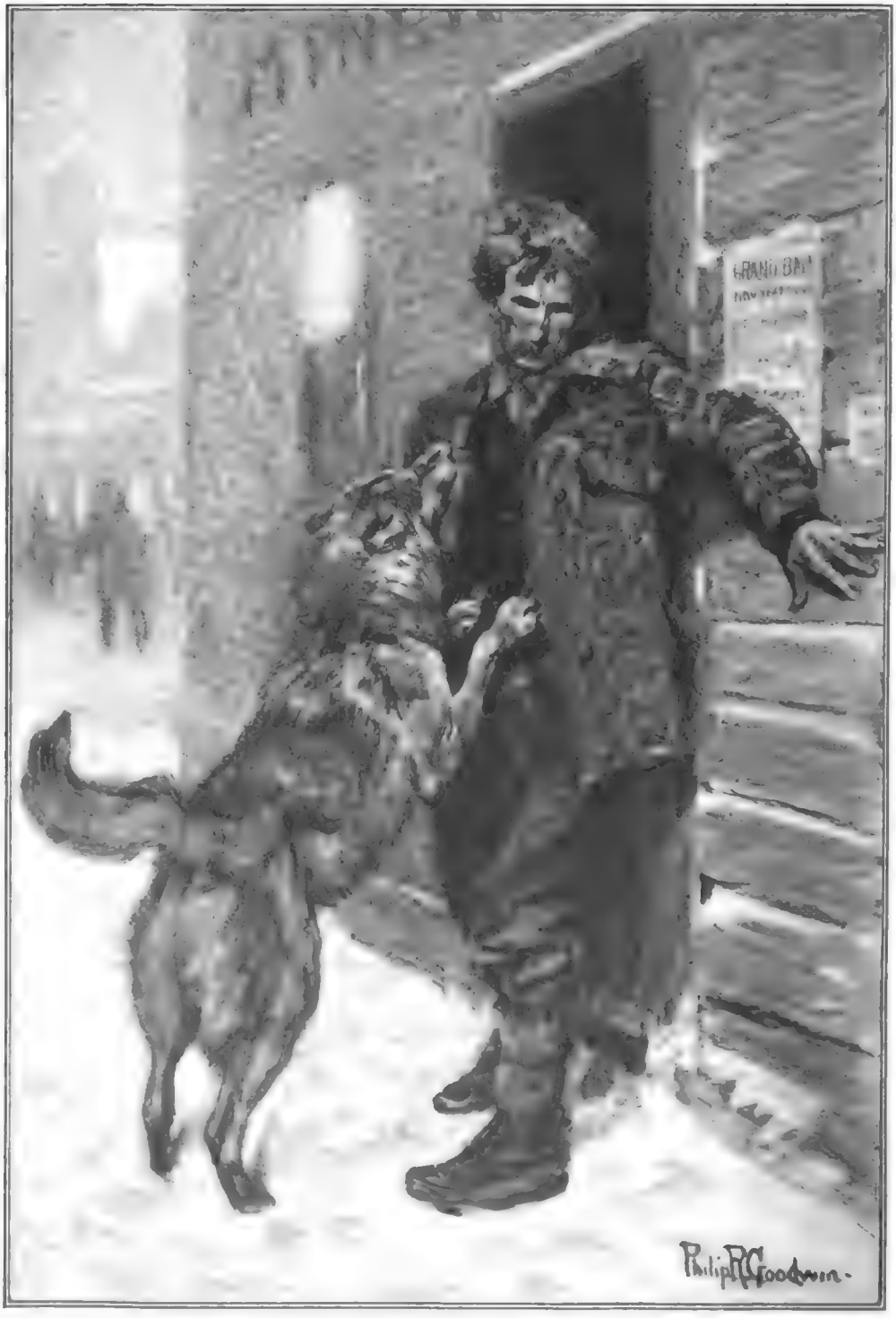
"Whirra!" he cried. "'Tis that Juno bitch av Murray's! Shure and didn't Oi know she'd make fer me food fer thim little divils av pups! Well, Juno, the Howly Saints fergive ye as Oi do. 'Tis a poor mither ye'd be if ye wudn't do a little stalin' fer that prize boonch av fasht freighters yer raisin' this Christmas toime."

Next morning Owen was roused from his robes by the yelp of Juno outside his cabin door. Muttering a "God save us—phwat th' devil does this mane!" he slipped into his mackinaw and house moccasins and lifted the latch. He fairly yelled at the sight revealed to his sleepy eyes.

"Well, by the howly shade av the Lovely Dove! 'Tis Juno wid wan av the pups! Shure an' phwat is it, darlint?" he asked her. "Coom here to Owen; come on, asthore."

The bitch stood before the door with a cub suspended from her mouth. Furry, tense, and curled up like a kitten it hung,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THE SIGHT OF HIM WAS FOOD AND DRINK TO JUNO. SHE SPRANG TO HEM JOYFULLY.

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

while with uplifted eyes she asked Owen if it could be left with him to be cared for. All entreaty she was, swishing her tail, and throwing her ears first up to the anxious angle, then back along her head, with a semaphore drop and rise. 'Twould have wheedled the heart out of a rock.

She would not drop the pup until she had the assuring word from the kind-hearted Irishman to whom she had brought it.

"Pwhat is it, darlint? An' do yez want me to take care av th' little feller fer yez?"

Instantly she recognized Kerrigan's friendliness and released the cub at his feet; then she jumped back and, assuming the couchant pose, wigwagged an unmistakable "Thank you."

Then she trotted with her wolf gait over the rise to Murray's cabin, at intervals stopping to look back at Owen, who stood holding the little gray ball close to his breast.

Before the sun had made its swift ascent to midday, Owen Kerrigan had been created guardian of the entire litter. Each cub was brought to his threshold in the same fashion as the first—each contorted into a woolly ball that swung pendulum-like from the tender, strong jaws of the mother, who was working out a man's salvation.

To Owen it was as a sign from the saints.

"Shure," he mused, "an' do not she know that Oi'm auld and lonesome and care fer her masther as mooch as she do? An' do not Oi know that th' auld bitch has th' wan thing which th' koind God niver gave to mankoind—'tis the savin' av Murray she's plottin' now, and Mary bless her to wurrk it out in her own woild way. Oh, Murray," he breathed, "may th' auld bitch bring you back safe an' sound the way she has these foive years!"

Never had Nome known a wilder, fiercer Christmas week than this. Companionship Murray had in plenty, both men and women; but as the carousal waxed and the wherewithal to continue it waned, so waxed and waned the attention of a sycophantic horde of ne'er-do-wells who clung to him. Back and forth surged a crowd of gamblers, touts for the red-curtained establishments, drunks, and women, all intent upon the dissipation of Murray's thousands, which represented months of honest toil, months of wresting, bare-handed, from rock and crag their hidden treasure.

On New Year's Eve old John Barleycorn registered another complete victory in his million-paged book of records. Murray Sheehan had given him a six-day battle, the fury and wildness of which have gone down in the memory of eye-witnesses and participants for all their lives. Old antipathies had been rekindled; heads had been broken; leering harlots had smiled their treacherous nothings into Murray's befuddled eyes and stripped him clean of his wealth. Now he was down, completely conquered, sprawling wide-legged in an armchair behind the oil drum-heater in the "Miner's Delight" saloon, his head hanging low on his chest.

Then out of the blackness that enveloped him came a saving presence.

It was a dog! A malamute dog, sired and bred from the wild timber-wolf of Northern Alaska; trained, tamed, and fed by Murray's own hand; taught the meaning of man-love for man-serving beast till the uncouth, wild blood in her had become cooled to gentleness, till the desire to kill and tear had been supplanted by docility and unfailing faith in her master.

For three days and nights Juno had tracked Murray Sheehan, sticking to him when even the meanest of Nome's derelicts would have none of him. Secure in the assurance that Owen Kerrigan would mother her young, as soon as the last cub was transferred she had begun the gliding panther trot across the silent waste, stopping only to clear her foot cushions of the ice that gathered between them and that served to quench her thirst.

When at last she reached Nome, she spied Murray leading a mad procession from "The Heart's Ease" to "The Northern;" saw him pass within before she could reach him, and took up her usual position before the door to wait for him. Then she carried her vigil from door to door, following her unheeding master, and had it not been for the kindly act of Bob Atkins, who fetched her a morsel of dried salmon, she would have starved in her labor of fidelity.

Finally, on the eve of the New Year, when her watch before the door of "The Miner's Delight" had continued for six interminable hours, the beast heart in her escaped into the night in one long wail of indescribable sorrow. The forest call of her grandfathers rose above the hullabaloo of a mob gone

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

mad in the wind-up of its year-end orgy.

And from somewhere in the hazy far-away Murray's stupefied brain received a faint call. One partly lucid cell spread its message to its neighbors, and he knew the summons to be the whinny bay of his pet Juno.

She was crying out to him to come home to her! To come home to Irish Hill!

Well, he would obey. He suddenly rose from his chair, squared his great shoulders as if in determined desperation, and plowed an unsteady track for the open. He started to cover the sixty dangerous miles with no light but the glimmer of the Arctic stars and the pale glow of the great silent whiteness.

None heeded him. None now cared a tailor's curse where he was going, or why. His bones were picked white and clean. So out he went into the night alone, and took the trail so many had taken before him, never to return.

The sight of him was food and drink to Juno. She sprang to him joyfully, and then, as he still paid her no heed, she fell back and stalked in his groggy tracks, content.

A dust snow was flying, cruel and bitter cold, as they took the trail into the heart of the mountains, where all things look alike at night and distance plays pranks even with a sober man's imagination. At the outskirts of Nome, Father Van was just coming out of the glow of his cabin on the way to midnight chapel service when Murray lunged past him, headed into the flying, drifting snow of the open trail.

The Jesuit called to him; he might as well have called to the wind. Juno answered with her distressed yelp and jumped in front of Murray, as if to turn him back to the shelter at hand. But the fiend had him in tow. No man could stop him in his determination to reach his own cabin and Juno. She had called to him to come home. Home he was going to her. On he plunged, the bitch taking the lead and intuitively guiding him in the right direction. A sixth sense impelled the man to follow her—he did not know that the dog was with him. Almost frenzied, Juno tried to turn him back. She jumped at his face, snapped at his hands, ran circles around him in a wild endeavor to make him understand.

Suddenly a "chinook" blew out of the south, and the dry, chilly snow changed to a pelting blizzard of blinding, heavy flakes. Murray staggered on, oblivious to the heavy packing of the trail. When midway between Nome and the Dexter divide, his legs collapsed and he crumpled up in the soft, wet snow, unconscious. Frantically, Juno tugged at his clothes; she licked his face and uncovered hands; nuzzled her nose into his beard, whimpering her mother signs to him without avail. The snow fell in sheets, and Murray was soon transformed into a pearly mound except where the dog kept his face and hands clear with her tongue.

Then she resorted to the weird wolf-call of her kind, a call of distress and appeal, in the hope that it might be heard and understood by some chance soul within the far-reaching radius of its power. She began it low, a deep, guttural note which gradually rose to the hysteric staccato of a shrill, hyena-like shriek.

There was no answer.

Again she repeated her cry for help. None came. Then, quivering with excitement, she once more lapped the snow from Murray's face and hands and, with a whimpering croon of farewell, struck out over the snow in a bee-line for Nome—a mystic streak of gray through the thick white.

Father Van had returned from service, his mind perturbed and his heart heavy. The specter-like picture of the lurching, reeling figure and the lone malamute hitting the trail on such a night filled him with a haunting disquietude. Somewhere out in the fury of the wild chinook they were fighting a grim battle with death. Sinking to his knees, he prayed that the Great Father of the North would guide the two wanderers into safety.

While still kneeling, his attention was fearfully arrested by a wail outside the cabin, a wail that rose high and piercing above the whistle of the chinook. It was immediately followed by a pounding and scratching on his storm door, which instantly brought him to his feet. Trembling, he advanced to open the door, while the pounding and scratching continued. The wailing was incessant, shrill and harrowing, and the priest's heart quaked with a fear such as he had felt once years before when he had heard the cries of wolves in pack on his trail. But open he must—no one, whether man or beast, ever appealed at his door in vain.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

There stood the dog he had seen racing into the storm as he was about to enter the chapel. Mute and quivering, Juno raised her eyes to him—eyes glowing in the light from the cabin like twin smoldering rubies. The look shot her message straight into his heart.

Her master was out there in the blizzard! He needed immediate help!

She gave a backward spring from the door, toward the Dexter divide, and came back again to the standing attitude as the Jesuit had found her upon opening the door. It was all too clear to him. Yes, the dog's master was out in the pitiless drift, helpless, undone, and *she* was here to guide help to him. Father Van's duty was plain. The raging, tearing blindness of the chinook, instead of making him hesitate, was but added incentive for haste. Fortunately, there was little danger of Murray's freezing to death, for when this blast comes out of the bowels of the sub-Arctic laterals, the blanket of snow which spreads over the country has a merciful warmth. But there *was* grave danger, the priest knew, that an overtaken traveler might succumb to the stifling weight of the snow covering.

Instantly he formulated a plan of rescue, and set about carrying it out. He called his Indian boy, Sub-choo-ahk, and ordered the sleigh and dogs brought at once.

"Ong! Wong-ah-tu-si-ruck!" — the exclamation, showing the boy's understanding of the need for swift action, was his sole reply. Alert and agile, the Indian bounded to the kennels, and before many minutes the jingle of harness bells announced a spanking seven-dog team of the swiftest malamutes on the peninsula. They were strung out Siwash fashion, and attached to them was a long, low, rakish basket-sleigh constructed for speed. Equipped with robes, a medicine chest, a flask, and a shovel, Father Van jumped into the sleigh; and Sub-choo-ahk, gripping the handle-bars, snapped the command which whirred the seven after Juno, speeding on ahead as their pilot.

Not a track, not a trail, not a sign was there to indicate that man or animal had ever cut a path over that section of the going. The chinook was doing its work well. The deep, heavily packed snow, the impenetrable drift, the ridges that flanked every hummock, had literally to be plowed through. Father Van, divested of his riding furs, was soon out in the running, doing his share in the conquest of the storm.

Straight as the flight of a rifle-ball the dog guided them on, outrunning them at times and doubling on herself in her frantic anxiety to reach her goal. Occasionally the priest and the Indian caught a glimpse of her racing back to the leader of the team, as if to offer some word of assurance, to buoy him up by pacing alongside for a time. Then she would catapult away again into the thick curtain of snow that shut her from their sight.

Suddenly the sleigh pitched into the entire pack of dogs, who had rushed pell-mell upon Juno, as she dug frantically into a mound of snow. Sub-choo-ahk darted ahead and dragged the team away from her. Directly Father Van was at her side, digging excitedly with the shovel he had brought for this purpose. Presently Juno, still pawing and sniffing, began a plaintive, tremulous cry, as if the suspense were beyond endurance. And then, when at last her claws touched her master's body, she broke out in a wild, ringing peal of delight.

Father Van and Sub-choo-ahk lifted the inert form into the warmth of the sleigh robes, and then the Jesuit bared Murray's breast and placed his ear over the heart. A faint beating assured him that the man still lived. He applied the flask to the close-clenched teeth, which had to be pried apart to admit the draft that now was a powerful agent of restoration. A quickened pulse immediately answered.

Juno's joy knew no bounds. She ran from Murray to Father Van, licking her master's face and hands, and snuggling her nose into the priest's face, as if to assure him of her gratitude.

Then came the race back to shelter, into the very onslaught of the blinding storm. But the seven dogs needed no urging from the Indian in covering the distance to the town, and Juno kept up her tireless stride at the side of the sleigh, not a foot away from Murray's head.

She had saved him.

For two weeks the Holy Sisters of Shelter Hospital nursed and watched over Murray as only these heroines of the wilderness can. Gently, persistently, faithfully, they fanned the light of his life, which flickered feebly at times, back to a healthy glow, and they were aided, they thought, by the constant

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

presence of the gray wolf-dog, whose fidelity never wavered.

Always, when Murray muttered in delirium, he called her name. Always she tried by her answering call to make him realize that she was by his side. Often she would run her head up under his palm, and so take his unconscious caress. Later, when the delirium had passed, she would sit upright for hours where his hand could reach her head.

Murray's first visitor was Owen Kerrigan, and with him entered, each with its particular single-action rush, Juno's five pups. Oh, the transport of Juno as she herself rushed to stop the avalanche of her brood! And the ecstasy of the roly-polies as they cavorted and frolicked about her! And the light of joy on the face of the sick man!

"Ah, Murray, me bye, Oi've been waitin' since day befoor yisterday to see yez," said Kerrigan. "Howly Mither, I'm plazed to see th' ould light in yer eye! Th' pups and Oi have shlept in the same bunk ever since the day that Juno brought thim over to me shack on th' hill. But th' little divils have ate me outer fish, bacon, an' roice, so th' whole boonch av us came to town to get a fresh supply; and thin, whin yer able, we'll all go back to Oirish Hill, where th' byes is waitin' to give ye a grand raciption upon yer safe return, which by the same token is nothin' but th' gorgeous wake we had prepared fer ye in th' evint that ye needed a good sind-off. Murray, do ye know that th' auld bitch saved yer loife?"

THEN SHE RESORTED TO THE WEIRD WOLF-CALL OF HER KIND, A CALL OF DISTRESS AND APPEAL.

Murray knew it. Ever since the return of reason, the gently spoken words of Father Van, as he narrated the tremendous part Juno played in the New Year's Eve rescue, had been burned and seared on his heart. And now as he lay here, with his hand in that of his old friend and his eyes resting affectionately upon the mother-dog tending her cubs, two great tears rolled down his cheeks.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Seven years have passed since Juno saved her master. In that time the story has grown to be an epic in the hearts of the pioneer inhabitants of the new Arctic empire. To this day, when the midsummer sun warms the board sidewalk of the city of Nome, tenderfoot and "sour-dough" alike gingerly step over Juno, or deliberately walk around her, as she stretches her old, gray-furred length across the boards. Here she dreams the whole day long, basking in the love of a big-hearted country where her kind is placed upon a pedestal, and where hams, bacon, and nice, juicy salmon of adoration are brought to her daily.

From that day to this, liquor has not passed Murray Sheehan's lips. He has grown to be the biggest man morally, mentally, financially—in fact, every way—in the Northland.

The "fasht freighters," as Owen Kerrigan called the pups when Juno was robbing his cache for them, are each year entered in the all-Alaskan sweepstakes. Each year they return with the wreath of victory and place it at the foot of their lord and master —Murray Sheehan.

"Shure and why shouldn't they be the shwiftest darlints in the world?" Murray says with tender pride. "Do not they come out of the unbeaten record-holder of Alaska, the one dog aloive that outsprinted the divil himself? The divil who chased me for foive solid years, but, thanks be to God, never caught me! 'Tis Juno I mane."

A PARTING

BY V. F. BOYSON

SO, NOW my evening's come. Lift me, that I
May look out on the sun with you once more.
Oh, beautiful world! And the wide radiant years
Of our two lives that now throng sparkling back.
Oh, for one word that should thank God for life!
If I might but go back again and love
You more! . . . And now . . . Will you take back your ring,
Slipping—as slipped my life—into your hold?
Think, when alone, you touch it afterwards:—
Never day broke but I knelt low before your love;
Never night fell but earth's sweet common things
Leaped up through you into exceeding joy;
And every hope and dim, star-distant dream
Of mine reached to its height, and, in your hands,
Was perfected. O my beloved, think:
"Her ring says this, and all it broke her heart
She could not say" . . . Ah, but so soon will say.
Thou wilt not grieve? . . . Darkness! How dark. Lord Christ,
Who died . . .
—Earth's evening light be fair and clear
About thee, till God's full and perfect Day
And utter Love unending, dawn for thee.

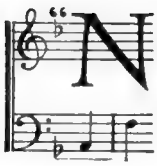
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Getting Up "Pinafore"

by

EUGENE WOOD

AUTHOR OF "BACK HOME," "FOLKS BACK HOME," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"NOW then, gentlemen, once again, that same place. One, two, three, four, one, two, *three!*"

"We-he sail the ocean blue,
And our sau—"

Rat-tat-tat-tat!—the stick goes on a chair-back. What's the matter with that? Ain't that all right?

"Basses! I want that first word 'we.' One or two came in, but I want *all* the basses on that." *Rat-tat-tat-tat!* "Pay attention, please." . . . Continued babble. . . . "For the love of Mike, LISTEN!" *Rat-tat-tat-tat!* "Count four to the measure — Yes, I know it's two-four time, but I'm counting four. And WATCH THE STICK! Once again, now. One, two, three, four, one, two, *three!*"

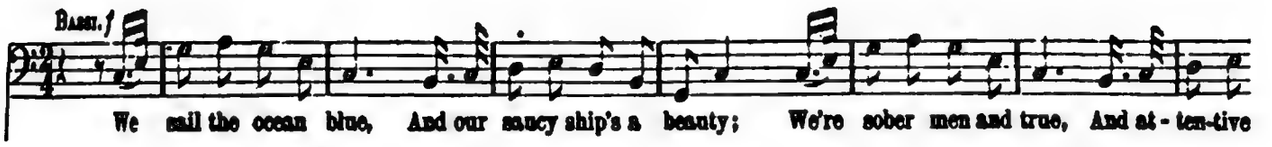
"We-he sail the osh—"

Rat-tat-tat-tat! Then, with the patience of a saint: "You might *just* as well make up your minds to sing that first word 'we,' because it must be done, and that's all about it. Same place."

That ought to kink the grinning muscles in uncounted multitudes all over this fair land of ours. And not "the States" alone; there's Canada, and the British Isles, and India, and Australia, and New Zealand, and wherever among the far-strewn islands of the sea there are English-speaking folk enough to furnish forth "his sisters, and his cousins, whom he reckons up by dozens, and his aunts;" wherever there are enough male voices to assert:

We're smart and sober men,
And quite devoid of fe-ar.
In all the Royal N.
None are so smart as we are.

Slews and slews there must be who will smile to recollect the musical director's *rat-tat-tat!* and, "I want *all* the basses on that first word 'we.'" For this thing of "getting up 'Pinafore'" has been going on now for upward of thirty years. Yes, sir, it's been thirty years or so since "Pinafore" began to drape the cobwebs over "Esther, the Beautiful Queen" as a work for amateur operatics. The man that makes a business of renting out the scores and costumes for that purpose prophesied that "Pinafore" would

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

never die. And when the very latest musical comedies, written expressly for the tired business man, lost money hand over fist last season, this veteran from the days when the telephone was what the aeroplane is now, "turned 'em away" in hot weather.

Sullivan's music has stood up well, though at the recent professional all-star "revival," the critics complained that they felt the need of an occasional "Amen." But that only goes to show the long road we have traveled since its first production in New York, when a leading newspaper said the morning after: "Mr. Sullivan knows his Wagner well."

Knows his Wagner well! As if "Pinafore" were mercerized "Parsifal"!

Charming music; but it's Gilbert's book that has the immortality. There is the outer layer of first-impression fun, though there is small chance in it for the "violent ward" humor of most comic-opera comedians. Under that is the layer of enjoyment of the clever rhyming, for Gilbert was just about as good at that in his day as Wallace Irwin is in ours. And then comes the layer of satire, deep, deep. Rehearse it and rehearse t, sing in it more imes than you have oes and fingers, know very line of it backard and forward, and t the last a new point ill jab you unexpectlly, and make you mp for joy.

I like to have missmy music-cue one ne for snickering at e joke I had just nbled to, where ck *Deadeye* says: 'aptain, I've come give you warning," *The Captain* anrs: "What? Do propose to leave navy, then?"

"WE-HE SAIL THE OCEAN BLUE AND OUR SAU—"

meaning, "Is this your notice that you'll quit the job as soon as your month is up?" I had forgotten that a convict in state's prison could do that quite as easily as a man-of-war's man; I had forgotten that the Fugitive Slave Law, abolished for the black man half a century ago, is still in full force for any sort of sailor-man.

And all that beautiful Gladstonian guff about, "A British sailor is any man's equal —excepting mine," and "I hope you treat your crew kindly, Captain Corcoran. No bullying, I trust, no strong language of any kind." The Tory in us all titters to think of "equality" and cat-o'-nine-tails; titters to think of what a man-of-war would be without bullying and language strong enough to raise a blister. "Kindly?" Why, if you treated a ship's company with kindness, what would become of discipline?

There is a gibe in every line of it; so many gibes that thirty years have not exhausted them; so many that the more you see, the more there are to see. And then it dawns upon you why "Pinafore" endures. Others have written funny lines, others have rhymed cleverly and stung with satire; but Gilbert alone among them all has a philosophy, a criticism of life, true any time these thirty years, past or to come.

And that's another long road we have traveled. In my personal recollection, in the days when I was wondering whether I'd turn out bass or tenor, the leading singers of the town of Cardington, Ohio, serenely careless of the effete East's approval of the work, declined to get up "Pinafore" because it was "so silly!"

In the smaller

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

towns, in the outlying "Why Pay Rent?" sections of the big towns, where train- and trolley- service is conducted on the broad, basic principle that "the dividends are in the straps," the local opera-house has a stage considerably wider than a hall bedroom, but not so deep. There are two full sets of scenery, a kitchen interior and a wood interior, and the act-drop represents a piece of very rough country surrounded by a neat border of advertising cards, like: "Go to J. W. Harris for Your Stoves and Tinware"— though old man Harris has been dead for eight years anyhow, and where he probably is now I doubt if tinware would— He had his good points, though.

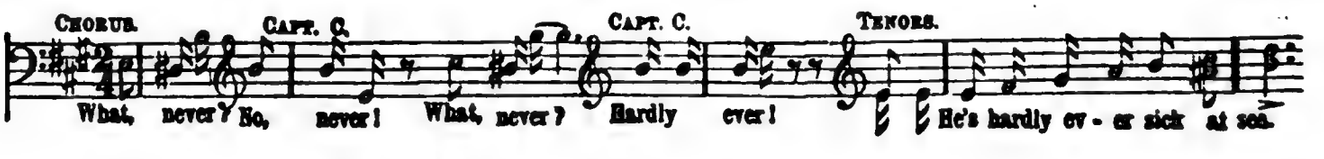
By consequence, only "Ruth's Revenge" companies and moving-picture shows come to the opera-house, and you get kind o' sick of them after a while. Concerts by home talent, vocal solos, piano solos, duets for soprano and alto, and piano duets, the performers counting audibly, and the recitation about the girl that rides all night bearing a pardon from General Washington for her man friend who will have trouble with his necktie unless she reaches him sooner than sun-up— "Orn! *orn!* Mub bra-ave-ah steed-uh!"—you get sick of them, too. The minstrel shows are funny —I always think that is such a good one about the fresh eggs on shipboard, the ship laid to—but some of the jokes are likely to be of the sort where you either look embarrassed and then have to laugh, or else you laugh and then have to look embarrassed.

Such things are too extemporized. The music is too easy, too much on the popular order. The members of the volunteer choirs feel that there's something lacking—it's a saltless egg. And if some real good music should come to town, why, all that they could do would be to sit and listen. And there are some so constituted that, in a manner of speaking, they would rather play in a "scrub" game than "root" for a league game.

Something's lacking. Along about the first week in January, the choir-singers get the fidgets. The snappy air exhilarates, and buckwheat cakes and sausages are filling them up with energy. The Christmas music is all done, and it isn't time to think of Easter music, and anyhow— Something lively, you know, and funny; nice music, not too easy, not too easy. It must have "chaw" to it.

And all of a sudden, it strikes the leader of the Presbyterian choir, and he hails the leader of the Episcopal choir, and they stand there, right by the Soldiers' Monument, poking the melting snow with their overshoe toes, gassing so long and earnestly that folks peeking at them declare that there's a hen on, now you mark. And when the joyful tidings spreads around that they are going to get up "Pinafore," these triumph: "What d' I tell you?"

But talk of the ingratitude of republics —it's nothing to that of choir-leaders. The experienced singers who carry bronchial trochees in their Sunday clothes, who have been instant in season and out of season, who haven't missed church or choir-practise since long before the pipe-organ was put in, do they get a bid to be in "Pinafore"? No; but a lot of insignificant little snips hardly out of high-school, and outsiders that don't even go to church— Oh, well, that's the thanks you get. You might know 'twould be that way.

To get up "Pinafore" and have it come off along about strawberry-time, you want to start in early. For, strange as it may seem to those who live in the big cities and whose only pleasures are boughten ones, it is a fact that out in the smaller towns and the outlying, two-family-house sections, the folks don't just simply sit around after supper and wait for it to come bedtime. One of the prime difficulties—prime impossibilities, I would say—is to find an evening for rehearsals when everybody can attend. Monday night is the Elks and Daughters of Rebekah; Tuesday is Odd Fellows and Lady Maccabees; Wednesday used to be band-practise before they broke up in a row, and now it's Woodmen, and Good Templars; the second Wednesday of the month it's the Masons, and there's something else, too, I forget what — I beg pardon. "Prayer-meeting?" Look here. What are you trying to do? Start something? Not with me you can't! Thursday is when everything of an occasional nature

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

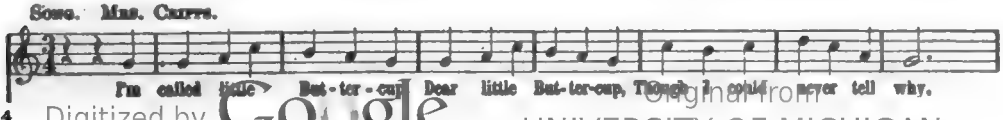
takes place, and Friday and Saturday are choir-nights all round. And there you are.

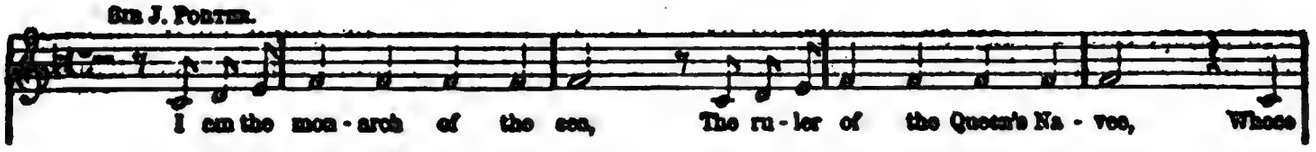
So, what with only one rehearsal a week, and Lent coming on (not so much a withdrawal from such worldly joys as "Pinafore" as an extra evening for Easter music), with rainy nights, and colds, and people dropping in for a friendly call and you hating to run off and leave them, and some of the crowd simply *having* to go to lodge once in a while, being the Worthy Exalted Getter of the Goat or some such indispensable, and the prolonged process of learning the score—for experienced choristers "read music" as A B-abs read print: that is, they look at it and remember how it sounds—what with all this, if you plan to have your "Pinafore" come off at strawberry-time, it must strike the Presbyterian choir-leader not later than January fifteenth or sixteenth — the seventeenth at the outside.

A BARITONE IS A VOCAL SAWED-OFF, NOT HIGH ENOUGH FOR TENOR, NOT HEAVY ENOUGH FOR BASS.

About the second or third rehearsal, as you take off your rubbers in the vestibule and plan how to bestow them so that they will not be inadvertently exchanged for a pair split down at the heel—or vice versa, as the case may be—you hear a noise that sets your pulses thumping. What? No, it can't be. But it is! An orchestra! What do you know about that! Some class to us, eh?

Some one strikes a treble note on the piano reiteratingly. And then, mixed with the lamenting cries of *whaah-whaah, whaw-whaw, whee-whee* from the fiddles, you hear the rollicking bravura of the clarinet, beginning with the rich, deep bell-note, like what you hear on the long-distance when the op-



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

erator gives you a poor connection, and rippling upward to the top note, where the cussed reed gets away from him and squawks like a scared goose—*tawng, oodle-oodle, eedle-eedle, yip!* There is the fuzzy *vawf-vawf, voomf-voomf* of the double-bass, the scratchy snarling of the 'cello, and a foozle of a bray that starts to be one pitch and cracks into another.

Just as well as if you stood right by him you can hear the cornet say: "I haven't touched the blamed old horn sence after the band broke up, and now I hain't got no lip at all no more."

They say the Shah of Persia liked the tuning-up the best of all. I'm not as bad as that, but I do admire to hear it. All the really glorious times I've ever had, when for a little space I could forget about my life-insurance premium being overdue, when for a little space the soul within me kicked itself free from this muddy vesture of decay and soared and skallyhooted up among the stars, have had for prelude an orchestral tuning-up. The fiddles chirrup like birds of a summer dawn; the French horns coo like turtle-doves; the bassoons quack as ducks that take a gloomy view of life; the flutes drip molten silver, and the agile oboe threads the genial hubbub with a tone that shines like copper wire in the sun, that tastes like cherry phosphate. There is the promise of great joys. I wonder if, when it shall come my time to face What Lies Beyond, I shall not whisper: "Gimme A, please."

The scratch orchestra has its fun, too, getting up "Pinafore." Anybody does, that goes into cahoots with others to make music, instead of practising that solitary vice, the piano. And tackling something just a leetle bit ahead of what you can conveniently do—some do not care for that. If they can't get the hang of it, first dash out of the box, they quit. But they're the fellows that really prefer this "quick and devilish" stuff, that make more music with their foot than with their fiddle. But the kind that says: "Well, dog my sister's cats! I'm a-going to get that right or break a trace"—I kind o' surmise those fellows have a good time getting up "Pinafore."

When the cornet, who has busted every blessed time at rehearsals on that triumphant fanfare at the end of "He is an Englishman," mad enough to bite a nail in two—when, on the night, he gets it pure and pretty, and slick as a whistle, and the singers give him a quick nod from over the footlights, as much as to say: "Good boy!"—why, that's fun, isn't it? Appreciation, applause from those who *know*—By Ned! does anything else come up to it?

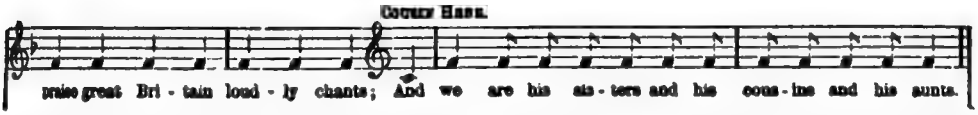
The next time they get up "Pinafore" and have an amateur orchestra, don't you hook up your nose contemptuously because the boys make a few breaks. What they've been used to is this two-step stuff, with the divvle's own bang on every down-beat; pieces with four bars of introduction, first strain, second strain, repeat *al trio*, repeat *da capo* as far as to the "potato-bug," and jump to the coda; pieces printed on a card the bigness of a letter-envelope, that you couldn't get lost in if you tried, unless you have a "tunker" part, all full of slant-marks with a dot on each side, and then you just keep on a-tunking, and if you've any sort of an ear at all—

But this "Pinafore" stuff is on a higher level. There aren't any "tunker" parts; they've all got tunes. And there are pages, and pages, and pages, not little band-book pages either, but regular sheet-music size.

So don't you snicker if the cornet leans over and asks the clarinet: "Hey, Jake! Where are we now?" S'posin' it was you with seventeen measures of rest to count, and nothing "cued in," and them darn singers up there taking their own dag-gone time, slowing up here, and hustling there, and throwing a feller all off on his count. Maybe you'd be asking: "Hey, Jake! Where are we now?"

II

I reckon professionals would have a fit to see us amateurs getting up "Pinafore." You see, they draw no salary while they're rehearsing. Oh, the orchestra, yes; but they are like mechanics and have a union. I'm speaking of the *artists*. The artists live on snowballs till the show opens. And so they make all haste to get to where the ghost will walk. It's all Efficiency with them.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

But with us amateurs Efficiency is right enough in its way, but not when it takes the pleasure out of life. And so everybody sings in the chorus at our rehearsals. Each night we start in at the beginning and wade right through as far as we can get by ten o'clock or a quarter past, choruses, concerted music, duets, solos, dialogue—everything. If one of the principals fails to appear, the musical director doesn't rave and cave and tear his hair. He just says:

"Well, I guess he isn't coming. Charley, you take his part. Or, no; you had it last time he didn't show up. Jim, you try it and see how you make out with it."

We have no understudies, because everyone's an understudy; no prompter, because everybody prompts. We're in this thing for the fun of it, you understand. Oh, to be sure, it's for the benefit of the Library Fund, but that's only to take the curse off. We hope it makes some money so as to lay in a full line of the latest heroes twelve heads tall and five heads across the shoulders; but if it doesn't, I don't know that we care such a dickens of a lot. So long as it doesn't actually *lose* money.

It doesn't really get to be much different from regular choir-practise till after the director announces: "The next rehearsal

THE LEADER OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHOIR HAILS THE LEADER OF THE EPISCOPAL CHOIR, AND THEY STAND RIGHT THERE BY THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT, GASSING.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

will be in the opera-house—" Breathless hush. "Oh, if you'd only pay attention like that all the time. The next rehearsal will be in the opera-house next Tuesday evening—*Tuesday* evening, remember. There's a show there Wednesday and Thursday evenings. Tuesday evening at eight o'clock *sharp!* Everybody be on hand early because"—the normal babblement resumes and drowns him out. We've heard all that before about beginning promptly because we've got lots to do yet and the time is drawing nigh.

We could continue in Library Hall quite advantageously for some time to come. We could pretend this chair was left second entrance, and two chairs the cabin door, and a crack in the floor the "foots." We are not nearly ready to lay aside our books. But the opera-house man charges us nothing nights when there is no "troupe" in town, and we might as well get used to acting on a real stage. You've got to keep 'em interested, and it's interesting to be on a real stage.

So it's:

"Where do *I* stand?"

"Right over there."

"Yes, but I think I ought to——"

A regular stage-manager would never let 'em get that far before he'd jump right down their throats with: "You're not supposed to think. You're unaccustomed to such violent exercise. I'm paid to do that here." The amateur stage-manager must go kind o' easy with 'em. Especially with *Sir Joseph*. *Sir Josephs* are kittle cattle. Scarce. You'd think that part in "Pinafore," and the bass-drum part in a band, would almost play themselves, they are so easy. Ha, ha! Wake up. You've slept on past your station. Both are very highty-tighty. I remember a *Sir Joseph* that *would* make his exit toward the fo'c's'le when he had to come on again from the cabin. The director spoke to him about it.

"It's handier that way," *Sir Joseph* answered.

"Yes, but, man alive!" pleaded the director, "you're coming on in about a minute from the other side."

"Nobody'll ever notice it," persisted *Sir Joseph.*

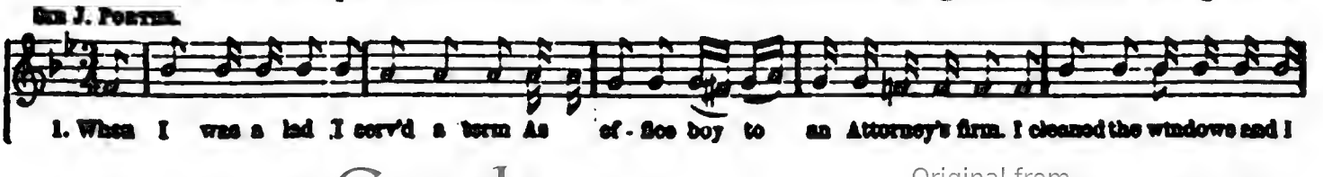
"But they'll wonder how you got there. They know that you can't swim."

That raised a laugh, and just for that we came as near as anything to losing that *Sir Joseph;* and he was a dandy, too, and the performance due in three weeks' time. He had to have his way. Exit one side, walk around the back-drop, and enter again from the other side.

"I HAIN'T GOT NO LIP AT ALL NO MORE."

And you have to labor with the chorusmen to teach them that foremast hands are not supposed to hang out in *The Captain's* cabin. They think that makes it all the funnier.

And when the girls come dancing on at



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the place where it goes into three sharps, they're so full of giggle that first night in the opera-house, trying to get the step together, that they forget to sing, and when they remember to sing, they forget to dance, and stand there with their hands crossed on their waistlines, as prim as if it was a meeting of the Ladies' Aid. And the fellows are so anxious to show that they can act, and make out they are flirting with the relatives of the *First Lord of the Admiralty*, that they come in two beats ahead of time on "Ladies who can smile so brightly," and the whole thing goes to smash.

Well, it's the hardest number in the opera, and every time it's practised the orchestra turn back by force of habit without waiting for him to say: "Once again now, middle of page 28."

When you get up "Pinafore," and do it properly, an important by-product is the extra session at Jerry's after the rehearsal. Of course, not all the men attend. Some go straight home, and some of the younger fellows take the girls home and seem to consider that fun. And, you know, it's really a serious matter. I know of no less than three engagements as the direct result of getting up "Pinafore." At the extra session, after the regular overture of: "Here! Bring us another. Just one won't do me. Gee! But don't it make you thirsty, though?"—it is generally agreed that this first rehearsal in the opera-house, considered as a rehearsal, was rotten! *rotten!* but that as an indoor sport it was more fun than a box of monkeys. Beats a choir-practise to death. Beats it to death.

Jerry's an awful grouch. All old saloon-keepers are grouches, but Jerry's worse than any of them. The extra session begins at twenty minutes after ten, and at twenty minutes to eleven, when the first thirst is drowned, and there is other talk than, "Jerry, bring us another," he asserts with insolence that he is going to close up now pretty soon and if you fellers wants any more you'd better speak up, and then make a sneak for home whilst you've got a home to go to. Awful old grouch.

Says the clarinet: "I'd like to swat that second fiddle boy. So help me Bob, he *never* comes in on time—*never!* Always half a beat ahead or half a beat behind."

"Oh, well now, Jake," says one kind soul, "you must remember he's only been taking lessons six months now."

"So long as that? I wouldn't have thought it."

"And you gotta give in he does one thing up to the handle."

"What's that? I hain't heard it yet, I guess."

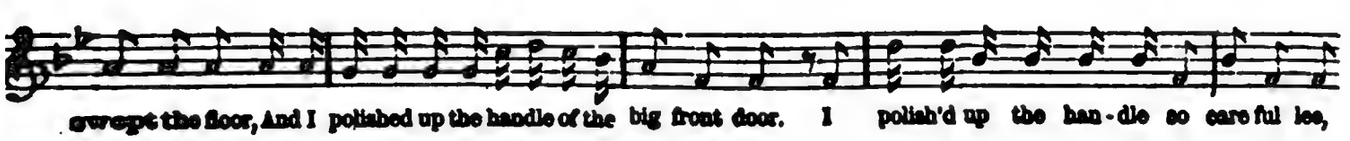
"Tune up."

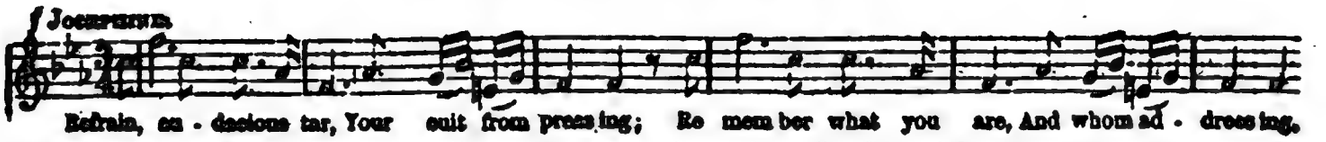
And that's good for a laugh. You don't see the nub of it because you weren't at any of the rehearsals; but that kid is just possessed to tune up. No matter what's going on, or what he interrupts, tune up he will, spite of the divvle. The minute he starts it, everybody groans.

The cornet starts to inquire: "Now in that place where I have *ta-da-dee-dum*—" But nobody has ever heard that special *ta-da-dee-dum* before, because in an orchestral score there isn't just one lonesome tune going, but a lot of them that you never hear unless you take particular notice, like picking out one leaf in a whole treeful. The cornet shows what he means on his score. It is all marked up, blue pencil and red ink, and cuts and transpositions, and notes altered in previous hirings, insomuch that one of the singers says: "I don't see how you make head or tail out of that mess."

"He don't," snaps the director, quick as a wink; and the cornet stands a round for that, adding one crack at himself: "That's how I make so many blue notes, trying to play them pencil-marks."

The extra session blossoms like the rose with: "How'd it be if when he says a British sailor is any man's equal excepting his, you'd go up and put your arm around him?" and, "Why don't you put more emphasis on 'respectable' when you tell *Buttercup* she oughtn't to stay around after sundown?"—all sorts of suggestions to make the other fellow's part so funny that the people will fall right off their chairs.

And, by the way, it's interesting to note the difference between the women and the men in that respect. The men grab at every little hint that anybody offers, but the ladies—God bless 'em!—resent that

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



sort of thing, and the too persistent counselor will get: "Oh, thank you, I think that I can get along without assistance."

Ah, yes, dear friends, I long ago gave up all hope of ever seeing *Little Buttercup* played comic, either by professionals or by amateurs. The sex is sentimental, however fat and faded, and thus qualified to look the weather-beaten old sea-pedler. Such a romantic name as *Little Buttercup*, they think, demands a garden-party frock, an apron of the sheerest lawn, the latest agony in hats, high-heeled slippers, and a complexion where the rose and lily meet. Sweet and pretty they must look, though comedy kick the bucket.

And a really first-rate musician is as mulish. For instance, we have some mighty pretty girls in our chorus. Regular peaches. And then, again, we have some girls that—Well, they're more like prunes. In vain the extra session pleads with the musical director to put down at the end of the line, right next to the "foots," the dears whose looks make your mouth kind of subconsciously bunch itself all up, instead of those meat-axes and ice-picks in human guise. And d'you think he'll do it? Not he.

"They can sing," he says. "They're right there with the goods. This is no professional show," he says.

Can you beat it?

But aren't tenors the crazy lot? Now, there's our *Ralph* — "Rafe," please, not "Ralf"—big, fine, ringing voice, goes 'way, 'way up as easy as anything; and what d'you think he told me in at Jerry's one night after rehearsal? He says to me, "I don't like a tenor voice," he says. "I don't like to hear one. I wish I was a baritone."

A baritone! Why, what's a baritone? A vocal sawed-off, not high enough for tenor, not heavy enough for bass. No nice duets for baritone and soprano, for he's always the unhappy father or the prima donna mittens him. But the tenor is the candy boy. She lets him put his arm around her, and she rubs her Spanish rouge off on his manly (padded) bosom, while they sing the sweetest music in the opera, all in thirds and sixths, dying away at the last, and all so lovely that it makes you catch your breath. Gosh! wish *I* could sail right up to high B flat and C, and not just once in a while a G above the staff that sounds like they were butchering hogs at our house.

I told you I counted three engagements as a direct result of getting up "Pinafore." Make it two, net, for that was what broke off our *Ralph's*.

We simply had to have Billy Knox, understand. He has the voice— Well, as far as that goes, Silbernagel is even better, but while "Dutch" is all right for male quartet work, still— Well, the poor man can't help his looks, now, can he? And Billy has a fine stage presence. But wait till I tell you what sort of a girl *she* is.

"I'm not going to let you."

I'd like to have a woman say that to me, *before* I was married, understand.

"Oh, come, now," coaxed the director, who was present, and told me all about it. "We need Billy the worst way. Can't get along without him."

"No."

"Why not?"

"I'm not going to have him putting his arm around other girls."

Other girls! You got that?

"Well, I tell you," says the director, jollying her, "why not you sing *Josephine?* Then he won't be hugging 'other' girls."

Her? She's got a voice like a broken bottle, it's that sharp-edged.

"No," said she. "Not in public."

Well, they compromised it. He was allowed to take the part of *Ralph* provided he was civil to *Josephine*, and no more. Thereafter the extra session mourned his absence. That girl took to coming to rehearsal, and he had to see her home, of course. And she'd sit there and watch him like a hawk, ready to snatch him limbless if ever he laid a hand on *Josephine* in the way of kindness.

The girls were wise immediately, and told the fellows, and between them they kidded the boy nearly to death. And one night she didn't come; and in that scene where he's going to kill himself because *Josephine* rejects his humble suit with scorn, and the sailors put their fingers in their ears because it makes a man-o'-war's man's ears ring when a pistol goes off close to, and she comes running out and sings: "Ah, stay

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"HEY, JAKE! WHERE ARE WE NOW?"

your hand! I love you!"—Billy came to a clinch with her good and proper. Well, sir, it broke everybody all up, except the double bass, and he never laughs at anything. The girls just squealed and squealed.

And after that, Billy was a regular attendant at the extra session and drowned his sorrows in as much of the flowing bowl as Jerry will let you have between twenty minutes after and a quarter to. (Jerry's a moral force in the community, were it but known, and makes for temperance and early to bed.) Billy as much as told me it was all over between them. But I don't know. He's 'most too good a meal-ticket to let go of as easy as all that.

There is the "official" extra session, and there are impromptu extra sessions whenever any of the crowd meet. They always call each other by the names they bear in "Pinafore," as Clarinet, and *Ralph*, and *Bo's'n*, and *Captain*—a use of value since unless they learn to answer to their names, the director may be calling for them, and they be keeping the stage waiting while they're down in front buzzing some dame. At these fortuitous extra sessions it is normally the consensus of opinion that it will be pretty bad. If those not present would only *loosen up* more! Such a lot of sticks, anyhow. They read their lines—that's a nice, professional-sounding phrase—read their lines like they were the psalter for the twenty-second evening of the month. And wouldn't you think they'd learn their parts some time? Just a little extra time in between rehearsals, and they could memorize the whole thing and then they'd *have* it.

Easy *said*.

III

"Next Monday evening we'll have to go back to Library Hall for our rehearsal, be-

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

cause the moving-picture show is here that night. But Tuesday night we have our dress rehearsal here, and I want *everybody to be present.* Wednesday and Thursday we give the performance. Monday night in the hall again at eight o'clock *sharp!* Be on hand early because we—" Yes. Yes. We know all that.

And at the extra session that night it's: "Oh, by George, the scenery!"

"Why, hasn't he got scenery for it—the man that runs the opera-house?"

"Him? He hasn't got anything except the nerve to charge us twenty per cent. of the gross. Robber!"

"Well, we got to get scenery somewhere."

"Moon for the second act, you know. Say. How do you make a moon? With a bicycle lamp?"

"And there's the cat-o'-nine-tails."

"I'll attend to that," *The Captain* says. "Who's got a boat-cloak for me, though?"

"And there's my pistol," suggests *Ralph.*

"I was just going to speak of that," says *The Bo's'n,* who has been handing our hero a fountain-pen to blow his brains out with at rehearsals. "Jerry, do you know where we can get the lend of an old-fashioned horse-pistol?"

Jerry doesn't know anything except that he's going to close up now in about five minutes. If he did, he wouldn't tell you. Awful grouch!

"My uncle's got one," says the cornet. "Leastways, he *had* one."

"That's all right then. Now—er—er—er — Oh, yes, the make-up."

"Well, now, look here. Do we *have* to have make-up?"

"Do we have to have it! Why, say, unless you rouge up to a red flannel hue, you'll look like you'd been buried and dug up."

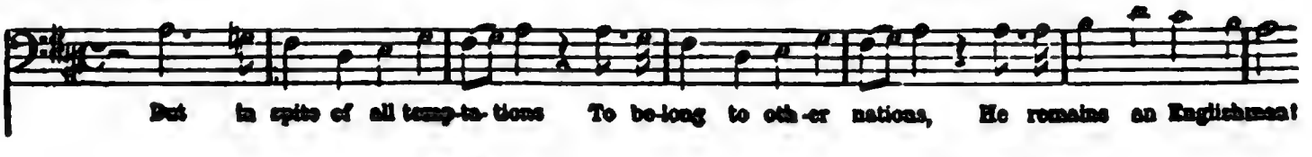
"About that scenery," says the director, "who can get off to-morrow aft— Wait a second till I make a memo. about that make-up— Who can get off to-morrow afternoon? Clarinet, can you? Double bass? *Dick?* Aw, tell the boss there's sickness in the family. *Captain? Ralph? Sir Joseph?* To-morrow afternoon then at, say, three o'clock. That'll give us time enough, I guess."

As a matter of fact, it takes considerably longer. But when the curtain goes up on the dress rehearsal, why, say! it doesn't look so bad, all things considered. Not a thing to go on, you understand. So they got a lot of muslin, and pinned it here and tacked it there, and a fellow that used to paint the bodies at the wagon-shop, but is now out of a job, took a lot of kalsomining colors, and painted a sea and sky and a few ships, and they borrowed some canvas for a sail from the man that lays the concrete sidewalks in the town, and they faked this, and made a stab at that, and left the t'other to the imagination (you ought always to leave something to the imagination), and it really does look like a ship's deck—sort of. Good enough for all practical purposes.

The trunk with the costumes is here, and now it's: "This hat's too small for me," and, "My jumper fits me like a haystack cover," and, "Ain't they anything goes on the end of this here string? 'Lanyard'—is that the name for it?" and, "How do you get into this blame thing?" and, "Say! I can't keep my pants up," and, "Why don't you lace 'em up, then? They's corset-strings at the back."

Not only are the sailor-clothes an essay into unknown fields; painting up our faces is a wild adventure. Some have conscientious scruples, and when overborne can not agree that they might as well go in for a pound as for a penny, but say: "Well, just a little, then." Most of them enter right into the spirit of the joke, though. One man arches his eyebrows round and black, presenting the appearance of two "holds" in music, and stripes his mouth with face-rouge as wide at the corners as in the middle, till he looks like some heathen idol gawd that has been drinking blood or eating cherry-pie.

The men come on for the first act raddled like Ogalalas on the war-path, but *The Captain* has ideas. He first lays a foundation tint the color of a raspberry ice, and then he draws parallel wavy, fine lines like on a map where the land shades off into deep water. Those are wrinkles on the brow of eld. It takes him half an hour to lay them on with a toothpick, and they are visible nearly ten feet.



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

'he girls are powdered marble-white ex-
t for a big round spot on either cheek
the red ball signal that there's skating
he Park. Not a soul blues an upper lid
›lacks a lash, and from the front they
n to have no eyes at all.

›ressing up and painting up get them
›erfectly be-addled. They play the fool,
;et their lines, forget their music, come
t the wrong time—oh,
oes like the very old
chief. And to-morrow
ıt's the show!

[ew problems arise de-
ıding immediate solu-
: "Who's going to
tickets in the box-of-
› Who've you got to
: the tickets at the
r? Who will ush? Must
e ushers. Who's going
:t down the curtain on
second act? First act,
Captain or *Sir Joseph*
, because they aren't
but everybody's on at
finale of the second
and who's going to
lown the curtain?"

hings like that ought
ıave been thought of
ıer. Really.

ut it does go all right
he night. Oh, a few
: horrible blunders
come near busting the
le show, but nobody
in front knows the
:rence. When you first
: out into the glare,
everybody's looking
ou, you feel like when
climb up into the den-
s chair—such a cold
:ness in your insides!

you have to swallow all the time to
› your heart from climbing up in be-
:n your tonsils. Your knees are trem-
; like a goat's tail, and the cold drops
e out all over you as you try to think:
Now what is it I say after he says . . .
: he says . . . What does he say?
l A'mighty! What'll I do?"

DICK DEADEYE.

It's all gone from you, everything. The moment toboggans toward you when you will show yourself a public and conspicuous fool, and just as you give yourself up for lost, Little Bright-eyes, your Injun child-control, takes charge, and without knowing it, you come right in on your cue, and get your speech off like an old-timer. Hooray-ay! And after that it's easy!

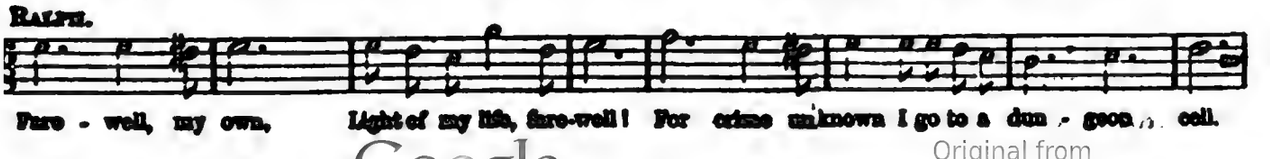
Whoever you may be, sooner or later you have your horrible moment before you get all the fun that's coming to you out of getting up "Pinafore." Maybe, like *Sir Joseph*, you find yourself singing the third verse when you should sing the second, and, urged by a sense of duty, you stop and rectify the error, starting the second verse over again to the vast discomfort of the orchestra; but after that, nothing fazes you. Maybe, like *Josephine*, you quaver out your aria in the first act, and before you're half-way through it, here comes the usher-boy, squeaking on tiptoe down the aisle, and hands you a bunch of roses as big as a corn-shock, and you lean across the footlights, and never miss a note, thereafter as cool and collected as a last year's ice-bill.

Yes, getting up "Pinafore" is lots of fun. We did have a good time. Why do you sigh? It minds you of departed joys. Don't you fret. They will return, and again the musical director will beat his *rat-tat-tat* and shout:

"Basses! I want all of you on that first word 'we.' Once again now. One, two, three, four, one, two, *three!*"

A thing of beauty is a joy forever. And getting up "Pinafore" is like that.

"We-he sail the ocean blue—"



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

What is A PUBLIC LIBRARY?

By

HELEN LOCKWOOD COFFIN

ALL over the world the unexpected is happening under library rooftrees. What has become of the institution which, as everybody knows, and every dictionary tells us, is "a collection of books"?

In Evanston, Illinois, the public library lends pianola rolls.

The public library in Madison, Wisconsin, owns and operates a moving-picture "show."

There's a play room and gymnasium in the Leith Walk Library in Edinburgh.

The Islington Library, in an outlying district of London, is a first aid to travelers, with a complete and up-to-the-minute collection of time-tables for all the railroads in Great Britain.

The library in Binghamton, New York, conducts a technical school, with classes in cookery, marketing, mechanical and electrical engineering, architecture, and drawing, and any other courses for which there may be a demand.

Fourteen clubs and organizations of all sorts hold their regular meetings in the library at Nashville, Tennessee.

A business man's information bureau is in operation in the library at Newark, New Jersey, where current business directories of practically every city in the world, city maps, geological surveys, and post and automobile routes, are accessible, even by telephone.

Belfast, Ireland; Cardiff, Wales; Jackson, Michigan; Lynn, Massachusetts; Denver, Colorado—in fact, scores of libraries conduct yearly lecture courses.

They have Christmas festivals and Maypole parties in the branch libraries of St. Louis, Missouri.

It is only now and then a little old-fashioned library, tucked away in the corner somewhere, that abides by precedent and is content merely to collect books.

The development of the modern library is significant history. In the Dark Ages it existed for the sake of preserving books and conserving learning. With the invention of printing, books became common and libraries ordinary. The usual course with an innovation was followed: First came a rush to the libraries; then the familiarity which breeds contempt; then the swing of the pendulum in the other direction.

Here in our own country, library history ebbs and flows according to these laws. We had, first, libraries supported by subscription; then those supported by public tax, followed by a great wave of interest in library problems of technique. Associations of librarians were formed, library schools opened, and conferences held at all times and seasons to discuss ways and means of cataloguing and classifying, to determine how far the label should be from the bottom of the book, and how much to charge for overdue books. Librarians became technically mad.

With the opening of this century began the retreat. The public drifted away from books into the great outdoors: to the baseball game, the automobile, even the airship. The literary browser was looked upon as anemic; the real flesh-and-blood man had time only for his newspaper, his weekly digest, possibly the year's review of the greatest sellers.

Librarians worried. Circulation reports showed alarming illness; pulse-beats grew fainter and fainter. Something was wrong; but what was it? Library conferences, instead of considering ways of cataloguing, discussed ways of people. Somebody suggested that the libraries give the people books that dealt with the things which were

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

attracting popular attention. The suggestion was unanimously adopted. The automobile man, the business man, the school-teacher, the football-player, the mother in the home—each was attacked with a carefully constructed library list on his absorbing preoccupation.

The public came; but it didn't stay. Evidently it did not want to read books. Very well! What did the public want to do? It wanted to play, to be amused, to be recreated; it wanted action, brisk and stirring. It wanted to gossip, debate, discuss, talk back. Again very well! The public library would give it what it wanted. Hence the moving-picture show, the pianola rolls, the lecture courses and debates, the classes and business departments, the Christmas parties and May-poles. Eureka! The scheme worked. The people came. The people stayed. The library became—a Social Center!

The librarians caught themselves up. Was this what they wanted? Was this what a library was for? What *was* a public library, anyhow?

Charters were unearthed; dictionaries and encyclopedias were consulted. As a rule, they defined from the standpoint of the Middle Ages, before the invention of printing and the consequent flood of books. These definitions were declared outlawed by the time limit and were not admitted as arguments by the librarians who supported the social center idea. Nothing daunted, those who favored what might be called the cultural interpretation of a library's mission went delving into charters. Their argument was refuted by a quotation from the charter of the Redwood Library of Newport, Rhode Island, founded in 1747, which said the purpose of that institution was "to inform the mind to reform the practise." A stroke of genius, that phrasing! It began to look as if that which we thought a distortion of the public library was simply an evolution—a natural fruit from a growing organism.

The public library of Cleveland, Ohio, has come to be, in a measure, the type of the cultural public library of America. It is one of the most progressive, successful, and popular in the country. It never lowers itself by catchy advertising; it is prevented by cause in its charter from active use as a social center. It issues bulletins generously and keeps in close, sympathetic touch with its patrons, but always with the frank purpose of raising the standard of reading.

Perhaps the attitude of this library is shown most clearly in its selection of stories to be told in the story hours given for children each week. In other libraries, the stories selected for telling are of a miscellaneous character, classic and near-classic combined, with an intermingling of biography, nature, science, and travel. Each story told is selected as a sample of the treasures in the library to which it is deemed advisable to introduce children.

Not so in Cleveland. There only the classics are told to children; and they are told in cycles, and the same cycles are retold year after year. There is no attempt to use the story hour for advertising the library; it is used simply for the development of a taste for cultural reading. In Cleveland they have trained story-tellers, who tell the Greek Myth Cycle, the Norse Myth Cycle, the Iliad, the Odyssey, the Nibelungenlied, and the King Arthur and Robin Hood legends. They tell what they know to be the best stories ever told; Cleveland considers this sort of training the mission of the public library.

The public library of St. Louis stands as a type of the other sort of institution; it is just as progressive, popular, and successful as Cleveland, but it is more definitely a social center than any other in the country. In a recent address before a social service conference, the librarian, Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, said that the work of the library was divided into two parts, educational and recreational, and that both were social service.

This social work reaches the highest mark in the branch libraries, because they are smaller and can come into more intimate relations with the neighborhood in which they are located. Here are held club meetings, church conferences, Christmas festivals, May parties, school graduation exercises, cadet drills, mothers' meetings, classes, and so on through all the diverse interests of the usual social center. The branch librarian makes a series of house-to-house visits, interesting the people in the library, and discovering by personal contact the needs and desires of her constituency.

"Whatever the public needs," says Dr. Bostwick, "it is the duty of the public library to supply. The public library is a public utility."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ON THE MARCH *with the* NEW CRUSADERS

By HENRY ROOD

THIS is the story of a young man and his dream—a dream that has come true.

It is a dream that, in the realization, has stirred the hearts and minds of millions of men in all parts of this country; has aroused them to action in behalf of others on a colossal scale, and has resulted in the Men and Religion Forward Movement, which is sweeping across the continent of North America. It is impossible to say how many men are now interested in this extraordinary enterprise; perhaps it is no exaggeration to estimate the number at somewhere between five and six millions. Nothing of equal proportions has been known to the world of religious and philanthropic effort since the Crusades of the Middle Ages, excepting only the Reformation.

And the keystone, the entire foundation of this remarkable phenomenon, is "Service for Others."

Harry W. Arnold, the young man whose dream came true, was a student in Hiram College, Ohio, only a few years ago: fine-looking, with a strong personality, a fairness of mind and a sympathy for all sorts of fellows which made him the most popular man on the campus. Add to these qualities his great success in sports, especially on the football field, and one may understand why he was quickly "spotted" by Fred B. Smith, head of the Religious Work Department of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, who had come to Hiram College to spend a week among the students.

He was just the kind of a man needed in the enormous work of the International Y. M. C. A.; and when Smith saw and estimated him, his fate was settled. For Fred Smith never lets go of anything he once takes hold of.

He made Arnold's acquaintance just before the younger man was graduated, and invited him to go into Y. M. C. A. work. Arnold declined. He had a job waiting for him in St. Louis; he had set his mind on a prosperous business career, and nothing could change it. Smith smiled and went on his way. His duties carried him through North America, Asia, Europe, and Africa at a pretty steady trot; but at fairly regular intervals he came to St. Louis for half a day, and at such times young Arnold was sure to get a telephone-call from Smith, and an invitation to lunch.

Finally the pressure became too strong to resist. Arnold threw up his position, went to New York, and reported for work on the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Weeks and months wore on, while this latest addition to the force was engaged in routine duties. And then, one day, more than five years ago, young Arnold asked Smith to call a meeting of all the international secretaries: he had an important matter to lay before them. As soon as possible, these men, lifetime specialists in all forms of religious work for men, gathered around the directors' table in Mr. Smith's office; and then and there young Arnold calmly placed before them a plan to arouse the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

religious men of America to a sense of their responsibilities, and to send out a faculty of specialists to give them post-graduate instruction.

"For generations," said Arnold, in a matter-of-fact tone, "the Christian people of this country have been talking about evangelizing the land. . . . Let's quit talking and go to work. Let's do all the evangelizing we can, but let us wake up the men of America until they will abolish child-labor, tear down fire-traps, shut up tenements that have bad sewerage, bad ventilation, insufficient light. Let's arouse the religious spirit throughout this nation until all the children in every city have playgrounds, until public opinion closes immoral shows, until employers and employees alike are compelled by public sentiment to treat each other fairly; until the divorce epidemic is checked, and the integrity of American family life is once more assured."

He said a good deal more, in a calm, even voice; and when he had finished, one of his dazed listeners managed to ask how long a time would be necessary for carrying on such a campaign as had been suggested.

"Oh, about six months," said Arnold. "That is, six months of actual campaigning after all preparations are made. We can get together a battalion of forceful, experienced men who will sweep the entire continent in six months."

Of course, the men present at that conference turned down the proposition. Its scope was so colossal, its ramifications were so great, that it was pronounced utterly impossible. Then the group separated.

Three months later, Arnold asked Mr. Smith to call another meeting, and again explained his general plan.

"I have the idea," he said, "and you have heard the outline. But I am too inexperienced to develop the details; and of course I could not carry out the campaign. All that must be done by Mr. Smith."

"It can't be done by any living man," declared Smith. "At least not until years have been spent in educating the people now in our churches. You have got a great scheme, Arnold; but it is so vast, and would require so much time and money, that I could not undertake it."

Again the committee dispersed; and for a long time Arnold said no more about it—but every once in a while Fred Smith found himself dreaming about that magnificent plan of religious work. One morning, early in May, 1910, Arnold walked into his chief's office.

"I want one more chance to put this idea of mine up to the staff," he said, "and I'd like it now."

Smith shot a glance at the tall young man, and saw that he was in dead earnest. So Smith pressed a button, and when his secretary responded, he said:

"Lathrop, send word to the secretaries to meet in my office at once."

STARTING THE "IMPOSSIBLE"

Soon these men began to file into the room, and when all were seated Smith motioned to Arnold, who began an urgent plea for them to go ahead with the idea that had become a life passion with him.

"If you refuse this time," he said in conclusion, "I shall resign my job on the International Committee, and go out single-handed into the cities of America, enlisting an army of men who *will* join me."

There was a moment of silence. Then Fred Smith rose to his feet. "Gentlemen," he said, "we can not take the responsibility of turning down this proposition again. Arnold has thought it over for months. In spite of our repeated refusals, he still thinks it can succeed. Frankly, it seems almost as impossible to me now as when he first suggested it. However, I will call a meeting of delegates representing all the brotherhoods, clubs, and other men's societies in the various churches, and let them decide. I will send out invitations to-day, appointing this conference for May eighteenth—two weeks hence."

If Arnold was jubilant, he did not show it. He merely said confidently: "The brotherhood men will take it up."

Mr. Smith's notifications of that meeting for conference went flying out through the mails as fast as they could be written. And he was astonished at the immediate response. One brotherhood after another accepted the invitation without loss of time, expressing keenest interest.

Then, a week before the meeting, Harry Arnold collapsed. And when this country had become aroused with the spirit of the Men and Religion Forward Movement; when ten thousand committeemen in the seventy-six largest cities were working and planning; when newspapers through the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

whole land were publishing pictures and articles concerning it; when the opening engagement of the campaign was actually under way in the city of Minneapolis—Harry Arnold was where he had been for a year and a half, at a sanitarium in the Adirondacks, with a hole in his lung. The man whose dream has now come true is having no part in activities that are gripping millions of men.

Fortunately, however, he recovered so far that last fall he was able to go from the Adirondacks to Boise, Idaho, where he is gradually getting again into the work of a Y. M. C. A. secretary.

BUSINESS MEN CONFER ON RELIGION

On the appointed day, May 18, 1910, the delegates from various brotherhoods in and around New York met, considered the matter carefully, and unanimously voted to go into the proposed Men and Religion Forward Movement.

It was at about this time that Mr. Smith fell in with the national secretary of a denominational brotherhood and explained the plan in detail; whereupon the secretary took from his suit-case a typewritten document in essential points similar to the one just described. Soon afterward, when Mr. Smith related this coincidence to Marion Lawrance of the International Sunday-School Association, Mr. Lawrance told him that the International Sunday-School Association also had already on its minutes a proposal the outline of which was the counterpart of Mr. Smith's. The spirit of the thing was in the air, and in men's hearts and minds.

Immediately after that meeting of brotherhood men in May, 1910, ensued three months of almost superhuman work on the part of Fred Smith and his staff, in the Religious Work Department of the International Y. M. C. A. And the following October, a national conference was called at Buffalo, of men representing practically every branch of the Protestant Church in Canada as well as in the United States. Two hundred and sixty-two delegates represented seventy-two cities in thirty-three states and provinces. They spent days and nights in conference, and decided upon an enormous number of details.

These delegates were men engaged in strenuous mercantile, financial, and manufacturing enterprises. Some had journeyed all the way from the Pacific Coast; others from Gulf States; others yet from New England, from the Central States, from the Rocky Mountain region. They had dropped business responsibilities and had traveled in some cases thousands of miles, during the heat of midsummer, because they believed that nothing could be of greater importance to our people and our country than to arouse the spirit of sincere religion so that men would conduct their daily affairs in accordance with it.

If that could be done, even measurably, reasoned those two hundred and sixty-two men of affairs at Buffalo, a great step would be taken toward removing the actual causes of crime, cruelty, misery—wickedness in all its forms. The possibilities were so vast that the men at Buffalo pledged themselves, their time, their money, their services, and their prayers for the undertaking.

Thus was fairly started this wholesale effort to release practical Christianity from cold storage and set it at work in the community.

As soon as possible after this conference in October, 1910, a National Committee of Ninety-seven was formed to conduct the continental campaign as a whole. Members were chosen from every vantage-point in the continent.

Next, a local Committee of One Hundred business and professional men was formed in each of seventy-six great cities in the United States and Canada, where it was planned to hold campaigns of eight days each.

Then each local Committee of One Hundred was pledged to interest actively the ministers and laymen of surrounding towns and villages, and from fifteen to thirty or more of these "auxiliary towns," as they are called, were linked up to each campaign center.

Further, every one of these "auxiliary towns" must have its own local Committee of Fifty, pledged to carry on a miniature campaign in the near future. At the present writing there are probably several thousand of these auxiliary towns; and the number is increasing weekly.

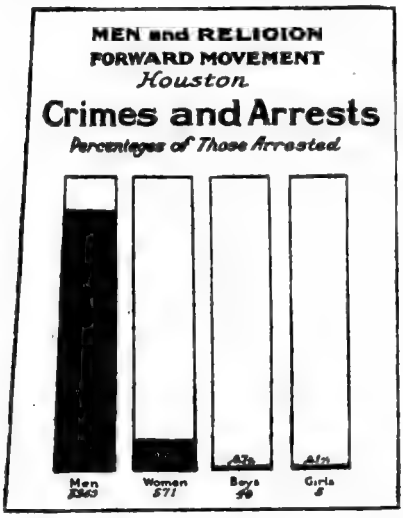
The Committee of Ninety-seven had already selected an executive committee to supervise work over the entire continent; but the work piled up to such an extent

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that Mr. Smith, the Campaign Leader in charge of the whole movement, found it necessary to have a small, compact staff of officers who were willing to give their entire time and attention to it, if required. Upon these nine men, particularly upon James G. Cannon, Chairman of the Committee of Ninety-seven, and Roy B. Guild, Executive Secretary of that Committee, has lain much of the heavy weight of the national movement. But the final responsibility of creating and directing its activities has been six campaign centers has its salaried man.

Meanwhile the Committee of Ninety-seven held conference after conference in various parts of the country, and work at headquarters was pushed to the utmost, day and night. A complete line of printed matter was prepared for use in the campaigns—pamphlets, leaflets, "flyers," small books.

On Thursday, September 21, Mr. Smith and his battalion of thirty trained specialists who were to conduct campaigns

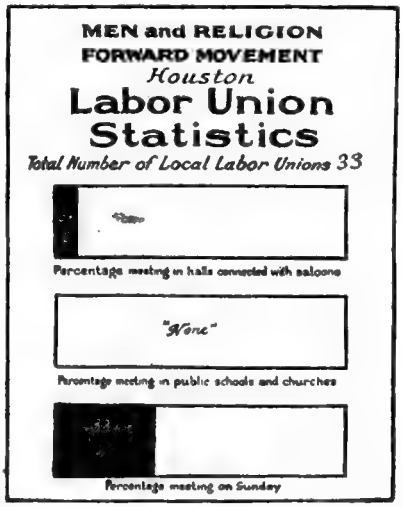


CHARTS FROM THE SURVEY PREPARED IN ADVANCE FOR THE CAMPAIGN IN HOUSTON, TEXAS.

houldered by Fred mith himself, and his Team Leaders," as ıey are called—Charles telzle, James Whitore, and Clarence A. ırbour.

In similar fashion, the lunteer chairmen and retaries in the camgn centers had to be isted. Mr. Smith isd orders:

ent suitable offices, clerks and stenogıers, and place in ge in each city a oughly competent , under adequate y to act as execusecretary for the local compaign. ithin a few months there were no fewan fifty of these executive secretaries, at present every one of the seventy



throughout the continent, left New York for Bald Eagle Lake, far up in the woods of Minnesota, to spend a week in a final "setting-up drill," before opening the first campaign in Minneapolis.

It was a remarkable week. Quarters had been engaged in a little hotel surrounded by cottages. From eight o'clock in the morning until ten or eleven at night, incessant work was kept up, excepting at stated periods when a physical director ordered all hands outdoors for the hardest kind of exercise. The men were kept on what amounted to a training-table.

Every man was most carefully instructed

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

as to just what his work would be, in a general way, from the time the campaign opened in Minneapolis until it should close in Chicago at the end of April, 1912. There was to be no sensationalism, no undue emotionalism, not a suggestion of hysterical excitement. Those doing evangelistic work were to present, calmly and as convincingly as possible, the proposition that the rules of life laid down by Jesus of Nazareth constitute the sanest, most logical, most sensible guide for daily affairs here and now in the United States of America.

There should be no attempt to influence men of one church to join another. It was strongly impressed that the Men and Religion Forward Movement has nothing whatever to do with differences in dogma, doctrine, or creed. Its work is simply to arouse the men of America to conduct their practical daily lives in accordance with the spirit of Christianity as taught by its Founder—and not as misinterpreted by some of those who came after.

A COURSE OF STUDY IN BOYS

It was on Monday, October 2, 1911, that Smith and his battalion of thirty men left Bald Eagle, swept into Minneapolis, and began there a week's campaign, some practical effects of which are already recognized. On Monday, October 9, the entire force reached South Bend, Indiana, for the second campaign. And a few weeks later, having seen his battalion working in perfect rhythm, Mr. Smith sent them out in three "teams" of seven men each, every team in charge of a "dean," while the remaining members of the battalion were despatched on special duty, acting as a flying-squadron, here or there, in future campaign centers where conditions made expert preliminary work advisable. A fourth team was added at the opening of the new year.

In every campaign the attempt is made to subordinate spectacular features to a constructive educational program. Half a dozen courses of institute lectures are delivered by successful leaders in various branches of religious activity. These lectures are attended by groups of laymen in each campaign center, who thus become familiar with approved modern methods for carrying on all kinds of religious and philanthropic work through the church organization.

You are primarily interested, let us say, in work among the boys of your city. Well, there is a course of institute lectures on boys' work, conducted by a man who, by long study and actual experience, has revolutionized the old methods of influencing boys in the four phases which go to make up their life: physical, mental, social, and religious. You go to the institute, and there you find men from all the other churches who, like yourself, are deeply interested in the "boy problem." They are there for business, and the sensible ones bring notebooks to use exactly as if they were attending a post-graduate course of lectures at a university.

The boys' work specialist addresses you for an hour or less, treating first of the boy-child between three and six; then the "boy-savage," from seven to twelve; then the most critical stage of boy-life, that of adolescence, from thirteen to sixteen, say. Of course the lecturer does not attempt to cover his whole subject in one evening. He takes two or three evenings, or four, if possible, and at the close of each you and the other men present ask him questions about handling boys of unusual temperaments and surroundings, or boys living in abnormal home conditions.

Then you can take your well-filled notebook back into your church, or Sunday-school, or boys' club, and put your newly acquired knowledge to practical use.

This same general idea is carried out in institutes held by members of the team who are specialists in Bible study, social service, missions, evangelism, and community extension. No other factor is of such profound importance as the institutes. And this educational work is invariably related to permanent lines of work for the local church. This connection is recognized as the heart of the whole movement; for it is the active men in the churches of every community who must carry on this permanent religious work, after the campaigns are over. Upon the local churches and the men in them rests absolutely all responsibility for the final success, or lack of success, of this Men and Religion Movement.

If you live in one of the seventy-six campaign centers, you know what happened when a "team" of these Men and Religion workers came into your town, understanding conditions there better than you

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HARRY ARNOLD, WHO STARTED THE MEN AND RELIGION MOVEMENT.

or probably any other resident. For during the previous three months, a small army of skilful men had been making a "survey" of your city under the supervision of your local Committee of One Hundred; and that survey had been studied, analyzed, worked over, by the team before they arrived. Also it had been carefully compared with similar surveys of half a dozen other cities similar to yours.

Now that survey, when completed, is to Men and Religion workers what a set of blue-prints is to a corps of railway engineers who start out to construct a line, with bridges, grades, yards, stations, in new territory. It is a set of working-plans whereby the visiting team of specialists can carry on their campaign effectively, with business-like intelligence.

To grasp still more definitely the general plan of the Forward Movement, let us glance at the experience of a community like South Bend, Indiana, which, with an adjoining town, Mishawaka, was the scene of one of the earlier campaigns. For months the ministers and laymen in the churches had been at work preparing for the eight-day visit of the special teams. Under the leadership of the clergymen, many meetings had been held at which the Forward Movement was explained. Under the direction of the Committee of One Hundred, a relig-

ROY B. GUILD, EXECUTIVE SECRETARY OF THE COMMITTEE OF NINETY-SEVEN.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

SHOP MEETING OF THE EMPLOYEES OF THE OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY AT

ious survey had been made, giving statistics of attendance at church and Sunday-schools, increase or decrease of church membership and reasons therefor, the growth or decline of interest in all forms of religious activity.

Also a complete social survey had been prepared, giving the number of saloons, dance-halls, theatres, burlesque shows, and their character; arrests and convictions of men, women, children, for what causes, under what conditions; detailed, definite statements as to water-supply, sewerage, taxation; condition of bakeries and meat markets; the sanitary condition of tenements, factories, restaurants, hotels; an exhaustive inquiry concerning public schools, playgrounds, libraries; the number of boys and girls at work in shops, stores, factories; wages paid them, and actual cost of living under decent surroundings—this is only the barest outline of that survey.

It was made on blanks sent from New York, which contain not less than twelve hundred questions. Filled out by the men of South Bend and Mishawaka, they were returned to New York, where trained workers constructed from them a group of sixty large charts, diagrams done in color; and these charts were at once shipped to the Committee of One Hundred in South Bend. The importance of this survey can not be overestimated. It is by using the charts

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ITTSBURGH. A SHORT TALK IS MADE TO THE MEN ON SOME PRACTICAL SUBJECT.

ıat the men of the churches must do their ɔnstructive work in any community, if ey are to do it intelligently and effect-ely.

The charts were ready in South Bend, e Monday afternoon, when Fred Smith d his battalion arrived. At the station s a reception committee consisting of a :en clergymen and fifty or sixty laymen, l all went to an open space back of the way station, where a brief religious serv- was held. Beyond were parked twen- .ve or thirty automobiles, and into n, at the close of the service, stepped battalion and the committeemen, and : whirling across town to a hotel.

There each man found a note from the executive secretary of the local committee, telling him exactly what his engagements were for the next twenty-four hours, where they were to be kept, how long each would last, how to get to each place from the hotel, and how many minutes to allow in transit. Every detail had been arranged by the local committee and was carried out with military exactness for eight days and nights, during which possibly between three and four hundred meetings and conferences were held.

From the hotel the visiting specialists hurried to attend a public reception given by the people of South Bend, and an

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

hour later gathered for a banquet in the huge administration building of the Studebaker Corporation, because there was no hotel or restaurant in northern Indiana large enough to accommodate the hundreds of business men who wished to be present. At eight o'clock an orchestra struck up the opening bars of a battle hymn that set the blood tingling, and the great corridors were filled with men singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," as they marched to their places at the long tables. Exactly an hour later the covers were removed, and, after brief speeches of welcome, Mr. Smith took charge and called upon half a dozen of his men, who told in seven minutes each just what they intended to do in South Bend, outlining their work in evangelism, social service, community extension, boys' work, missions, and bible study.

While this great banquet was being held in one end of the city, another was in progress far across town, where more than a hundred boys of fifteen to eighteen years had gathered to learn how they could take part in the Men and Religion Forward Movement. The chairman, who acted as toastmaster, was about eighteen.

Two of the boys' work specialists were there as guests, and after brief speeches they and the boys around the tables got into consultation as to what part boys could have in active religious work in the local church and in the community as a whole. The men put themselves absolutely on the same plane with "the fellows;" there was no suggestion of disparity in ages, or any idea of teacher and pupil. Before the evening was over, it was agreed that a special convention for boys should be held the following Saturday for a definite discussion of their share in religious effort and human uplift.

JAMES G. CANNON, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE OF NINETY-SEVEN, AND ONE OF THE MOST ACTIVE MEN IN THE CAMPAIGN.

When the full body of specialists turned out for early breakfast, Tuesday morning, following strenuous physical exercise, they gathered for a brief service of prayer and Bible reading, followed by a half-hour's discussion of the situation in South Bend and Mishawaka. Then, all day Tuesday and Wednesday, conventions were held in a large church, at which the exact plans

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of the campaign were explained to men who were delegates from all the local Protestant churches, and from churches in a dozen or fifteen auxiliary towns scattered through northern Indiana.

For weeks the city had been getting more and more waked up over the coming eight-day campaign, and now it was decorated with banners strung across the principal streets, with hundreds of posters, smaller cards, and other advertising matter displayed at every available point. The three daily newspapers had started in to give several columns of space each day to the events, and this was rapidly increased to pages, including heavy display advertising. All this was done for a purpose which was most strongly emphasized that Tuesday evening, when three thousand men and boys took part in a parade—the purpose being to call attention to the belief of the men of South Bend and Mishawaka that the spirit of religion is not dead; that it is a vital thing in their lives—an actual, dynamic reality, and not mere ineffective sentimentality.

FRED B. SMITH, CAMPAIGN LEADER, IN CHARGE OF THE MEN AND RELIGION MOVEMENT THROUGHOUT THE CONTINENT.

That parade was led by the famous Black Horse Troop of a military academy located forty miles away. The young cavalrymen who acted as escort had started from their school-home at six that morning and had ridden by easy stages all day long, in order to join the procession. There was plenty of music, plenty of colored fire and transparencies. And thirty or forty thousand spectators stood along the line of march.

Meetings of special nature were picked up on schedule on the morning after the parade. There were many religious meetings of prayer and praise and preaching the straight gospel. There were luncheons for business men who could not break away from stores, offices, or shops except at noon. There were conferences with ministers and others. There were mass-meetings in a large theatre, and short talks between the "turns" of a vaudeville theatre.

Every day at twelve o'clock, half a dozen automobiles sped away from a central point in the city, and in every car were a layman from a South Bend church, a local clergyman, and one of the visiting men who was a specialist in what is termed "community extension" work—that is, extending religious services through the community, wherever men will gather to take part in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

them: in shops, factories, railway yards, stores, etc.

Let us follow an automobile as it speeds across the city to one of the largest lumber-yards in the world. There the passengers get out and find a group of workmen eating their dinners. When the tin pails are empty, the men are invited to gather together, and they do so, listening with utmost respect while a chapter of the Bible is read, a prayer is offered, and a short, practical talk is given on some subject connected with actual daily life. In some cities a hundred or more such meetings are held during the campaign, and many thousands of men are thus reached who have not been inside a church for years.

That these practical, earnest little meetings are worth while is indicated by a report from more than one Western city where the men of half a dozen factories decided to conduct noonday meetings themselves all winter long, rather than let their influence cease, especially the influence on boy workers in the factories. For they were told many useful things concerning nicotine and alcoholic poisoning, sex hygiene, and other matters concerning which boys seldom receive intelligent and adequate instruction.

By the time the eight-day campaign ended in South Bend, some of the clergymen said freely that they had not realized the opportunity for purely religious work which the churches have neglected, and they learned methods for reaching men and boys that they had never dreamed of before.

Now what are some of the results already achieved by the Men and Religion Forward Movement?

In almost every city visited thus far, the various churches have formed an interchurch organization to handle intelligently and broadly the problems of the community as a whole. In Des Moines, a training-institute has been established for teachers and workers in all the Sunday-schools of the city. There are classes for superintendents, kindergarten teachers, primary and intermediate teachers, New Testament students, Old Testament students, a class in child psychology, a class in story-telling, and many others. The faculty consists of fourteen members, comprising the best authorities that could be engaged on various forms of Bible study work. A special feature of this institute is a class for training men in boys' work.

After the church men of Des Moines had learned a little about real social service, they awoke to the fact that their city had no municipal lodging-house where homeless men and boys, sick, disabled, or unfortunate, might have a night's shelter. They rushed a delegate from one of their churches to Chicago to study this matter, and he came back with detailed information which was laid before the city council, and this body at once appropriated money for the immediate establishment of a municipal lodging-house and employment bureau. Plans are now under way for an industrial colony to relieve crowded and insanitary jails. The labor-union leaders and the church leaders were brought to know each other, the necessity for a Labor Temple was pointed out, and steps have been taken for the erection and maintenance of such an institution.

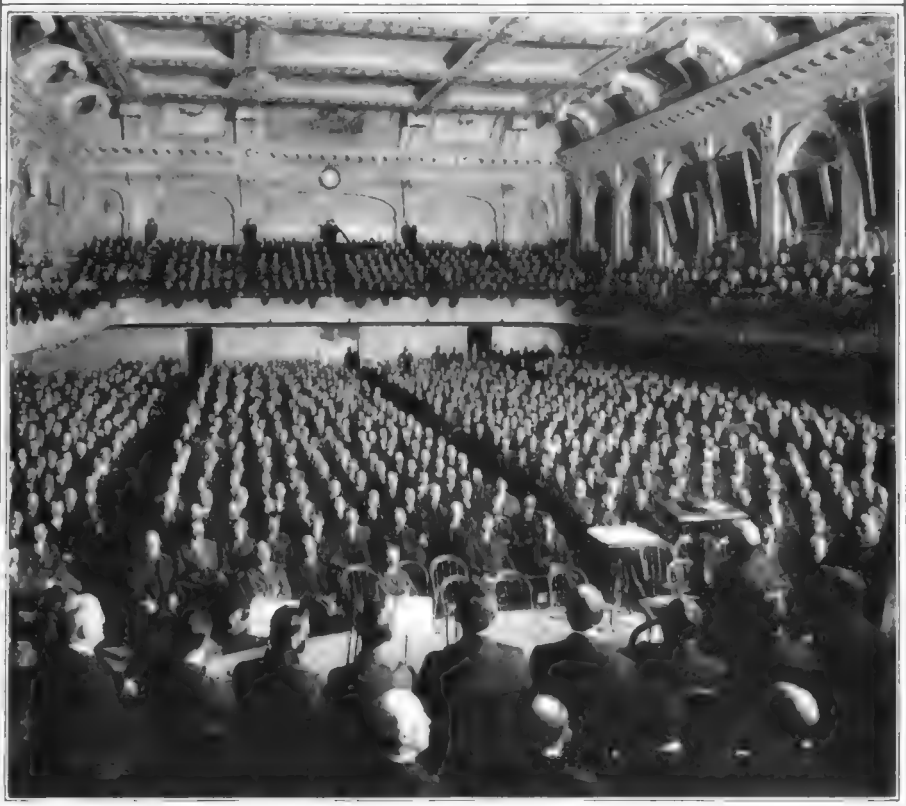
The boys' work, social service work, and religious work in Little Rock are to be carried on by a committee of two hundred business and professional men appointed for this purpose at the close of the eight-day campaign, the members being selected from twenty-three churches.

Mayor Charles E. Taylor of Little Rock is an enthusiastic supporter of the Men and Religion Movement. He felt that the meetings had so aroused public interest in constructive civic policies that he definitely announced a plan, long considered, for the establishment of a vice commission to study thoroughly the social evil and to suggest remedial measures.

In a recent newspaper interview, Mayor Taylor is quoted as saying:

> The close of the eight-day campaign of the Men and Religion Forward Movement does not mark the close of this work in Little Rock, but rather the beginning. The eight-day meetings have served to awaken the citizens of Little Rock to the practical duties that surround them. Men have been shown the specific needs and possible remedies. The dignity of practical work has been added both to the church and the civic relations.
>
> This work will be carried on in this growing city, where new and larger community problems are constantly arising with the rapid development of our city.
>
> Our citizenship for the most part is composed of men, real men, who have but needed to have placed clearly before them men's work

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



A MASS-MEETING FOR MEN HELD IN MECHANICS' HALL AT WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS. THERE WERE TWO THOUSAND MEN PRESENT.

TWO DAYS BEFORE, A LUNCHEON HAD BEEN GIVEN FOR BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN TO MEET FRED SMITH.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to do. This eight-day campaign has helped wonderfully to show us plenty of the biggest kind of jobs that require the best of brawn and brain, and this work, much of it, will be done.

It is my conviction that this campaign of the Men and Religion Movement has done much to place our civic standards on a higher plane, and from this will come a better and nobler political destiny for this city.

sion, and found that $25,000 would be needed for the purpose. The money was raised in two and a half days, without any difficulty; for business men able to subscribe understood, at the end of the eight-day campaign, just what could be accomplished by intelligent, concerted effort.

One of the first results in Dallas, Texas,

NOON-DAY MEETING AT ONE OF THE FACTORIES IN PITTSBURGH. IN MANY PLACES THESE FACTORY MEETINGS HAVE CONTINUED ALL WINTER.

Within a week after the close of the eight-day campaign in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, there was organized a Federation of Christian Men, composed of representatives from almost all of the Protestant churches, to carry out the various lines of work. The churches are reporting unusual increase in attendance of men and boys, and in new membership. Training classes for special phases of work have been organized, especial attention being paid to a class for training leaders in boys' work.

Perhaps the most important immediate result of the eight-day campaign in Cedar Rapids was the establishment of a Union Social Service Council, which recommended the organization of "a department of Charity and Relief to cooperate with the Sunshine Mission" in greatly enlarging the mission's ability to relieve suffering and distress throughout the city. A board was appointed to equip and remodel the mis-

was seen before the eight-day campaign had ended. The ministers there, and leaders of labor unions, awoke to the fact that neither of them understood fully what the other was trying to do; the churches found they did not understand the labor unions, and the unions freely admitted they did not know the program of the churches. Therefore, the Labor Union Council and the Ministerial Association agreed to exchange delegates in order to promote a better understanding between union and church. The survey of Dallas revealed the fact that the city had no adequate collection of garbage, or inspection of water and milk. Dallas is now attending to these things, and to other civic duties that have been lightly regarded.

As a result of the Forward Movement, one of the largest cities where an eight-day campaign was held now has a new chief of police—who will protect young girls, instead of exploiting them.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

In another city, conditions of sickening filth were found in an establishment where large quantities of food products were prepared to be sold later in a hundred retail stores. A social-service specialist on the visiting Men and Religion team verified such statements, and openly declared them in public. He also told of many houses of prostitution, giving locations, street numbers, and other particulars, including the names of the owners of the real estate, which were obtained from the tax-list. Threats of libel suits were made against local newspapers that published a report of his speech, and he was cited to appear before the grand jury of that community, which he gladly did. After he had produced considerable evidence prepared for just such a contingency, the libel suits were hastily dropped, and the social-service specialist was permitted to depart, with the thanks of the grand jury.

In still another city the owner of a very large bakery became so impressed with his duty toward the less fortunate that he has increased the size and nutritive value of his loaves of bread, without increasing the price.

While these words are being written, the Executive Secretary of the Brooklyn Committee of One Hundred reports over the telephone that between six and seven hundred laymen of churches are engaged on the Brooklyn survey, and it has been ascertained that in that single borough of the great city of New York there are many thousands of rooms where human beings sleep at night, *not one room of which has a single window for ventilation.* If this preliminary report is verified, something is due to happen in Brooklyn before long. The Men and Religion Forward Movement believes it to be a high crime against God and man to permit human beings to live in such surroundings.

Instance after instance could be mentioned of the awakening of one community after another as a result of the eight-day campaign, but enough has been told to give an idea of its scope. It must be borne in mind that this campaign is merely an incident in a definite program of work for individual churches, and for interchurch bodies, which will take not less than five years for application and full development.

The leaders of the Men and Religion Forward Movement realize that the majority of churches are greatly hampered because they use methods suited to conditions of a generation ago, but entirely inadequate to-day. Within the past few years our industrial life, our political life, our social relations—even our family life—have been revolutionized. Chemists, engineers, physicists, architects, have worked unceasingly in shop, laboratory, field, inventing new methods, testing theories, until to-day this is a world vastly different from that of our fathers, to say nothing of our grandfathers.

NEEDED: CHURCH SPECIALISTS.

This is not true, however, of religious effort. The average church is to-day using methods as antiquated in its field as the horse-car is in the field of transportation. The average minister is overwhelmed with routine duties. In this he somewhat resembles the family physician, but with a great difference. The general practitioner of medicine, in time of need, calls upon specialists—surgeons, pathologists, bacteriologists, "eye men," and "blood men," who are authorities in their distinct fields.

But the average minister simply struggles along the same old lines, meanwhile worrying day and night because the men and boys show so little interest, and because, while the church is accomplishing a great deal of good in the world, yet he feels that it is capable of accomplishing a thousandfold more; because he believes it would do so if he only knew how to inspire the great body of passive laymen, and teach them to harness their vast latent energy to the task of making human life happier, better, more hopeful.

It is right here that the Men and Religion Movement steps in. Those at the head of it—like the chemists, engineers, physicists, in their fields—have worked and studied year after year, and have developed methods which are suited to religious effort in the second decade of the twentieth century. They are not going around with brass bands and banners to advertise themselves, although local Committees of One Hundred frequently provide such additions to a local campaign. The thirty specialists who are leaders of the movement have serious, lasting, important work to do; and they are doing it quietly, steadily, earnestly—like men.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MY ELDEST BROTHER

by

THOMAS G. CONNOLLY

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY THOMAS FOGARTY

I WAS turning in my copy, a Sunday special on the industrial tendencies of the Italian population, when the telephone rang. Houlahan being absent, it rang again—this time sharply, querulously, insistently, above the singing of the wind outside. I was about to answer it myself when the night-editor, chancing to pass through the room, grabbed the receiver and clapped it to his ear.

There was no reason in the world why I should have waited. But yet an indefinable something impelled me to linger and hear the message, my hand still clasping the knob of the half-opened door—something that seemed akin to the storm itself and reached my distraught brain through the tingling, jangled nerves in the ends of my oversensitive fingers and toes.

"Hullo. Yes." The stout-necked night-editor was biting the words off. "Yes, this is the *Examiner*. Withington—at Welford?" Mechanically I prepared some loose sheets to take it down, the night-editor nodding approval.

"All right, Withington, I got you. Gale all along the coast, you say? Telegraph wires down—trees uprooted—old fisherman from Cutty Island reports a vessel just passed there headed this way? Headed this way, yes. Running before the gale—mainmast gone—what's that last? Oh, yes—damn that buzzing!—and only a few yards of sail clinging to her foremast? Hullo—hullo—no, keep off, you! Get her name, Withington? Name—n-a-m-e—yes. The *Ann O'Donnell?*" My fingers twitched in spite of me. The night-editor chuckled throatily. "The *Ann O'Donnell's* ghost, he means. A good, sober man, huh? A hell of a fisherman then not to know— Does know?—was on the *Delilah*, the vessel that saw the *Ann O'Donnell* driving out to sea before the gale that last night? And still swears?—Oh, hullo! Here, you, Houlahan, where you been?—Get Welford again, if the wires haven't snapped or something, and tell—Meldrim, yes—tell Meldrim to take a fat piece of charcoal and write up a smudgy half-column on this. Phantom ship seen in gale by ancient mariner—wonder what his brand is? —and so on. The files—five, no—four years ago this month—a night just like this, come to think—will help out."

Resenting the night-editor's tone a little—and yet what other conclusion was possible?—I shoved my scrawled notes over to Houlahan, and, a minute later, coat muffled around my neck, I was trudging home through six inches of dry, new snow. The cold, snow-flaked air cleared my brain, awearied after three hours of strain in that hot room, and under my coat-collar I laughed at the queer thought that had come to me. And yet——

Outside the curtained windows of the room, the storm was still robust as when I had left the *Examiner* office.

Within, all was delightfully warm and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

cozy, doubly so because of the winds that cavorted above the roof just over our heads and the squalls of snow that beat vainly against the glass—some of it adhering to the sills and the rest falling past the three stories below to convert highways, lamp-posts, trees, house-fronts, and stray pedestrians into a scintillating fairy-land where gleams of gaslight from unblinded windows slanted across. Bath-robed, I was rocking slowly backward and forward, ever backward and forward, still altogether irresolute, as when I had entered an hour before; while on the other side of the round oak table the quiet, black-habited little woman, silver-framed spectacles balanced precariously on the very tip of her slender nose, was knitting a pair of woolen socks under the poignant memories which I felt the tale, the mad story of an unknown, irresponsible fisherman, must awaken within her.

And yet—again I looked, only to fidget uneasily before the small, deep-blue eyes gazing steadily into mine. Nervously I evaded her scrutiny and began to hum a bar of the latest popular air; but soon again, yielding to some queer inner prompting, I slowly turned my head. And still her eyes, misty now, were full upon mine—inquiringly, anxiously, compellingly even, seeking out that in my face which she apparently dreaded. So that through no conscious effort of my own will, but yielding rather to the hidden influence, I eased my conscience of its burden.

A pregnant silence, and then, "And the

AN INDEFINABLE SOMETHING IMPELLED ME TO LINGER AND HEAR THE MESSAGE, MY HAND STILL CLASPING THE KNOB OF THE HALF-OPENED DOOR.

the light of the student-lamp, the ball of blue wool rolling about spasmodically at her feet.

Many times already had I looked over at her, ever busy with the long steel needles; but each time had weakened before name of the vessel, was it the *Ann O'Donnell?*" A little tremor hung on the question.

Surprised completely—as yet I had named no names, nor hinted no hints—I could only nod dumbly; and then, hastily:

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"But it's only some crazy Cutty Island fisherman says it."

No sound came from her, no sign of sorrow, and I rejoiced. Rejoiced, until ten minutes later I looked over and detected a single tear slipping slowly down the furrows of her worn cheek. Then another, and soon another. When I looked again the tears had been brushed away, furtively, and only the slight heaving of the faded chest betrayed the anguish I had caused. She started humming to herself then, in a whisper at first, but increasing finally to a fair strength. Now and then, with illogical caprice, she would break into one of the wild Gaelic songs that mean everything to those of the blood, nothing at all to the merely Anglo-Saxon:

"'Love, will ye come wi' me into the tomb?'
Spoke from his coffin the dead young man.
'Yes, I will go wi' ye whither ye will,
Wheresoever a maiden can.'
'Open, open, Grave!' he cried——"

Thus in a tone uncultivated but slenderly sweet (cultivation but mars the stress-songs of the Gael), would she descend slowly, sadly, enticingly, into the everlasting valley of despair. Then with quick, startling change, typical of a race that weeps at weddings and laughs at wakes, she would soar in sudden, humorous, graceful flight to the highest pinnacles of fancy:

"In a shady nook one moonlit night
A leprechaun I spied,
In scarlet coat and cap of green,
A cruiskeen by his side.
'Twas tick, tack, tick! his hammer went——"

And from that, I felt I was in for a rare evening, even though the storm king held high carnival outside; for from that I knew she was back again among her children, all grown to manhood now, and only myself, the youngest, staying behind in the old nest with her. By the rise and fall of the chant I could gage her mood; and because she lingered longest in the depths, my heart went out to her, eager to snatch her from her brooding, aching to reach across and place my arms about her shawled shoulders and press my lips against hers. But the reserve of our family, unusual even in a race reserved, made it too painful. So I told her of my Italians instead.

It was long before she made any comment whatever, intent apparently only on her knitting. Then, when I was half thinking she had not heard—just after an unusually heavy flurry of snow against the windows: "Sure it's the hard time they do be having in this weather, or any other weather, those same Eyetalians and the like of them just coming to this country, though they look like honest, hard-working people enough. But no harder than our own had, no harder than your father had—Lord ha' mercy on him!—when him and me left Ireland forty-nine years ago this May coming, myself seventeen years old and with one child to look after.

"We crossed in a sailing vessel that was fifty-one days coming, cooking our own meals, mostly potatoes. And when we landed, all your father could get to do, and glad of that same, was a chance to go fishing in a little boat—the *Saint Bridget* it was called—hardly bigger than the little power boats your Eyetalians fish in now. Go out in the morning early he would, generally before the sun was up, summer or winter, come calm, come blow. And oh, sometimes it would be that bitter cold! But yet if the wind wasn't right they might have to row through it with the big oars, until their hands and faces would be that chapped and frozen you'd think they would never be good for anything again.

"One little room we were cooped up in at the start, and glad of one room itself in this strange new country. Our people were not too welcome then, because those born here didn't seem to know us well enough to understand us. But in spite of that, I was always hoping my children could get some of the schooling that was so scarce in the old country under the hard gover'ment there; but with so many mouths to feed and only your father working, I was not too hopeful. So I left it all to God, knowing that what was best for us would come about. But your eldest brother—Lord ha' mercy on his soul!——"

In fancy again I saw my eldest brother, an intensely attractive figure always to my young imagination, leading me by the hand along the big fishing-wharf, past vessel after vessel white with the driving snows that had covered them in their sweep to port, past the forest of tall masts, and down the swinging rope on to the deck, protected in my perilous descent by his comfortable grasp; down the companionway into the strong-smelling galley, where he would

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

stuff my pockets with currants and raisins, and shove sweet crackers and thick slices of rich fruit-cake into my greedy little hands. And the sluggish, sickening-sweet condensed milk, a passion that home straits could never satisfy, which I would spoon into my watering mouth from a fresh-opened can! Happy days then, golden memories ever since, and will be while life shall last.

"Though my heart bled for him," my mother was saying, "your brother had to leave school at nine and go to work, the poor dollar or two that he could earn was so much needed at home. Five years at that and your father got him a chance, half-share, on a vessel that went to the big banks, after a few trips on the *Saint Bridget* with himself. The other men on the *Saint Bridget* said the little boat was no place for him—young as he was, he was that quick to learn and so masterful in his ways even then. For oh, he had the big brain and the big heart, your brother had, just as his arms and legs and body were strong. He could reason out law like a trained lawyer, and theology like a priest.

"But yet he needed education to train his thoughts and ambitions along the channels suited to his talents; and, because he did not get it, gradually he grew free and careless, wonderfully happy at times, but at other times terribly gloomy and sad. His moods were always extreme. And often enough, when everybody else had gone to bed, he would take his stand by the window and gaze up at the moon and the stars, thinking, thinking, thinking—until along toward morning maybe I would get out of bed and take him by the arm. Then he would come out of it, rub a hand across his strained eyes like they were aching, and go to bed. That was between trips, when he had been helping your father with the eels."

While she stopped to unravel the ball of yarn that had snarled up on her, a hazy mental picture assumed distincter outline, and once again I saw my tall, Lincoln-bearded, dignified, clean-limbed father of those early days—dead these seven years now—placing the round blue wash-tub out in the middle of the kitchen floor. Into it he would empty the canvas bagful of eels which he had speared, while all we children would crowd around and peek over the edge down at the eels below, slithering over and under each other in a confused mass, some of them rearing sharp, menacing heads at us.

After supper that would be, or maybe the cups and saucers would be still on the table. Great fun it was for us to watch them then, skinning the slippery eels with their razor-sharp knives; while occasionally we would reach down, when our father—always serious at his work—was bending the other way, grab a small eel, and choke with glee when it would wriggle out of our childish clutch to the floor, begging him then not to kill the baby eel, as we called it—we had such a pity for it.

The little woman was making the long steels fly again. "And as your father and your brother would be skinning the eels, they might talk across the tub of your brother's trip just ended, or maybe of some one they knew that had died at sea lately. And in between, your brother would ask about the rent, or question the older children about their lessons, making them promise to study hard so they would never have to waste their lives to sea like him. And always nothing would do them but he must sing a mighty song of the sea for them, until at last for peace's sake he would send them to the pocket of his coat hanging on the closet door, where was a bag of peppermints or something.

"So there the children, gathered in their nightgowns about his knees, would be chewing their candy, the smoke from the two pipes making blue clouds overhead, choking with laughter over the comical stories of sea-fairies he would tell them, and saying again and again, in spite of him, that they would never be anything but big fishermen like him when they grew up.

"I can see now that your eldest brother—always strangely loved by women, too—was cheated out of a great place in the world. I can see the greatness of him even as he used to sit around at the wake of any friend. The most talented story-tellers in the world are at wakes, they say. There, after a last look at the corpse and a prayer by the coffin and a word or two of sympathy, ashamed-like, to the relatives, they would drop down into the kitchen one by one, until at long last maybe forty men would be where there was only decent room for a dozen.

"There they would be passing around the new, white, long-stemmed clay pipes, the bowls of fresh-cut tobacco, and the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

saucers of split sulphur-matches, until the thick, strong smoke would be curling up from twenty pipes maybe, so that you could hardly see from sink to stove. Somehow they always managed to draw him into telling them stories of adventure and humor, till they would forget themselves and roar with laughter; or of the dead man in the other room, politics, Socialism, the next world, and the world some say we came from; but often of the sea and the sea's mystery. For the sea always fascinated him, and he used to say that the sea had a soul for any man with a soul to see it.

"But other times, when the time and the company was right for it, it was of the shadows and the whispering, the shapeless things and the wailing and sighing that hover between this world and the hereafter, seen and heard by nobody to be sure, but dimly felt by a few that are called ignorant and superstitious by those who know nothing that is not in the books—God pity them!

"And there they would hang on breathless to his every syllable, so that if a man so much as coughed some one would bark at him, did he have the croup or what? And when your brother would stop to light his cigar or pipe that had gone out—purposely sometimes, to see them get worked up, laughing to himself the while—a dozen men would be throwing matches to him and hurriedly scratching them on the floor or stove to get him going again.

"And there they would stay listening, moving about to let a new man squeeze in somewhere, till maybe the milkman would be heard running through the alley below with his clattering milk-cans, when they would jump up, surprised, cry 'So late already!'—suck in a deep breath like they hadn't breathed in an hour, pick out their hat or cap from the pile on the table, and swear under their mustache or beard because they had to go.

"Then it would be a last puff of the pipe before they put it back on the table, and a 'Good night, Martin,' or 'So long, Bartley,' or 'Good-by, boy—God spare ye health,' low-like so as not to disturb the mourners sitting under the lighted candles by the coffin in the other room.

"When strangers thought that much of him, no wonder the children worshiped him entirely, running out to meet him when he came home from a trip and crying when he would go away again, to be gone for one, or two, or maybe ten weeks. No wonder, then, when it would be storming ashore, the little ones would creep to my bedside at night to ask me if he was safe out there on the black water—for they felt, somehow, that I must know that—out there where the sea was so deep and wicked. So that I would have to soothe them to sleep as best I could, banishing their fears even when my own heart would be nigh to bursting, or kneeling down with them in the full of the beads for his safety.

"Many times our prayers were answered, for he was saved out of many storms that sent scores of other strong men and ships to the bottom. Those that did not have the faith used to say that was because he was a mighty sailorman and knew the ways of the sea, so wise and powerful that in the hours of danger he loomed up twice as great and strong and masterful, while he would call his commands above the gale, his eyes gleaming from back in their sockets like two little fires, so that no man ever thought to cross his will. To do that might have meant disaster to them all; and if one had tried it your brother would only have sworn a terrible oath and smashed him to the deck with one blow of his fist, him that was so forgiving and tender at other times, especially to them that were weaker than himself—as who was not?

"And at the instant when nothing seemed so sure as that she must go down, with the winds whistling and the vessel pitching and the men holding on for their very lives, they used to say that then he would be humming to himself at the wheel the little snatches of sea-lullabies that he used to sing to you children here at home, and even laughing at the gale—when he thought none of the crew was near—and beckoning with his free hand, as if mocking all the wicked spirits in the ocean to come and get him.

"But it pleased God to send for him at the last. And well do I remember how my heart stopped its beating when he left for that last trip on the *Ann O'Donnell*—a warning to me that he was not to come back. For there was that in his eyes, and there was that in his voice, and even in the very clasp of his great, strong arms, that frightened me; and so I told and begged him to stay back—the first time in my life. But he only looked at me with eyes that burned in his head, and went out the door—while he had the stren'th to go.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I BEGGED HIM AGAIN TO STAY HOME, FOR I KNEW IT WAS MY PRAYERS THAT HAD BROUGHT HIM BACK."

Digitized by Google 655 Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"But in an hour he was back and found me on my knees, asking me to wet his forehead with the holy water. And I did it, making a cross with my finger between his two eyes and begging him again to stay home, for I knew it was my prayers that had brought him back. But he only gathered me to his breast and said he must go. For on the sea he had lived, he said, and on the sea— But he never finished it, only clasped me to himself till I could hardly breathe, and while the mist gathered in his eyes he stooped down and kissed me—it was only rarely he did that—I can yet feel the salty taste of it—whispering to me softly, so that I could scarcely hear, his voice not steady:

"'Have no fear, mother—little mother, have no fear. It's long coming I may be, but be sure I will come back to you at last—it's that lonesome out to sea without you.'" . . .

When some moments later I glanced over at her covertly, it was to detect her drying the corners of her eyes on the new wool of the socks. It was always her way to hide her grief, especially when it was caused by the memory of my eldest brother. She tried always not to let on that he was her favorite, her hero, her more than hero, bound to her in some mystic way that defied human analysis. In other days I used to resent it secretly, and I might have resented it now, only that I was beginning to sense something of her bitter grief and to know that her feeling came from a cause outside herself and beyond her own control.

She resumed her knitting. "And so he went, never to be heard of since, or seen, by anybody of this world, either him or his crew or his vessel—went in the way I could have wished, as a brave man should go—at the wheel of the *Ann O'Donnell*—named by him after myself, my maiden name—her mainmast carried away, only a few small little bits of sail left on her foremast, her decks white with the driven snow, headed out to the middle of the great, wide ocean."

For five minutes nothing broke the silence of the room but the bare clicking of her needles. Then: "I dreamed of him the night before last—for the first time since then. His hands were to the wheel, his arms spread wide to receive me like, speaking my name, and although he only whispered it I could hear it plainly above the storm. He came to me again last night, calling to me once more from the wheel of the *Ann O'Donnell*—and again she was snow-covered and flying before the wind—calling to me, 'Mother, I am coming.' . . . So all day I have known that I must go to him at last. And why not?" The tone was a challenge. "My work here is done, just as his was done when you children were educated and honorably placed in the world. So I, too, must go. It is the law—God has willed it. Weakness of the heart they will call it. And the doctor, because he is a doctor, will say so, too, as he did a month ago after that attack that has left me none too strong maybe."

For what seemed like an age then, nothing but the feverish clicking of the steels, as if running a race with each other; only that and the flickering of the flame above the drying wick, until drowsiness came over my distraught brain and my eyes closed momentarily. With an effort I opened them, my head snapping back ludicrously, and commanded myself to attention. But yet again they closed, and still again, an odd sensation coming to me of some weird electric force in the oppressive air ever opposing my attempts at wakefulness. I even laughed a little to myself, hysterically, at the thought, at the same instant that my head fell over sideways on my right shoulder, while the old woman across from me became only a hazy impression.

I must have been nodding some little time when, dimly and casually, through interfering eyelashes, I seemed to see her rise slowly to her slippered feet, step noiselessly to the door, unlock it softly, and put the door ever so little ajar. And yet—was it the little old woman herself or the image of a disordered fancy? For when I saw again, she was still in her chair, knitting as before—and then for the first time it came to me vaguely (and yet I seemed always to have known it): the knitted socks, a pair that she had started before that last fatal trip four years before, and resumed only this very day, were for my eldest brother.

My musing over that was disturbed by the persistent rustling of a curtain caused by an intruding breath of the gale without. A slight sobbing then, the first audible evidence of her grief, distressing me the more that I was powerless either to move or speak. Then, my ear becoming attuned

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to it, a voice, blurred but infinitely sweet and winning, reached my consciousness. . .

"So when I go it's good children I'll leave behind me, as good as any mother ever had; and when my last hour comes, it's my own sons will weep over me, tender to me in death as in life, and in death as in life honoring me before all other women of earth." . . .

The voice rested, tired-like, and after a faint choking . . . "And it's my own six sons, no children borne by other women, who will come from far places to roll my coffin down the middle aisle. And it's my own son, a priest in God's church, who will sing the mass for the dead over me, will pronounce the benediction, and will sprinkle the holy water on my coffin. . . . And it's my own sons again who will walk with bowed heads beside my hearse to the cemetery." . . .

The uneasy curtain rustled again, irritating my strained senses numbly . . . the disconnected, whispered words could hardly be heard now between the rustlings . . . "and will lower me into the grave already dug for me out of the snow and the hard ground, and scatter the good black earth on the wood above me—and be sure the dull thud of it will make my heart beat again . . . And it's my own son . . . your eldest brother . . . my first-born"—the voice caressing the words—then another choking . . . "who will be looking toward me . . . his arms opened wide to receive me . . . calling to me to come—c-o-m-e——" . . .

The voice, which had shrunk to a whisper, or rather to the thin shadow of a whisper, intangible and elusive as the faint scent of oil from the flickering lamp-wick, was now as spent and silent as the flakes clinging to the window-panes. Forgotten was knitting, the earth itself forgotten, and all the material things of earth . . .

Gradually it deepened, the silence of the little room, growing from a negative thing to a heavy black band that tightened about the heart and closed in around the brain, so that I slept like one who has been etherized, floating off buoyantly into space over hitherto unimagined worlds, a dizzy procession passing in gorgeous review before my throbbing eyes:

An elfish, impish, fairy shoemaker, now tapping an absurdly tiny shoe with an absurdly tiny silver hammer, and now poising a bulging jug above his scarlet, leering mouth. A swarthy, red-bandannaed pirate, shaping his lips to fearful oaths, faintly reminding me of one of my Italians—teeth gleaming white under bristling mustachios, eyes darting fire from under craggy eyebrows, his sharp knife carving the air wickedly. The smell of salt air then, while a laughing, rollicking, tawny-haired Viking was filling my pockets with raisins and currants and glistening jewels, and tossing me up, up, up—would I never stop?—to the highest rafters of heaven itself; a whirl of snow then, a shriek of wind, the swishing of troubled waters, and he was bracing his muscular legs to the pitching of a snow-clad vessel.

Confusion then, and grayness, and out of the grayness the blurred contour of a fairy godmother, bent and aged, black-habited, her thin fingers busy over silver needles, a golden halo circling her gray hair, now crooning ancient lullabies and now chanting the wild Irish coronach, the weird melody of it now soaring easily to the heights and now descending sharply, with gripping sadness and insane allurement, into the uttermost depths:

> "Cold was the night till they reached the sea—
> 'Still will ye go?' said the dead young man.
> 'Yes, I will go with ye wi' ye will,
> Wheresoever a maiden can.'
> 'Open, open, Sea!' he cried——"

Blackness altogether then, a blackness absolute, into which even the fairy godmother faded, leaving only the fleeting afterglow of her halo. Heavily booted feet ascending the stairs—a lodger belated by the crippled trolley service?—a faint whiff of pungent sea air in the nostrils ever coming stronger, a creaking as of a door turning back on its hinges, a suggestion of dripping oilskins, a murmured, "I have come, mother—little mother, I have come" . . . a whirring of angel wings—or was it the swish of a silken shawl?—and two shrunken, invisible arms seemed to close about my shoulders gently, a pair of moist, invisible lips seemed to rest on my forehead softly—I reached out to clasp her to myself and press my lips to hers hungrily, when——

It was the rustling of the curtain that shook me out of my trance and brought me through an infinity of worlds back into the little room again. It rustled once more, emphatically, and mechanically I arose,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

blinking my eyes, stretching my languid arms wearily, and gaping, like a man who has slept a hundred years, with a lazy notion to still the rustling, somehow. I was facing the curtain, still undecided as to methods, when, following an unusually lusty blast without, it shook violently and impatiently, and suddenly snapped back on its spring-roller to the top of the casement, disclosing the magic white city below—not a single unlucky wight abroad to mar its dazzling purity, and the new, dry snow whirling and curling into a million phantasms that formed and reformed bewilderingly before the capricious winds. The limbs and branches of knotted trees, gaunt and frosted, were become distorted, moaning, gibbering, hoary apparitions, now that the softening gleams of gaslight had been decently extinguished, and sobbing, sobbing, always sobbing.

So that I shivered a little as I stood there in the darkness—the lamp had flickered out—glad to turn my aching eyes out beyond the whited city, ghostly as any cemetery, to the live waters of the harbor beyond. It was but a brief relief, for my eyes, focusing to the newer distance, seemed to make out the contour of a vessel dimly. Startling in itself was the mere vision of her riding the offing on such a wild night as this; but more startling yet was that she was running, not to harbor, but tearing straight to destruction and the broad Atlantic! her outlines quivering and dancing under the hard, silver rays of the moon, supreme now that the clouds had passed over.

I was still wondering at the stupidity, or insane daring, of her helmsman—when suddenly there flashed into my dull brain the crazy germ of a crazier notion, and on to the retina of my eyes a marvelous reality or strange mirage that checked my pulsing and fevered my blood: That wrecked mainmast, that foremast with its few shreds of tattered sail, and, standing by the wheel of the flying wraith-ship, at once shapeless and yet beautifully shapely—that masterful, snow-covered, oil-skinned figure, his right arm bent powerfully to the spokes, and in the crook of his left arm, pressing her close to his own great heart . . .

Dazed, the very fluid in my veins drying, I groped about for her. Small and pitifully frail, delicate as any china cup, she was sitting in her chair in the half-light of the window, her gray hair tossing witch-like in the draft from the now wide-open door, her head bent over on her breast, her hands clasping the finished woolen socks fondly. Fearing nothing and yet fearing everything, the ghost of an echoed phrase filling my ears: "And when he calls, I must go!" I touched her timidly on the elbow.

There was no response.

Each breath at the cost of a painful physical effort, I put a delirious arm about her shoulders, and whispered, "Mother!"—that magic word which had never yet failed with her.

Still no response; and completely engulfed in the strange, unfathomable emotions that surged over me and brought me weakly on my knees beside her chair, I threw my arms wildly about her, breathed another despairing "Mother!" in her ear, and crushed my hot lips to lips already coldening as from an icy touch . . .

"When he calls, I must go!" the calm lips seemed to breathe mutely, almost apologetically, and beyond all doubt I knew that he had called. For out of the silence of the night (which is ever the soul of the spirit world) a myriad voices chanted the message into my throbbing ears, and passed off in a wail into the infinity whence they came, leaving my own soul awed, reverent, quivering.

ARITHMETIC

BY WITTER BYNNER

FROM Christmas to my birthday meant
As many long delays
As from my birthday to the Fourth—
The years were full of days.

But in my new arithmetic
Another way appears
Of figuring the self-same sum:
The days are full of years.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

BIG BUSINESS AND THE BENCH

Trust-Busting that Helps the Trusts

BY C·P·CONNOLLY

Editor's Note: This is perhaps the most important single article that EVERYBODY'S has published. It is a disclosure that every American should heed, with a resolve to help remedy intolerable conditions. The most damning indictment of our judiciary is a plain statement of incontrovertible facts.

IV

THE Supreme Court of the United States, whose record in reversing corrupt decisions of state courts often excites one's warmest admiration, recently declared the Standard Oil Company to be what twenty years ago most of us knew it to be: an unlawful combination that ruined the lives and fortunes of men and that left in its wake corrupted courts and legislatures. The judgment of the court ordered the trust to dissolve into its constituent elements, and to sin no more. But this in no way seems to have prevented control by community of interest. Standard Oil has risen steadily ever since—seven points in the first four days.

We have simply completed one more blind circle and are starting patiently over the same route again. We know as little about where we are going as the horse that treads the mill.

The privilege of a court to read words into an act of the legislature, or to read words out of it, should be frowned upon. It is peculiar to our country. When one reflects upon the action of the Supreme Court in interpolating the word "unreasonable" into the act of Congress, one is forcefully reminded of that remarkable declaration of the English Parliament under Henry VIII:

"And be it finally enacted that the present act, and every clause, article and sentence comprised in the same, shall be taken and accepted according to the plain words and sentences therein contained, and shall not be interpreted nor expounded by color of any pretense or cause, or by any subtle argument or invention or reason, to the hinderance, disturbance or derogation of this act or any part thereof."

No decision of the Supreme Court in recent years has so shaken public respect for our highest court as the Standard Oil decision. In the three most important cases under the Sherman anti-trust act, previously decided by the court, it had refused to incorporate the word "unreasonable" or "undue" before the words "restraint of trade," declaring that that interpolation was exclusively within the power of Congress.

When, in 1909, Congress sought to change the law, a distinguished committee of the Senate reported that the insertion of the word "unreasonable" in the act would amount to a repeal of the penal section of the law and utterly demoralize all civil remedy under it. Now the Supreme Court has done, not only what in three previous cases it had refused to do, but what Congress itself later refused to do.

The Constitution gave to Congress alone the right to regulate commerce; the Supreme Court has usurped that right. Courts have nothing to do with the wisdom, policy, or expediency of the law. If the Standard Oil case is a fair specimen of the trophies of trust-busting, private monopoly has nothing to fear from that source.

It might be well to remind ourselves that

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

more than twenty years ago the Supreme Court of Ohio ordered the old Standard Oil Company dissolved. The judges who rendered the decision, and the attorney-general who attempted to carry out the decree of the court, were, by the political power of that corporation, all returned to private life. The Standard Oil Company became a greater power than ever in judicial and financial circles.

That company is still potent in the Ohio courts. Recently a suit was brought against the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey in the courts of Ohio. Service of summons was made on President John D. Rockefeller at his home in Cleveland. An Ohio court held that Mr. Rockefeller was not in Ohio on the business of the corporation, but for private purposes only, and that for this reason he could not be legally served with summons.

THE SEAL MUST BE RIGHT, ANYHOW

Just now we hear much of technicalities. I believe that many of these technicalities are the rulings of corruption—the masks behind which judicial dishonesty hides. In one of the last Ohio prosecutions against the Standard Oil Company, a copy of an annual report of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey was introduced in evidence. It had been procured from the Secretary of State of New Jersey, and was certified as correct by that official. He had, in proof of its verity, placed on this copy the official seal of his office. But the Court of Appeals of Ohio held that the seal certifying to the correctness of this report should have been the Great Seal of the State of New Jersey, instead of that of the Secretary of State of New Jersey. So the court bravely reversed the case.

There wasn't any question raised as to the accuracy of the copy.

When this Standard Oil case went back for retrial, the Standard Oil Company realized that it would be difficult to get another reversal. The second trial had been under way a week when Virgil P. Kline, chief Standard Oil attorney, wanted the case continued that he might attend a wedding in his family, and James O. Troup, another Standard Oil attorney, wanted to attend an Oberlin College commencement. The trial was continued.

During the ten days these attorneys were gone and the jury was at large, a man named Byron Williamson, who had formerly lived on a farm adjoining that of Chase Thompson, one of the jurors in the case, approached Mrs. Thompson and urged her to induce her husband to vote for a disagreement of the jury, offering her at the same time a large sum of money. If the husband agreed, he was to meet a certain lawyer in an adjoining county, where the transaction was to be consummated. Thompson refused to accept the money. Whether any of the jurors were successfully tampered with was never known; four of them voted for acquittal. Exactly the same thing happened in the trial of the McNamaras at Los Angeles. There is no ethical distinction between the judicial methods of labor and those of capital.

Williamson and the attorney named by him were subsequently indicted, and Williamson was tried and convicted. John D. Rockefeller personally escaped trial at the same time by an agreement that the Standard Oil Company would henceforth cease to molest the independent refineries in Hancock County, Ohio.

Judge Michael Donnelly, one of the Circuit Court judges before whom an old Standard Oil prosecution is still pending in Ohio, was recently indicted for embezzlement and perjury in connection with certain alleged insurance frauds. While waiting his trial, he sat on the bench, handing out justice to others.

A former judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, who voted to dissolve the old Standard Oil Company, told me that it was impossible to conquer these great corporations. "You may arouse public sentiment for a while," he said, "but they will plan and carry out bolder schemes while the people are at their very heels."

MOCK "TRUST-BUSTING"

I sometimes think that the so-called "prosecution" of the trusts is a continuous bit of legerdemain for the gulling of the public. It serves the same purpose that gilding the dome of the Invalides served for Napoleon—it calms public agitation.

How far into the intricacies of the law may the public follow these prosecutions? The court-room is to them a chamber of mysteries. They look for results, and the results themselves prove as mysterious to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

them as the incantations of the court-room.

In the march on the treasury, the Government special prosecutors are as fine a body of lawyers as one may see anywhere. In the battles of the court-room, they are a beaten, sorry contingent. They may or may not know the law, but they seem to have made the subject of fees a life-study.

Federal Judge Peter S. Grosscup, of Chicago, in commenting on the recent Standard Oil decision, said of the present status of the Sherman act: "As a mere weapon, it is dismantled . . . But it was a gun that, whatever the terror of the explosion, never fired anything other than blank cartridges." This ought to be a competent opinion, for Judge Grosscup himself fired a good many blank cartridges.

Senator George F. Edmunds, who drew more of the provisions of the Sherman law

PETER S. GROSSCUP, FORMER JUDGE OF THE UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT OF APPEALS, WHO WROTE THE OPINION REVERSING JUDGE LANDIS'S $29,000,000 STANDARD OIL FINE, AND WHO SAYS THE SHERMAN ACT IS NOW A DISMANTLED GUN.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

AGAINST WHOM A CRIMINAL PROSECUTION IN OHIO WAS DISMISSED BECAUSE OF A COMPROMISE.

than any one else, has recently pointed out that in the Knight case (a prosecution against the Sugar Trust, one of the first under the Sherman act) the complaint so imperfectly stated the fundamental facts—which the prosecution did not prove, although the evidence was known to everybody—that the suit failed in the Supreme Court; and as a result evil trusts and monopolies continued to grow and thrive.

The trusts are represented by the same attorneys year in and year out. They are men who are thoroughly acquainted with every crook and turn, every trick and sophistry, of the law. More important still, they know the judges. It is the influence of their clients that secures these judges their positions.

HOW THE SHERMAN ACT MIGHT WORK

The Sherman anti-trust law was reported by one of the greatest judiciary committees of the Senate. Among its members were Edmunds, Hoar, Evarts, Vest, and Pugh. The act itself was approved by General Harrison, the greatest lawyer President the country has known in a generation. The act contains one paragraph that would have put the trusts out of business in one year, if the Government had been so minded. That section is number six. It was drawn by Senator Edmunds, who had no superior, in his day, as a constitutional lawyer in the United States Senate. Here is the section:

"Any property owned under any contract or by any combination, or pursuant to any conspiracy (and being the subject thereof) mentioned in section one of this act, and being in the course of transportation from one state to another, or to a foreign country, shall be forfeited to the United States, and may be seized and condemned by like proceedings as those provided by law for the forfeiture, seizure and condemnation of property imported into the United States contrary to law."

Under this clause, the Beef Trust could have been routed in less than three months. The prosecution against it has now been going on for ten years. In fact, Congress as far back as 1888 began investigating the Beef Trust. I have not yet found a Government official who could give me any better reason than a shrug of the shoulders why this provision of the Sherman act has never been invoked.

In 1909 a Federal grand jury at Chicago consumed much time in an inquiry concerning alleged rebates obtained from the railways by the Beef Trust. The railway companies had paid for dressed beef injured in transit upon the basis of an excessive valuation, and by this indirection paid the trust enormous rebates. Attorney-General Wickersham said that the practise had probably been adopted long before, *with no intent to violate the law*, and that no good would come of a prosecution. He wrote a letter to the packers, however, in which he said that the "practise" must be "abandoned at once."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The fact that these beef-packers resorted to a trick to evade the law is the best evidence not only of their knowledge of the law, but of their intent to violate it. Everybody is presumed to know the law. If the prosecution of labor leaders were as pussyfooted as this, the McNamaras would today be at large with no worse punishment than an admonition to use no more dynamite.

THE GOVERNMENT'S "TRUST-BUSTERS"

There are many who doubt whether the prosecution of the Standard Oil Company would have been brought had not E. H. Harriman, whose railway partnership with the Rockefeller interests was well known, attempted to prevent the consolidation of the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, and the Burlington roads as sought by the Hill-Morgan interests. Harriman was ambitious to acquire at least one of these roads for his financial group. It was this fight that brought about the famous corner in Northern Pacific. The prosecution of the Standard Oil is believed to have been a case of retaliation by the Hill-Morgan interests; but there was, later, evidently a compromise.

Frank B. Kellogg was the special Government prosecutor who had charge of the Standard Oil case. He was, and is, one of the attorneys of James J. Hill and the Hill railways. Kellogg has for years represented the Steel Trust in Minnesota. He is not only its attorney but its general business factotum. If you have any important business with the Steel Trust in Minnesota, where its great iron mines lie, you are compelled to see Kellogg.

All the time that Kellogg was prosecuting the Standard Oil Company as the special counsel for the Government, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was a director of the Steel Trust, and part of the time Henry H. Rogers was another director in that trust. Perhaps the Government was glad to secure Mr. Kellogg's services. He is a much abler lawyer than the average Government attorney.

I do not say he is not sincere. I do believe, however, that when it came to using pedals, soft or hard, the Steel Trust, and not the Government of the United States, would have been Kellogg's client.

Photograph by Brown Bros., New York.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

DIRECTOR OF THE STEEL TRUST WHILE THE STEEL TRUST LAWYER WAS PROSECUTING STANDARD OIL.

Kellogg has appeared before legislative committees in Minnesota as attorney for the Steel Trust. His intimate connection with that corporation is a matter of common knowledge in Minnesota. Yet so great is the popular ignorance of the affiliations of public men that even so reliable and well-informed a journal as the New York *World*, under date of May 28, 1911, published a Washington dispatch which announced that "efforts are being made to have Frank B. Kellogg take up, on behalf of the Government, *the prosecution of the United States Steel Trust.*"

Wade Ellis, former Government "trust-buster," was never bent on the real trail

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of the trusts. He was a political protégé of Boss Cox of Cincinnati. His political and social associates were closely identified with the corporations against which the Government was waging loud-sounding but mimic warfare.

With its present meager sources of information, the public is not to be blamed for its ignorance of the traps and secret springs behind "trust prosecutions."

"DISSOLVING" THE TRUSTS

The Northern Securities case was brought to prevent the virtual consolidation of the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, and the Burlington roads, parallel and competing lines. The Government won its suit. But it was a Pyrrhic victory. Morgan and Hill still control and operate all three of the competing lines by virtue of a holding committee of trustees, and the monopoly continues exactly as before the decision.

James J. Hill said, at a banquet in St. Paul afterward, that the only effect of the decision was to compel him to exchange one certificate of stock for two others of a different color.

It was the same method by which the Standard Oil Company evaded the Ohio decision, and the same method by which the coal-owning railways evaded the United States Supreme Court decision construing the commodities clause of the Hepburn Act, which forbade them to transport in interstate commerce any commodity manufactured or produced by them. The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, for instance, at once discontinued its sales division, and organized a coal-selling company composed of its stockholders, which company sold its product. It still owns the mines, and still sells and transports its own coal.

The Standard Oil decision, *by express words*, permitted this same trick in the reorganization of the affairs of Standard Oil.

"SQUAW MEN" SCREEN THE TIMBER THIEVES

When powerful Western timber thieves were looting the public domain, with the connivance of United States senators, the Government attorneys, whose appointments had been secured by these senators, were busy prosecuting "squaw men" for selling contraband whisky to the Indians on the various reservations. The prosecution of the "squaw men" kept the machinery of justice from rusting, and distracted attention from the plundered forests. Thus was created another group of millionaires, known as the Lumber Barons.

C. A. Smith, of Minneapolis, one of these powerful timber thieves, escaped indictment in Oregon because the statute of limitations had run against his offense when Francis J. Heney took hold in Oregon. He was indicted in Minnesota, but the indictment was kept secret, suppressed in the newspapers, and finally dismissed. This man has been for years a regent of the University of Minnesota. He was recently reappointed to that position by Governor Eberhart of Minnesota. In his keeping as regent are millions of acres of public land in Minnesota, held in trust for the University. He is a wolf shepherding the sheep. Public opinion seems powerless to dislodge him.

In 1906 certain Ice Trust and Lumber Trust individuals in Toledo were indicted under what is known in Ohio as the Valentine Anti-Trust Law. These men pleaded guilty, undoubtedly in the hope that they would be merely fined. Judge R. R. Kinkade, before whose court the indictments were pending, sentenced them, however, to six months in the workhouse, and, in addition, to pay a fine of $2,500. In order to find an excuse to get into the Appellate Court, the lawyers of the Ice Trust filed affidavits in court, charging misconduct on the part of Judge Kinkade, in that, as they alleged, he had secretly assured them that he would not impose a sentence of imprisonment if their clients pleaded guilty.

Judge Kinkade denounced the affidavits as false, fined one lawyer $250, and sentenced two others to ten days in jail for contempt. These lawyers were acquitted of these penalties by a higher court. While the trust magnates were at liberty on bail, after their conviction, the Supreme Court of Ohio decided they had been illegally punished. That court said they should have been sentenced to a jail, instead of to the workhouse.

The scheme, undoubtedly, was to have the defendants resentenced by some more lenient judge, and simply fined. In this, however, the Ice Trust defendants failed. They were re-sentenced by Judge Kinkade to six months in jail, but released by another

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

. KELLOGG, CHIEF BUSINESS FACTOTUM AND ATTORNEY IN MINNESOTA OF THE STEEL
HE PROSECUTED THE GOVERNMENT'S CASE AGAINST STANDARD OIL. H. H. ROGERS
MIN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., WERE AT THE TIME DIRECTORS IN THE STEEL TRUST.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

judge after serving one month. The Lumber Trust defendants were more fortunate. They profited by the experience of the ice men. A friendly judge in Toledo opened his court one morning before the usual hour. The Lumber Trust defendants must have known of the arrangement, for they, too, were there. This judge, usurping the usual prerogative of the judge who tries the criminal, resentenced the defendants to pay a nominal fine, and relieved them of the jail sentence.

Photograph by Van Oesen, Cleveland

VIRGIL P. KLINE OF CLEVELAND,
CHIEF ATTORNEY IN OHIO FOR THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY.

Let us return now, for a moment, to the "constructive" decisions of our courts. Harm may be done by failure to prosecute the trusts, but the harm may in time be corrected. The creation and spread of corrupt law is, however, a much more serious matter.

THE ECONOMY OF KILLING FOREIGNERS

Every lawyer of extensive practise is familiar with a line of decisions in both state and Federal courts which hold that the foreign heirs of a person killed through the negligence of another in this country are without redress in American courts. That is to say, in some states, if you are a foreigner, working in this country, with a family or other dependent relatives abroad, these relatives can not sue for damages for your death. American heirs may sue for damages, but foreign heirs can not. The ridiculous thing about these decisions, from the lay viewpoint, is that if the worker is injured, but not killed, he himself may sue for damages; if *he is killed*, his dependents may not sue. It is cheaper for the corporation to *kill him than to hurt him.*

There are thousands of foreigners working in mines, smelters, steel mills, and at other hazardous occupations, whose families are left behind temporarily in their native countries. In the jurisdictions where these court decisions are the law, foreigners are given the preference in employment over American citizens.

The first decision of this kind was rendered by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania in 1897, at a time when hordes of foreigners were employed in the coal regions of that state. That court in a former decision had taken what appeared to be a contrary position when it held that "as a general rule, neither citizenship nor residence is required to entitle a person to bring suit in Pennsylvania." The railways own the coal mines in Pennsylvania; and John D. Lawson, a distinguished law-writer, in warning students and investigators to beware of the Pennsylvania decisions in personal-injury cases, said that the Pennsylvania Railroad ran the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania with the same success with which it ran its own trains.

The Supreme Court of the United States sustained one of these Pennsylvania decisions, because of the rule that that court is compelled to sustain the construction of a state law by the Supreme Court of the state enacting such law. But it took occasion to say that the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania was wrong in the construction of its own statute.

I want to quote just one instance as showing how these decisions are watched and nursed by the great corporations:

A Japanese was killed in a railway collision in California. He had a wife and three children living in Japan. They had never been in this country. Suit was brought in California in behalf of these foreigners against the Santa Fé Railroad. The case came on for trial before Judge Olin Well-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

, Federal Judge for the Southern Dis-
of California, whose judicial independ-
is one of the anomalies of California
ics. The Santa Fé Railroad set up the
ıse, on demurrer to the complaint, that
r the decisions I have mentioned these
gn heirs could not sue in American
:s. Judge Wellborn overruled the de-
er, and in an opinion ably dissected
njustice of these decisions. The jury
the Japanese widow and her three
ren a verdict of $4,500.
e railway did not appeal from this
nent. If it had appealed, and the Su-
e Court of the United States had sus-
d Judge Wellborn's decision—as in the
sylvania case it intimated it would—
:urrent of law unfavorable to these
rations would have been materially
gthened. *The Japanese widow got her*
y because the corporations did not want
Wellborn's opinion to become higher
rity.

E RAILWAYS AND THE COST OF LIVING

e of the most systematic and far-
ng conspiracies is that by which the
ys have closed
orts and rivers
country to free
ıtion. They
:hus driven the
r to the sole
ıage of the rail-
As far back
8, the Republi-
tional platform
nmended to
ess and to state
tures "such
tion as will pre-
. . unjust rates
transportation
ducts to mar-
There is not
ıistory a more
ting story of
l decisions,
g how major-
ges, in the in-
of railways,
verridden the
ıs protests of
y judges and
d from judi-
dmarks.

JUDGE R. R. KINKADE, OF TOLEDO,
WHO BECAME FAMOUS AS A RESULT OF SENDING ICE TRUST MEN TO PRISON.

First, let us deal with the results of these decisions, and then tell the story of the decisions.

Before the days of public ownership of railways in Germany, Bismarck said in the Reichstag that the railway barons of Germany had divided that country into separate and distinct railway dependencies, each baron agreeing not to encroach upon the territory of the other. Under this railway baronetcy the people of Germany were compelled to pay tribute, arbitrarily fixed by these barons. The railways of our own country have so complex a system of milking the public that one sometimes wonders at the boldness of it all. A number of traffic managers, mere dummies of the great financial powers that control the railways, meet at stated intervals and fix freight rates. They possess a taxing power greater than the Federal Government's.

The railways have in some instances used extraordinary influence to prevent the development of a section of the country or a particular industry in some section, because it would operate against the profit of a long haul.

When United States Senator Frank Flint, of California, supported Senator Aldrich in his recent tariff legislation, he received from Aldrich, in the interest of the lemon farmers of California, an increase in the tariff on lemons. Shortly after, the railway rate-makers met. They increased the freight rate on lemons proportionately, and appropriated to themselves the financial benefits of the increased tariff. Aldrich had thrown a sop to the lemon-growers; the railways bagged it, and ran. The Interstate Commerce Commission ordered the increased rate reduced; but the new Commerce Court has enjoined the order. It is now up to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the Supreme Court of the United States.

This is a pass-key illustration of the entire freight-rate situation. A study of transcontinental freight rates will satisfy any impartial man that they are in many instances based on the tariff. Whatever profit the producer is supposed to receive from the tariff is accurately gaged by the railways, and freight rates are based on it, leaving the producer profitless.

This is especially true in the instance of certain Western products, although many such injustices have been wiped out by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

PATRIOTISM AND FREIGHT RATES

A congressional committee some years ago, before the Southern Pacific acquired the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, discovered that that railway was paying the Pacific Mail Company $900,000 per annum, the consideration being that the ship company should not carry *more than 1,200 pounds of freight monthly* between New York and San Francisco. After the Southern Pacific acquired this steamship line, its ships persistently refused freight in San Francisco.

While the shipping trust was seeking a subsidy from Congress, E. H. Harriman publicly stated that he kept the Pacific Mail ships in commission, not because they were profitable, but because of his own patriotic devotion to the American flag, which wimpled at the stern of these ships.

In 1887, the rate between Chicago and Pacific Coast points on a number of articles of necessity was twelve dollars a ton. In 1909, the freight rate on these same articles had increased to twenty-nine dollars a ton. On a long list of necessities the cost of transportation is to-day fifty per cent. of the average cost to the consumer.

HOW FIVE HUNDRED MILES ARE LONGER THAN SIXTEEN THOUSAND

A Los Angeles merchant had certain goods shipped from Antwerp, Holland, to Los Angeles, California. By mistake the goods went to San Francisco. San Francisco is four hundred and ninety miles north of Los Angeles. This merchant paid more to have his goods returned by rail from San Francisco to Los Angeles than he originally paid to have them shipped sixteen thousand miles by water from Antwerp to Los Angeles. The merchant himself gave me the story. He shipped the goods by rail from San Francisco to Los Angeles because it would have cost him just as much by water. The railways own the transportation facilities both by sea and land on the Pacific coast, as they are fast acquiring these dual facilities on the Atlantic coast.

Yet the constitution of California distinctly states that no railway shall make any contract with the owner of any vessel, or with any common carrier, by which the earnings of the one doing the carrying are to be shared by the other, not doing the carrying.

That is one of the many reasons why the Southern Pacific made heavy financial investments in the political conventions which nominated the judges of the Supreme Court of California. If these constitutional provisions were to be construed, they wanted them construed "right."

Some soap manufacturers in California, disgusted at the freight rates on tallow, finally went to China for their tallow. They discovered that the freight rate on a ton of tallow from Chinese ports to Southern California was $3.60 less than the railway freight rate for one hundred and sixty miles of transportation in this country.

The railways acquired this power of taxation by the same methods by which they procured decisions granting them the right to many other privileges to which they were never by common law entitled—by the same methods, for instance, that enabled them to prevent foreigners from suing for damages in our American courts.

THE RAILWAYS ON THE SEA

The common property of all the people, according to the writers upon the law of nature and of nations, and upon the civil law, was the air, the running water, the sea, the fish, and the wild beasts. The king could not *lawfully* grant away this common property, so as to convert it into private property. He held the right to "the soil of navigable rivers, the sea, and the arms [rivers and harbors] thereof" for great public purposes, as trustee for the people, subject to the right of the people to navigate and fish. But the kings *unlawfully* did grant royal privileges of this kind, and these rights of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

OLIN WELLBORN, FEDERAL JUDGE FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA, WHO IS NOT "OWNED" BY THE RAILWAYS, AND WHO RENDERED A DECISION ON THE RIGHT OF FOREIGNERS TO SUE IN AMERICAN COURTS FOR DAMAGES FOR THE DEATH OF RELATIVES IN THIS COUNTRY.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the people were gradually encroached upon and broken down. They were appropriated by powerful barons, favorites of the king. Then came Magna Charta, which, though it did not annul what had been done, yet forbade the king to give away any more such rights.

After the Revolution the water-fronts and tide-lands were held by our Federal Government in trust for the common use of all the people, and were ceded by the Federal Government to the new states as they were organized, for the same common use and purpose.

RAILWAY-OWNED HARBORS

Yet there is not a harbor to-day in the United States that is not either wholly or practically under the control of the railways. No access to or from these harbors may be had without the consent of these railways. Transportation by water is as absolutely smothered, except as it is controlled by the railways, as if there were no highway by sea.

New York and New Orleans are two harbors that are believed to be comparatively free; yet about half the water-front of New York is claimed under lease. By legislative enactment, the entire water-front at Coney Island was about twenty years ago permitted to be sold, and was subsequently sold, to private parties. The New Orleans quay was saved to the people of that city under the old French grants, by Daniel Webster and Edward Livingston, in a suit which went to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Previous to 1897, when public alarm was first felt, every dock and wharf in Boston was owned or controlled by railways and other private concerns. In Philadelphia, conditions are the same. At Baltimore, the Pennsylvania Railroad controls three miles, and the Baltimore & Ohio nearly five miles, of water-front. The entire New Jersey shore along the Hudson from Hoboken to Bayonne, six miles, with the exception of sixty feet, is owned by the railways. All the shore line of Bridgeport harbor, except forty-eight feet, is owned or controlled by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway. The port of Seattle is controlled by private and corporate ownership.

In order to control San Francisco harbor, the railways in California set about to form a state board of harbor commissioners. This harbor board was appointed by the governor, who was elected and controlled by the railways. The harbor board leased the docks to the railways and the steamship lines controlled by them. The constitution of California provided that no individual, partnership, or corporation, claiming or possessing the frontage of tidal lands of the harbor, should be permitted to destroy or obstruct the free navigation of such waters; yet the independent vessel in San Francisco harbor which insisted upon the right to dock, waited for the privilege so long that it was ready to weigh anchor in disgust when the right to dock was finally permitted. Matters have recently improved in San Francisco under constant public agitation.

New Jersey was, perhaps, the first state to confirm judicially the rights of the people to the harbors and tide-lands. Chief Justice Andrew Kirkpatrick of the Supreme Court of that state in 1821, in the case of Arnold *vs.* Mundy, decided that "the navigable rivers where the tide ebbs and flows, the ports, the bays, the coasts of the sea, including both the water and the land under the water, for the purpose of navigation, and all the other uses of the water, are common to all the people;" and that the legislature could not divest the citizens of this common right.

"Such a grant," he said, "never could be borne by a free people."

This decision was upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States.

GIVING AWAY THE PEOPLE'S TIDE-LANDS

About 1850 the legislature of New York gave the tide-lands along the Hudson River to the Hudson River Railroad, and the Court of Errors of New York decided that the legislature could do this, and confirmed the grant.

About 1868 the legislature of New Jersey granted the tide-lands along the Passaic River between Paterson and Newark to the Paterson & Newark Railroad Company, and the Court of Errors and Appeals of New Jersey confirmed the grant, notwithstanding the powerful opinion of Chief Justice Kirkpatrick rendered in 1821. There was evidently a bitter controversy among the members of the court over this decision, Chancellor Zabriskie pointing out in his dissenting opinion, in as emphatic language as Justice Har-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

otograph by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

JACOB M. DICKINSON.

RLY ASSISTANT ATTORNEY-GENERAL UNDER CLEVELAND, LATER SECRETARY OF WAR. UNDER HIS ADMINISTRATION BOR ENGINEER IN CALIFORNIA WAS REMOVED AFTER CALLING PUBLIC ATTENTION TO A SECRET CONSPIRACY TO LEASE HARBOR FRONTAGE TO THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

ısed in the recent Standard Oil case, the court was treading upon dangerous ıd, and insisting that the decision of the rity "had not a parallel in the history risprudence."

asserted that by the decision of the rity, the owners of docks and wharves had built "with discreet confidence in ɔinions of lawyers and judges, the decons of legislators, and the apparent ıt of public opinion," might have the of their property destroyed by a grant, tranger, of ten feet under water adjato such docks and wharves. He declared that the opinion in the New York case of Gould *vs.* The Hudson River Railroad was entitled only "to the respect which belongs to the character and learning of the judges of the majority who decided it." He pointed out further that the legislature had as much right to give away the public streets as it had to deed away access to the rivers and harbors of the sea. But Chancellor Zabriskie had the support of only two other judges, and the eminently "practical" views of the majority obtained.

Thus was established a doctrine which

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

has traveled broadcast over the territory which bounds our seas, and under it the railways have locked our harbors and vexed the commerce of our waters. Congress has donated millions to the improvement of these harbors—millions given outright to the railways. When these tide-land grants in New York and New Jersey were given away, our river and harbor appropriations were less than four million dollars annually. In 1891 they had increased to twenty-five millions, and in 1911 to forty-nine millions.

Decisions, following these New Jersey and New York decisions, which have given away the tide-lands and access to the harbors to private ownership, have only recently been handed down in the West.

I think one of the best illustrations of how these privileges are secured in the initial development of new countries is shown by a recent newspaper dispatch dated Juneau, Alaska, October 29, 1911:

"The Copper River Railroad, owned by the Morgan-Guggenheim Syndicate, has won a suit wherein others contested its right to the ownership of the Cordova tide-lands, which are absolutely necessary for its maintenance of deep-sea terminals. The decision was rendered by Judge Thomas Lyons."

Perhaps the most significant thing, next to the decision itself, is the fact that this Federal judge, Thomas R. Lyons, was, before his appointment to his present judicial position, a Morgan-Guggenheim attorney.

As a solution of the water-power controversy, President Taft has recently urged that the Federal Government turn the water-power sites over to the state governments, with the proviso that if the states do not properly conserve their water powers, the title to the power sites shall revert to the Federal Government. This is an excellent suggestion in theory; but with our tide-land experience to guide us, is it wisdom?

The constitution of California said that all tide-lands within two miles of any incorporated city or town, and fronting on the waters of any harbor, should be withheld from grant or sale; but the constitution makers did not say anything about not leasing these lands, and the courts had declared that a lease was not a grant or sale. The Southern Pacific had secured, through its agents or subsidiaries, ownership or control over all but a small strip of land on the shores of San Pedro harbor adjacent to the city of Los Angeles. It secretly applied to the trustees of the town of San Pedro for a fifty-year lease of this remaining strip of land.

The trustees granted the lease, but the clerk of the board had not yet affixed his signature to the document when Captain A. A. Fries, the Government engineer in charge of the harbor, gave the alarm. A public indignation meeting was held, and Captain Fries was about to tell his story from the platform when he was handed a dispatch from Washington announcing his removal to the national capital.

Jacob M. Dickinson was then Secretary of War, preceding the present incumbent. The to th Department had supervision, for the Government, of all harbors. Secretary Dickinson, when appointed to the Cabinet, was chief attorney for the Illinois Central Railroad, which was controlled by E. H. Harriman, who likewise controlled the Southern Pacific. Even while serving as Secretary of War, Mr. Dickinson had appeared in the Supreme Court of Illinois as attorney for the Illinois Central. Secretary Dickinson denied that he personally was responsible for Captain Fries's removal. Perhaps it was a mere coincidence. Perhaps, too, Secretary Dickinson's subordinates knew as well the way to hold a place in Washington as Secretary Dickinson had known how to secure one.

It is idle to talk of these matters as peculiarly Western methods. The only reason the same conditions have not been exposed in the East is that the wave of insurgency has not yet reached the East.

"Communism," wrote Grover Cleveland, "is a hateful thing, and a menace to peace and organized government; but the communism of combined wealth and capital, the outgrowth of overweening cupidity and selfishness, which insidiously undermines the justice and integrity of free institutions, is not less dangerous than the communism of oppressed poverty and toil, which, exasperated by injustice and discontent, attacks with wild disorder the citadel of rule."

In the June instalment Mr. Connolly will give concrete examples of the control of our **Federal Judiciary.** Later, he will present further examples of the corruption and control of state courts.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Chin Chopper

by Parker Fillmore

AUTHOR OF "THE HICKORY LIMB," "THE YOUNG IDEA," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

OFF wid yez to school!" Mrs. O'Brien shouted; "and make room for George."

What Mrs. O'Brien really call- er boarder is best represented by spell- is name Jarge.

Maybe I didn't have a dandy fight on ast trip down," George announced, as ok off his coat and began washing his s at the sink.

Did you lick him, Jarge?" asked Terry.

'ell us about it," Rosie pleaded.

Will yez be off to school!" Mrs. O'Brien shouted; but no one heeded her. hung over George's shoulder—by this he was seated at the table—Terrence small Jack stood facing him at the side of the table, and Miss Ellen en, with the baby in her arms, lingered the door.

our cabbage'll be stone cold," Mrs. en scolded, "and they'll all be late hool if they don't be off wid 'em!"

"Was he drunk, Jarge?" Rosie begged.

"No, but he'd been taking too much. He was a big stiff about nine feet high and built double across the shoulders. I see trouble as soon as he got on. They was only ladies on the car. They was plenty of empty seats on one side, but the first thing I knew he was hangin' on a strap on the crowded side, insultin' a poor little lady. He wasn't sayin' nuthin', but he was just hangin' over her face, lookin' at her and grinnin' until she was ready to cry out for shame."

"The brute!" snapped Mrs. O'Brien, as she slopped down a big cup of coffee.

"Did you throw him off?" Terrence asked.

George took an exasperating time to swallow and then complained: "You mustn't hurry me so. 'Tain't healthy to hurry when you eat."

Miss Ellen O'Brien tossed her head haughtily. "If that's all you got to say, Mr. Riley, I guess I'll be going."

Rosie turned on her big sister scornfully.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Aw, why don't you call him Jarge? Ain't he been boardin' with us a whole week now?"

To show the degree of intimacy she herself felt, Rosie slipped an arm about George's neck. Ellen sniffed audibly.

Without turning to the elder Miss O'Brien, George finished his story quickly:

"When I see he was looking for trouble I went right up to him and says: 'If you can't sit down and act ladylike, you can get off this car.' And then he looks down at me and grins like a jackass and says: 'Who do you think you are?' 'Who do I think I am?' I says. 'I'm the conductor of this car, and my number's eight-twenty, and if I get any more jawin' from you I'll throw you off.' He'd make two of me in size, but I could see from the look of him that he was nuthin' to be afraid of. So when he grins down at the little lady again and then drops his strap to turn clean around to me and poke out his jaw, I up and gives him a good chin-chopper."

George stopped as if this were the end, and his auditors grumbled in balked expectancy.

"Aw, go on, Jarge, tell us what you did."

"Well, if that's the end of your story, Mr. Riley, I'm going."

"The brute, insultin' a lady!"

It was Rosie who demanded in desperation: "But, Jarge, what is a chin-chopper?"

"Chin-chopper? Why, don't you know what a chin-chopper is? A chin-chopper is when a big stiff pokes out his jaw at you, and then, before he knows what you're doing, you up and hit him one under the chin with the back of your hand. It tips him over just like a ninepin."

"Oh, Jarge, you mean you knocked him down on the floor of the car?" Rosie by this time was skipping and hopping with excitement.

"Sure, that's what I mean."

"And then, Jarge, when you had him down, what did you do?"

"What did I do? Why, then I danced on him!"

George jumped up from his chair and, indicating a prostrate form on the kitchen floor, proceeded to execute a series of wild jig steps over limbs and chest.

"Oh, good, good, good, Jarge! And then what did you do?" Rosie persisted.

"What did I do? Why, then I snatches off the stiff's hat and throws it out the window. As luck would have it, there was a fine lot of mud on the street. Then I pulls the bell and says to him: 'Now then, you big bully, if you've had enough, get off this car and go home and tell your wife she wants you.'"

"And, Jarge, did he get off?"

"Did he? I just wish you could ha' seen how that stiff got off! He couldn't get off quick enough!"

Miss Ellen O'Brien tightened her lips in disgust. "I think it's perfectly disgraceful to get in fights."

Terrence turned on his older sister angrily: "Aw, go dry up, you old school-teacher!"

"You stop calling me names, Terrence O'Brien! I'm not a school-teacher!"

"Well, anyway, you talk like one!"

Rosie's wild spirits, meantime, had vanished. She sighed heavily. "Say, Jarge, wisht I was a boy."

"Why, Rosie?"

"'Cause I know some stiffs I'd like to try a chin-chopper on."

"Aw, now, Rosie, you oughtn't to talk that way. You're a girl, and 'tain't ladylike for girls to fight."

"I know, Jarge. That's why I say I wisht I was a boy."

"Of course, though, Rosie, I wouldn't have blamed that little lady in the car if she had poked her hatpin into that fellow. It's all right for a lady to do almost anything in self-defense."

"Ain't it unladylike if it's in self-defense, Jarge?"

"Of course not—not if it's in self-defense."

George would have said more, but Terrence interrupted: "What's the matter, Rosie? Any one been teasing you?"

Rosie answered quickly, almost too quickly: "Oh no, no! I was just a-talkin' to Jarge——"

"Well, just stop yir talkin' and be off wid yez to school! Do ye hear me now, all o' yez!" Mrs. O'Brien half coaxed, half pushed Terrence and Rosie and little Jack out of the kitchen.

"Tell me, now, Rosie, are you having any trouble with your papers?" Terrence asked, as they started toward school.

Terrence had a newspaper route which kept him busy every day from the close of school until dark. His route had grown so large that recently he had been forced to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

age the services of one or two subordi-
es. Rosie had begged to be given a job
paper-carrier, to deliver the papers in
r own immediate neighborhood, and
rence was at last allowing her a week's
l. If she could be a newsgirl without at-
cting undue attention, he would be as
ing to pay her twenty cents a week as
ay any ordinary small boy—a quarter.
d there were so few avenues open to
for earning this princely wage that
ie was determined to make good. So,
n Terrence inquired whether she were
ing any trouble, she declared at once:
'No, Terry, honest I ain't. Every one's
t as nice to me. Those two nice Miss
y ladies always give me a cooky, and
e old Danny Agin nearly always has an
le for me."

'Well," said Terrence, severely—besides
ng Rosie's brother, thirteen years old and
years her senior, he was her employer,
l so simply had to be severe—"well,
t see that you don't eat too many ap-
s!"

Terrence and Jack turned into the boys'
oolyard and Rosie pursued her way
wn to the girls' gate. Just before she
ched it, a boy, a biggish, overgrown boy,
h a large, flat face and loosely hung
nts, ran up behind her and shouted:

'Oh, look at the paper-girl, paper-girl, pa-
per-girl! Rosie O'Brien, O'Brien, O'Brien!"

He seemed to think there was something funny in the name O'Brien—and his name, mind you, was Schnitzer!

Rosie marched on with unhearing ears, unseeing eyes. Other people, however, heard, for, in a moment, one of the little girls clustered about the schoolyard gate rushed over to her, jerking her head about like an indignant little hen.

"Don't you care what that Otto Schnitzer says, Rosie! Just treat him like he's beneath your contemp'!"

Whereupon she herself turned upon the Schnitzer, and with the most withering sarcasm called out:

"Dutch!"

Rosie's friend's name was McFadden, Janet McFadden.

"I don't see why you just don't tell Terry on him," Janet said, when they were safe within the crowded schoolyard and able to discuss at length the cowardice of the attack. "It wouldn't take Terry two minutes to punch his face into pie-crust!"

"I know, Janet, but don't you see if I was to tell Terry, then he'd think I was getting bothered on my paper route and he'd take it away from me. He's not quite sure,

MARGUERITE WRIGHT ENRIGHT

"AW, GO ON, JARGE, TELL US WHAT YOU DID."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

anyhow, whether girls ought to carry papers."

"Does Otto Schnitzer bother you every afternoon, Rosie?"

"Yes, and he's getting worse. Yesterday he tried to grab my papers and he tore one of them. I'm just scared to death when I get near his house, honest I am."

Janet clenched her hands and drew a long, shivering breath. "Do you know, Rosie, boys like him—they just make me so mad that I almost—I almost *bust!*"

Janet's sympathy was sweet, but black care sat behind Rosie O'Brien's desk that afternoon. It was her fifth day as paper-carrier, but if that Otto Schnitzer kept on she doubted whether she could complete satisfactorily her week of probation. Yet after school, when she met Terry, her face was clear, and the hand she held out for her twenty papers was perfectly steady.

As usual, she had no trouble whatever upon the first part of her route. At sight of her papers a few people smiled, but they all greeted her pleasantly enough, so that was all right. One boy called out, "How's business, old gal?" but his tone was so jolly that Rosie was able to answer back, "Fine and dandy, old hoss!"—so that was all right, too.

The Schnitzer house was toward the end of her route, a few doors before she reached Danny Agin's cottage. As she passed it, no Otto was in sight, and she wondered whether for once she was to be allowed to go her way unmolested. A sudden yell from the Schnitzers' back yard disclosed Otto's whereabouts and also his disappointment at not being on the sidewalk to greet her. He came pounding out in all haste, but she was able to make Danny Agin's gate in safety.

Rosie always delivered Danny's paper in the kitchen.

"Come in!" said Danny's voice in answer to her knock. "Ah, now, is it yourself, Rosie! I've been waiting for you this half hour."

Danny was a rosy-cheeked little man who wheezed with asthma and was half crippled with rheumatism.

"Mary!" he called to some one in another room. "It's Rosie O'Brien. Have you something for Rosie?"

A voice not unlike Danny's own came back in answer: "Tell Rosie to look on the second shelf of the panthry."

Rosie went to the pantry—it was a little game they had been playing every afternoon—and on the second shelf found a shiny red apple.

"Thank you, Danny, I do love apples."

"I'm afeared they won't be many more, Rosie. We're gettin' to the bottom of the barrel and summer's comin'. Can't you sit down for a minute and talk to a body?"

Rosie sat down. She had only two more papers to deliver, so she had plenty of time for a little chat. But she had nothing to say.

"What's the matther, Rosie dear? Somebody dead?"

Rosie shook her head and sighed.

"That old Otto Schnitzer's waiting for me outside."

Danny exploded angrily. "The divil you say! I'd like to give that lad a crack wid me stick!"

"Oh, Danny, do you know what I'd do if I was a boy?"

"What?"

"I'd try a chin-chopper on Otto Schnitzer. That'd fix him!"

"It would that!" said Danny heartily. "But what's a chin-chopper, darlint?"

Rosie explained. "And," she concluded, "Jarge says they tumble right over like ninepins."

"Who's Jarge?"

"Jarge Riley, our boarder. He's little, but he's a dandy scrapper. Terry says so, too."

"Jarge is right. I've turned the same thrick meself in me younger days." Danny paused and blinked his eyes several times. Then he spoke in a lowered tone: "Say, Rosie, why don't you try it on him? He's nuthin' but a bag o' wind."

Rosie cried out in protest. "But, Danny, he's so big and I'm so scared! I don't want to fight! I'm glad it's not ladylike to fight! It scares me so!"

"Whisht now, darlint! Mind what I'm sayin': Almost everybody's got to fight sometime. I don't mean to pick a fight, but to fight in plain self-protiction. Now it's me own opinion that young hound of a lad'll never let up on ye, Rosie, until ye larn him a good lesson. I could give him a crack wid me stick if ever he'd come nigh enough, but he'd be at you just the same the next time if I wasn't around. Now, Rosie, if ye'll take me advice, ye'll just farce yirself to give that young bully a good

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT! I'M GLAD IT'S NOT LADYLIKE TO FIGHT! IT SCARES ME SO!"

chopper once and for all, and I'll take
ıth for it ye'll never be feared of him
. Come here now, and I'll show ye
how to fold yir little hand. Not a hard fist,
mind, but yir fingers straight down and the
top of yir hand flat and solid. That's it."

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Rosie's breath was coming fast, and her hand was cold and shaky. "But I don't want to do it, Danny, honest I don't! I'm awful scared!"

"Of course ye don't want to do it, Rosie. Because why? Because ye're a little lady. But I know one thing: ye'll *make* yirself do it! And them that makes theirselves do it not because they want to do it, but because it's the right thing to do, I tell ye, Rosie,

"OH, LOOK AT THE PAPER-GIRL, PAPER-GIRL! ROSIE O'BRIEN, O'BRIEN, O'BRIEN!" "DUTCH!" CAME THE RETORT.

them's the best fighters! Come, come, I'll crawl out to the gate wid ye and hold yir apple for ye while ye do the business."

Fixing his bright little eyes upon her, Danny waited until Rosie had, perforce, to consent. Then, with her help, he stood up and slowly hobbled to the door. "We won't mintion the matther to the ould woman," he whispered with a wink. "She mightn't understand."

Rosie almost hoped that old Mary would catch them and haul Danny back, but she could not, of course, give the alarm.

As she expected, the Schnitzer was waiting for her. At sight of Danny he moved off a little.

"Now then, Rosie dear," Danny whispered, after Rosie had propped him securely against the gate-post. "At him, and may luck be wid ye! It's high time that young cock crowed his last!"

"Look at the paper-girl, paper-girl, paper-girl!"

Rosie started up the street, and the

Schnitzer cavorted and pranced some little distance in front of her, making playful pounces at her papers, threatening to clutch her hair, her arm, her dress. Then, suddenly, he stood still, stretching himself across the middle of the walk to bar her passage.

Rosie's heart pounded so hard she could scarcely breathe. She wanted to dodge to the side and run, she wanted to turn back, she wanted to do anything rather than go straight on. But she felt Danny's presence behind her, she heard the click-clack he was making with his stick to encourage her, and she pushed herself forward.

Then her mood changed and she felt herself growing angry. What had she ever done to this great lout of a boy that he

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ould be annoying her thus? He was not ıly terrorizing her daily with no provoca-ɔn whatever, but, in addition, he was ɔing his best to beat her out of her job. es, if she lost this good-paying job to-orrow, it would be his fault, for he was ıe one thing on the route that caused her ouble. Oh, for the fist of a Jarge to give m the chin-chopper he deserved!

She was close on to him now, looking him raight in the eye. "Otto Schnitzer, you t me go by! I guess I got as much right this sidewalk as you have!"

"You have, have you? Well, who do ɔu think you are?" The Schnitzer pushed ıt his jaw at her and grinned mockingly.

Who do you think you are? Where had osie heard those insulting words before? h, she remembered; and as she remember-l all fear seemed instantly to leave her ɛart, and she cried out in ringing tones:

"Who do I think I am? I'm the con-ıctor of this car, and if you——"

Rosie threw up ɛr folded hand ith all her ɛrength and aught the ɛhnitzer fairly ıder the chin. ou have seen a inepin wobble ncertainly for a ıoment, then go ɔwn. The com-ıarison is inevi-ıble. A yell of ıge and fright om the sidewalk t her feet rought Rosie to er senses. Glory e, she had chin-ıoppered him ɔod and proper!

But what to o next? What ext? In her ıind's eye Rosie ıw the interior f a car, with ieorge Riley ancing a jig on ıe prostrate form of a giant. Thereupon Danny Agin, and Mary, his wife, who by ıis time had joined him, and the woman ext door, with a baby in her arms, saw Rosie O'Brien perform a similar jig over the squirming members of the Schnitzer.

"Murder! Murder! Mommer! Help! I'm gettin' killed!"

"And just good for him, too!" the woman with the baby shouted over to Mary and Danny. "I've been watching the way he's been teasing the life out o' that little girl!"

"Good wur-r-rk, Rosie, *good wur-r-rk!*" old Danny kept wheezing as he pounded the very life out of his stick.

As the jig ended, Rosie stooped and snatched off the Schnitzer's cap. For a moment she hesitated, for there was no mud on the street into which to throw it. Then she noticed a tree. Good! That would give him some trouble. She twisted the cap in her hand and tossed it into a high branch, where it lodged securely.

Then she leaned over the Schnitzer for the last time. He was moaning and groaning and whimpering with no least little spark of fight left in him. And was this the thing she used to be afraid of? Danny was right: never again would she fear him. She gazed at him long and scornfully. Then she gave him one last stir with her foot and brought the episode to a close.

"I'M THE CONDUCTOR OF THIS CAR," SHE CRIED.

"Now then, you big bully, if you've had enough, get off this car—I mean, *sidewalk*, and go home and tell your—your *mother*, I mean, that she wants you!"

And, as Rosie afterward said, in relating the adventure in the presence of her astounded family, "And oh, Jarge, you just ought ha' seen how that stiff got up and went! He couldn't go quick enough!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MADAME SIMONE.

The Players.

IN THE last act of "The Thunderbolt," Thaddeus Mortimore remarks: "Few of us pass through life without being seen, once, or oftener, at a disadvantage;" and this axiom is particularly applicable to those artists who, year after year, set their works successively before the public. Even our best playwrights can not be seen forever at their best; even a master-craftsman can not, every season, launch a masterpiece.

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ır of the leading playwrights of the ;h-speaking world — Pinero, Jones, ;, and Besier—have recently been rep- .ed on the New York stage; and each ;m, in this latest play of his, has been ited at a disadvantage. An observer might have attended all four plays ut any previous acquaintance with vorks of these accomplished authors l have derived a very inadequate im- ion of their talents. Yet the question hat standard these labors should be :d, imposes a delicate problem on the .

would be manifestly unfair to measure esser labors of an eminent writer by tandard of his own supreme achieve- . It would be unreasonable to lament each new play by Pinero is not another s. Tanqueray," or that every effort by Jones is not a "Mrs. Dane's Defense." Barrie can not always write "Alice- by-The-Fire;" and every comedy by Besier can not be "Don." We should v our serious artists a time for being ly playful; we should go farther, and v them even a time for being tired. It ld not be just for us to punish the wri- of our finest plays by expecting them after to maintain the lofty standard :h they, and they alone, have set.

"LYDIA GILMORE"

he serious student of the theatre may more to interest his mind in the second- work of a first-rate dramatist than in best achievement of an unimportant ywright. Those who are ambitious to te plays—and according to many indi- ions this class comprises a large propor- ı of our theatre-going population— uld flock to a failure by an author of the hest rank. When such an author fails, reasons will be manifest and must inevi- ly be instructive. What is wrong with ydia Gilmore" is, for those who technic- y care about the dramaturgic art, a re important question than what hap- ıs to be good in some successful play by latest tentative aspirants to fame be- ıd the footlights.

Instead, therefore, of insisting that *no- sse oblige* and lapsing into lamentations cause the masters do not always give us ısterpieces, the critic may render a higher rvice by pointing out some of the things that may be learned from the inferior efforts of our leading dramatists.

More emphatically than any of his fellow-craftsmen, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones was exhibited at a disadvantage in his latest drama. The heroine of "Lydia Gilmore" was played with great emotional power by Miss Margaret Anglin, an actress fully able to unsluice the sympathetic tear; but in spite of her appealing performance, the play failed completely, and deserved to fail.

The main demerit of the piece was inherent from the outset in its mere material. The story had no theme, and therefore offered Mr. Jones no opportunity to exercise his talents as a moralist or as a satirist of society. To be sure, it was the sort of story that, in the slang of the theatre, is known as "strong;" but it was utterly melodramatic. At every moment the actors were at the mercy of the incidents; and there could be no opportunity for distinctive characterization.

The second demerit of the piece was a defect of structure. In the first two acts, Mr. Jones laid a broad foundation and began to rear a solid superstructure; but the last two acts, instead of completing the fabric, were flimsy and unsubstantial. The play—to quote an old Elizabethan poet—was built "like a huge pyramid, begun upon a large and ample base" and ending "in a little point, a kind of nothing."

Lydia Gilmore is married to a physician whom she does not love. Her sole interest in life is centered in her little son, a boy of ten or twelve. She is loved by a lawyer, named Richard Benham, who, knowing that he has no hope of winning her, is about to betake himself to voluntary exile. Her husband is engaged in a guilty intrigue with the wife of one of his neighbors. This neighbor intercepts him on a clandestine visit to his house; and, in the course of the struggle that ensues, Dr. Gilmore stabs and kills the outraged husband with a paper-knife. He returns home, confesses the intrigue and the murder to his wife, and begs her to stand by him and help him to establish an alibi.

For the sake of her little boy, Lydia agrees to perjure herself in the effort to clear her husband. He is, however, arrested; and Richard Benham is drafted by the prosecution to conduct the case against him. Benham is assured of Dr. Gilmore's guilt; but, because of his love for Lydia, he resolves

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Photograph by White, New York.

PERCY AMES, C. W. GOODRICH, AND VIVIAN MARTIN IN "OFFICER 666."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Photograph by White, New York. Copyright, 1912, by Charles Frohman.

ETHEL BARRYMORE IN "A SLICE OF LIFE."

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to sacrifice his professional honor and throw the case in favor of the defense. To this end, he rehearses Lydia in the most effective answers to the series of questions that it will be his legal duty to ask her on the stand.

So far, so good. It will be seen that the only moral problem of any consequence that has been developed thus far in the story is the moral conflict between love and honor in the character of Benham. This is the sole conflict that demands development in the succeeding acts if the plot is to be worked out to a logical conclusion. But nothing is made of this material. A trial scene is introduced in which the heroine successfully withstands the prearranged assaults of the friendly prosecutor, and then breaks down completely when the presiding judge threatens to call her little boy to court to contradict her testimony. Between the third act and the fourth, Dr. Gilmore conveniently commits suicide; and in the fourth act nothing whatsoever happens—the tired heroine merely falls asleep.

Mr. Jones stated frankly to the critic of this magazine that the last two acts were written in great haste and did not follow those lines of development which he had originally laid out for the completion of his pattern. This fact alone is sufficient to account for the failure of the play. But, in any case, the material was so mechanically melodramatic that the piece could never have ranked with Mr. Jones's finest contributions to our stage.

Photograph by White, New York.

NAT C. GOODWIN AS *FAGIN* IN "OLIVER TWIST."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Photograph by Byron, New York

FAY TEMPLETON, JOE WEBER, LEW FIELDS, AND LILLIAN RUSSELL IN "HOKEY-POKEY."

"A SLICE OF LIFE"

A Slice of Life," a one-act burlesque by J. M. Barrie, ironically labeled "an anced drama," was written as a joke, was intended to be exhibited for one ormance only at the Duke of York's atre, with no preliminary announce- t and without a revelation of the au- 's identity. So produced, it afforded an hour of great good fun to an audi- that had assembled to witness a more tantial play. It seemed, however, a unfair to Mr. Barrie to present it in York for a continuous run, with a ng advertisement of the author's name. Mr. and Mrs. Hyphen-Brown are both ering from the consciousness of a dread- ful secret that each has been withholding from the other. On the occasion of their marriage they had assured each other that each had had a hectic past; but the appalling truth is that each had actually lived an absolutely moral life. At last the tragic revelation comes, and they perceive that they must part. Ultimately, for convenience, they decide to part together, and, hand in hand, they go forth into the night.

In setting forth this amiably foolish little story, Mr. Barrie burlesques nearly all the stock conventions of the "advanced drama." The necessary exposition is conducted by answering imaginary calls upon the telephone. The actors ask permission of each other before using an aside. The butler avoids a soliloquy by reading a news-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

paper aloud to a mute and ornamental china dog. A breakfast is served, of which neither Mr. nor Mrs. Hyphen-Brown eats a single mouthful—after which they rise replenished. The lighting of the stage is mechanically handled to cast emphasis upon the heroine. All in all, the little piece resumes and ridicules nearly all of the revered expedients of contemporary social drama.

"A Slice of Life" is very funny, but it lacks the charm that we expect from Mr. Barrie. It has no sentiment, no wistfulness, no poetry, such as we remember in his finest satires, like, for instance, the incomparable "Alice." It represents him in an irresponsible and non-creative mood.

And, in New York, the parts were falsely acted by Miss Barrymore and (more particularly) Mr. John Barrymore and Miss Hattie Williams. Such a burlesque as this should be acted with utter solemnity, in the precise key of the sort of drama that is being ridiculed. But Mr. Barrymore and Miss Williams disrupted the burlesque by burlesquing it. They marred the fun of Mr. Barrie by making fun of it, whereas the humor would have been much more delicious if they had rendered the lines seriously —in the tone that would have been adopted, for example, by that master of the mood of inadvertent satire, Mr. William Collier.

"PRESERVING MR. PANMURE"

Whether or not "Preserving Mr. Panmure" is a wholly satisfying comedy, the fact remains that its author is the finest dramaturgic craftsman who is writing for the theatre of to-day. While Sir Arthur Pinero was composing "Mr. Panmure," he told the present writer that, after working out two "dreadful" plays—"The Thunderbolt" and "Mid-Channel"—he had decided to rest himself by writing an uproarious farce. The present piece should therefore be considered as the diversion of a recuperating mind.

"Preserving Mr. Panmure" is not an important play, but it gives evidence, at many points, that only a master could have written it. The material is perilously slight. The piece is intended as a satire of a sanctimonious British household. Mrs. Panmure, who is religiously inclined, has compelled the unctuous and hypocritic Mr. Panmure to deliver a "sermonette," at stated intervals, to the assembled servants. Mr. Panmure, at a loss for a subject to serve for his sermon on the evening when the play begins, is providentially assisted by the pretty governess of his precocious daughter—a school-friend of his wife. In a glow of gratitude, which is complicated with less laudatory motives, he kisses her.

The horrified, revolted governess relates the occurrence to Mrs. Panmure's aunt, substituting an invented friend for herself in the recital, and obscuring the identity of the aggressor. The aunt soon discovers that it is the governess who has been kissed, and communicates the tidings to the other women who are staying in the household. Each of them at once suspects her husband or her fiancé, as the case may be, of being the ignoble culprit; and, since the governess has expressly exonerated Mr. Panmure, the other male members of the household are submitted to discomforting suspicions.

Ultimately the secretary of an M. P. who is visiting the Panmures confesses falsely that he is the guilty man, and thus contributes to the desired end of preserving Mr. Panmure.

For three acts this slight and trivial farce is constructed with a marvelous dexterity. The first act seems, to be sure, a little labored; but the second act achieves amusement with consummate ease, and the third act is an almost unexampled instance of the utter triumph of technical virtuosity over nearly inconsiderable material. This third act is made of next to nothing; it will not submit itself to summary; and yet it is kept delightfully alive by surprise after surprise in the manipulation.

The fourth act of "Preserving Mr. Panmure" has not been presented in America. Obviously the pattern demands that Mr. Panmure should reappear and that the satire of the sanctimonious household should be rounded to a close. In the piece as it was played in New York, Mr. Panmure and his household were dropped at the end of the third act; and instead of the logical fourth act, the audience was offered an independent one-act play, in which the M. P. and his secretary drew lots to determine which of them should have the right to propose to the heroine.

This one-act play was so brilliantly written that there can be no doubt that it was fashioned by Pinero; yet the fact that he was willing to discard the fourth act which was exhibited in London indicates conclu-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

GAIL KANE, PLAYING WITH CHAUNCEY OLCOTT IN "MACUSHLA."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

sively that he regarded "Mr. Panmure" as an unimportant play—a *jeu d'esprit* regarding which it was unnecessary to resist the rather odd ideas of Mr. Charles Frohman concerning "what the American public wants" at the conclusion of a comedy.

"LADY PATRICIA"

Mr. Rudolf Besier's comedy, "Lady Patricia," is a satire of Preraphaelite estheticism and stained-glass-window affectation. Patricia, who is married to the solemn Michael Cosway, is an orchid of a woman. She lingers for long hours on a platform built in an oak-tree on her husband's grounds, reading luscious and erotic verses; and she imagines herself to be in love with Bill O'Farrell, a slangy youth who lives near by. Michael, likewise, imagines himself into an apparently profound affection for Clare Lesley, a tomboy of a girl, who has only recently grown up. Both Patricia and Michael suppose that, poetically, they have been unfaithful to each other; and though Bill and Clare really love each other with the utter and primordial ingenuousness of youth, they both regard themselves as tragically separated by the ties that bind them, severally, to the dreaming Cosways. The actual status of affairs is ultimately discovered by Bill's mother and Clare's father (who also love each other); and, as a result, Clare and Bill are finally united, and Michael and Patricia, after mutual confession, are exquisitely reconciled.

This artificial and esthetic comedy is written wittily and daintily. It errs, as a work of art, only in being too obtrusively artistic. It is excessively symmetrical in structure. Particularly in the second act, there is too obvious a balance of character against character and incident against incident. After Patricia and Bill have interchanged a certain dialogue, the auditor foresees that Clare and Michael will complete the balance by covering the same ground upon their own account; and this expectation is never varied by surprise. As a result of this excessive perfectness of pattern, the second act seems monotonous and becomes ultimately dull.

Mrs. Fiske is not physically suited to portray an orchid of a woman; but she is our most intelligent actress, and in the part of Patricia she gives evidence anew of her almost unrivaled power of suggesting to the audience the sort of person that obviously she is not.

"OFFICER 666"

"Officer 666," by a new author, Mr. Augustin MacHugh, exhibits an interesting intermingling of humor and excitement. This piece is both a melodrama and a farce; and the plot is ludicrous or thrilling, according to the point of view. While a young millionaire is supposedly abroad, a clever rogue adopts his name, secures possession of his house, and is about to make away with his valuable collection of pictures; but the millionaire, unexpectedly returned, gets the better of him by borrowing a policeman's uniform and taking the exercise of the law into his own hands. There is, of course, a heroine who is wooed by the impostor but is ultimately won by the hero.

The merit of this melodramatic farce lies in the rapidity of the action and the cleverness of the surprises. There is neither wit nor humor in the lines; but a great deal of gaiety is displayed in the invention of the incidents. The piece is lively and amusing; and, though it is lacking in any literary merit, it deserves the remarkable success it has attained.

"THE LADY OF DREAMS"

"La Princesse Lointaine" of M. Edmond Rostand becomes indeed a far-away princess in the English adaptation of Mr. Louis N. Parker; but this most exquisite of all the fantasies of the French poet is utterly untranslatable, and Mr. Parker should therefore be treated gently, despite the inadequacy of his paraphrase. Mme. Simone is more responsible than he for exhibiting M. Rostand at a disadvantage. She is not a lyric actress. She is gifted with a remarkable talent for the critical analysis of intellectual and realistic rôles; but she is deficient in the sense of poetry and is not capable of rendering the allurement of romance. One comes away disappointed from the reading of inadequate English verse by an actress obviously not at home in the environment of poetry.

But this disappointment is deeply unfair to M. Rostand; for "The Lady of Dreams" is the loveliest of all his composi-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

even though it be excelled in sheer
y by the augustly beautiful "La
taine." The present piece retells
the medieval legend of Rudel and
dy of Tripoli—a legend long endear-
English readers by Robert Browning.
Troubadour Rudel has long loved
ıdy of Tripoli — an unseen princess
ay—reports of whose incomparable
have been brought to him by many
ıs from the East; and he has made
ɔrld melodious with poems sung in
ɔf her. Stricken with a mortal illness,
ns a caravel and sets forth overseas
upon her once before he dies. But
the coast of Tripoli is sighted, and
avel casts anchor, he is too feeble to
ashore; and, perforce, he sends his
poet, Bertrand d'Allamanon, to bear
mage to the princess and beg her to
him the great gift of coming to the
l.
ady the songs of Rudel have come
g to the princess overseas; and in her
g heart she is prepared to love him.
hen the young and glorious emissary
his way into her guarded palace,
ng a poem of Rudel's, she takes him
the troubadour himself and gives her
to him. When she is apprised of her
e, she refuses to go to Rudel, but
Bertrand, whom she loves, and wins
or a little moment, away from the
ıf his friendship.
Bertrand, having yielded to her call
e, suffers a sickening of conscience;
ıis leads to a revulsion of feeling in
ul of the princess herself. At last she
forth to the caravel, to seek Rudel.
reaming poet drowses to death in the
of her arms. No longer now can she
ıt herself with mortal love. She will
ıer days in a secluded, reverential
And Bertrand, who has loved and
vill consecrate his life by undertaking
ade.

"OLIVER TWIST"

re is no denying that Dickens is seen
lisadvantage in the theatre. Mr. J.
ns Carr's version of "Oliver Twist"
re coherent and more lucid than the
dramatization; but, considered sole-
a play, it seems old-fashioned and is
e wearisome. It is interesting main-
an exhibition of portraits; it offers
many actors an easy opportunity for character delineation.

Fagin is the central figure in Mr. Carr's arrangement of the story; and this part affords Mr. Nat C. Goodwin the best chance that he has had in years to display his admirable talents. Mr. Lyn Harding's depiction of Bill Sikes is, perhaps, even more remarkable—it is at once so absolutely brutal and so artistically restrained. Miss Constance Collier awakens sympathy for Nancy without ever succumbing to the temptation to tear a passion to tatters; and Miss Marie Doro is wistfully appealing in the part of Oliver. The success of the production may indicate either that good acting pays, or that Dickens, even at second hand, still maintains a strong hold upon the hearts of the multitude.

THE WEBER AND FIELDS JUBILEE

It is surely not illogical to reverse the famous saying of Dante and to state that there can be no greater pleasure than to remember at a happy time the happy days gone by. It was with such a feeling that the public welcomed the reunion of Weber and Fields and the reassemblage of many of the favorite entertainers of the famous music-hall of years ago. The present entertainment, "Hokey-Pokey," is merely a stringing together of the most popular numbers of several of the shows of other years; it has, therefore, no coherence; but the public would rather be reminded of the scenes and songs it used to laugh at than see and listen to a new show that might be better planned.

"Bunty Pulls the Strings" was scarcely a good selection from the season's plays to serve as the basis for the usual burlesque; the characters in the original piece border so closely upon caricatures that it is difficult to exaggerate them further without passing the proper bounds of ridicule. Yet the entertainment as a whole is thoroughly enjoyable. Miss Lillian Russell is still easy to look upon; Miss Fay Templeton is just as clever as of yore; Mr. William Collier is still solemnly and quietly satirical; and Weber and Fields are still Weber and Fields. No other team of low comedians has ever approached them in imaginative zest and bravura of burlesque. To see them together once again is to laugh a decade from the calendar.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Mohammed Maroudi's Motor

by ARTHUR TRAIN

AUTHOR OF "MCALLISTER AND HIS DOUBLE," "MORTMAIN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALBERT LEVERING

THREE horsemen sat motionless on their steeds at the edge of the desert in the fierce glare of the Algerian sun. From their hillock, gray and yellow outcroppings of barren rock stretched tumultuously to the horizon, like an ocean of muddy waves suddenly held immovable by enchantment, save where a white-hot ribbon of macadamized road, appearing abruptly out of the north, ran straight toward them and ended inconsequentially in two granite posts, a stone crusher, and a pile of rocks at their horses' feet. At this shimmering evidence of the wonders of civilization all three were gazing in stolid, inexpressive silence, unconscious of the heat which would have annihilated a European.

The elder of the three was a fat but vigorous Arabian gentleman, whose girth was not noticeably less than that of the stocky pony which he bestrode. He was clad in a white mantle and turban; his huge bare legs, terminating in strangely ornamented slippers, were thrust into Arabian stirrups, his inlaid saddle shone with ivory, and his belt was encircled by a small arsenal of barbarous knives and long-barreled pistols. The Arab on his right was similar in appearance, save that his avoirdupois was considerably less and that, perhaps in consequence, he bore himself with somewhat less dignity.

Each had an enormous emerald in his turban, and rubies and other gems gleamed here and there from among their haberdashery and accouterments. Even the horses were pranked out with ornaments of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

, red tassels, and bits of equine finery, significance of which would have been upon an inferior race addicted to me-ıical locomotion.

he third horseman, who kept himself ıtly in the background, was tall, lean, sardonic. All were, or would have ned to be, free, white, and over twenty- but all would probably have been de- access to any Pullman sleeper (save as licants for the position of porter), and ɔlor strongly resembled the rich loam of ebraskan farm.

hey were no ordinary personages, how-, the fat man being no other than Mo-ımed As-n-as Maroudi, Sultan of Fut, ɛrain of the Eastern Desert of Sadi li, and Sheik of the Tribe of Ben Assam, le his companion was Mohammed Abou-Zriek, Sultan of Ozzan and the Oasis of b. The tall, lean Arab was Kaifus, nd Vizier to Mohammed Maroudi, and ıpied somewhat the same position in re-ɔn to his master that his private secre-· does to a Standard Oil magnate. His however, was distinctly more preca-s. Incidentally, it should be said that s, son of Mohammed Maroudi, was ınced to, and about to marry, Fatima, daughter of Mohammed Zriek—a little ir manipulated by the fine Arabian hand Kaifus, who had been promised a munifi-t *bakshish* if the deal were successful-ɔulled off.

After an unbroken contemplation of some nty minutes, Mohammed Maroudi ke silence. "So this is the marvel of ch I have heard so long—the road of ıe along which carts with revolving ɛels may be drawn and men-at-arms ɛch with the speed of camels!"

It is indeed a marvel, O my brother!" ɔonded the Sultan of Ozzan. "Never ·e I beheld the like. These Frenchmen a wonderful race. I have heard that at kra they have laid sticks of iron side by ɛ and propel wagons upon them by ans of fire."

The Sultan of Fut gave a grunt of in-dulity. "That is a fool's tale," said he. Wagons with fire! As well talk of flying ɛ a bird in the air! But this smooth, el road—it is a thing of beauty and ıld be put to good use in war. Wagons fire, indeed!"— Then he glanced cau-usly around over his white whiskers at ɛ Grand Vizier. "But what say you, Kaifus? Have you ever heard of such wag-ons upon your travels?"

Kaifus hesitated, and adjusted his girth before replying. It was not well to make any admission which might reflect upon the omniscience of the Sultan of Fut.

"I have heard and seen many things, sire, in one place or another," he answered. "Once a camel-driver told me of having talked with a Holy Man who alleged that at Biskra there was such a road of iron—but the Holy Man perhaps had dreamed it in a dream."

"More than like!" nodded his master.

"But here is a road of stone—why not a road of iron?" persisted the Sultan of Ozzan. "Whoever heard of either of such things before? It is an age of marvels!"

"But wagons propelled by fire!" almost shouted the Sultan of Fut. "I tell you it is the nightmare of a maniac!"

"Tush!" exclaimed the Sultan of Ozzan. "Was not Elias the Jew taken up to heaven in a chariot of fire? Is not the Koran full of such things—and even greater wonders? Who knows? The wagons may be in reality drawn by mules and the fire nothing but fagots placed behind them to urge them forward!"

Kaifus turned away his head to conceal a smile, but the situation was becoming serious. Why would this everlasting fool always go out of his way to pick a quarrel with his sultanic brother? The first thing one knew the marriage would be all off, and then——!

"I have heard stranger things than that!" he interjected hurriedly. "It is said that in Biskra there is a box no larger than a man's head, with a hole therein. One points the box at this one or that, then takes it to some sacred spot and sprinkles holy water thereon, and a perfect reproduction appears of all the lineaments of him at whom it has been pointed."

"But that is magic!" commented the Sultan of Ozzan pettishly, not wishing to be out-wondered. "Anything can be done by *magic*."

"Magic! Magic! Always magic!" cried Mohammed Maroudi, fuming. "I have lived nearly threescore years and ten, and I never yet saw magic!"

"No magic!" retorted Mohammed Zriek, almost beside himself. "I have seen magic a thousand times! Can not old Moon, the snake-charmer, make magic? Do not the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

priests make magic? To deny magic is blasphemy!" His lips trembled and his eyes glared threateningly.

The chocolate-colored skin of the Grand Vizier paled, while the Sultan of Fut muttered something in his throat, the only English equivalent of which would be something like "Magic be damned!"

Here in the great silence of the desert, surrounded only by an infinity of sand, in an inconceivable heat, these two men, rich in wives, concubines, camels, slaves, and treasure, sat ready to carve off each other's heads over the old but ever interesting question of whether or not there are such things as miracles. And they might have carved them off, had there not fallen upon their ears at that very instant, through the overwhelming quiet, a hardly audible sound, like nothing that either of them had ever heard—except perhaps the flapping of the wings of a giant crane, or a slave beating a rug far off behind a tent, or the gurgling of a hookah; and yet not like these—a sound that seemed to grow louder momentarily and then ceased, only to begin again. Had they heard it? Had they dreamed it?

"Listen!" whispered Kaifus.

The two sultans listened passionately, for a sound in the desert is an event the importance of which is comparable only to the appearance of a comet or a volcanic eruption in less tranquil localities. Softly the "*tut-a-tut-tut*" fell upon their ears—unmistakably a noise—a noise that grew noisier even as they listened.

"By the gray hairs of the Prophet!" cried Mohammed Maroudi. "Never have my ears heard a sound like that!"

"It is as the beating of the wings of the Angel Abouk-a-Bir!" quoth religious Mohammed Zriek.

"Or the tapping of the beak of the giant woodpecker of Ethiopia upon the trees of the forest," suggested the more practical and widely traveled Kaifus.

"*Tut-a-tut-tut! Tut-a-tut-tut!*" came faintly from over the rim of the northern horizon.

The three horses pricked up their ears and quivered restively.

"By Allah!" gasped the Sultan of Fut. "Some fierce beast must be approaching!" As he spoke, his horse snorted loudly and pawed the sand with his off fore hoof.

"Verily!" agreed the Sultan of Ozzan. "I can see the dust from his feet! He cometh apace!"

Indeed, there now appeared a low, white cloud at the northerly extremity of the road, which, even as they looked, increased rapidly in size. The *tut-tutting* also multiplied in volume until it resembled the distant discharge of a mountain howitzer; and out of the cloud emerged a tiny dot of red that swept toward them, sputtering and exploding until all three of the horses, frothing with fear, reared and bolted into the desert. The sultans tugged fiercely at their reins, but the frantic animals, whinnying in terror, surrendered only after a protracted struggle. When at last they were once more under control, the sultans mounted another hill and gazed in bewilderment at the approaching object.

"Behold!" cried Mohammed Zriek exultantly, "how thou art confounded! Allah hath sent one of these fire-propelled wagons to expose thine error!"

"It is indeed a chariot of fire!" admitted Mohammed Maroudi. "See how its wheels move round and round and the smoke squirts from behind! The Prophet be praised that mine eyes have beheld such a sight!"

The red object was now close at hand. At a speed of perhaps eight miles an hour, with a continuous series of unearthly noises, it crawled forward, back-fired with a discharge like that of a thirteen-inch gun, and came to an abrupt stop.

Two months or thereabouts before this story opens, the enterprising editor of the *Pokopo Clarion* had offered a prize for the most popular male inhabitant of his native town, a prize consisting of nothing less than a beautiful twelve-horse-power "Zip" touring-car of the latest model (list price $475.00), fully equipped with horns, lights, wind-shield, speedometer, and absolutely guaranteed to run thirty miles an hour on the level and to climb any grade east of Denver and west of the Mississippi. The announcement that this prize had been won jointly by Messrs. Samuel Snell and Abijah Backus under a tie vote, and that they therefore owned the machine in common, created unbounded enthusiasm.

Samuel had endeared himself to the hearts of his countrymen by alleviating their pains, aches, and other ills through his efficient administration of the local pharmacy. Nor did it detract from his standing in the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

munity that his principal traffic consisted of picture post-cards and soda-water. He was very short, it is true, and his baldness was a constant challenge to the Kruff cure in the window that so boldly promised to grow a full harvest of hair where only one spear waved before; but he had a cheerful soul whose gift for celibacy made him a constant object of interest to the older spinsters of the community. Snell, he weighed about ninety-five pounds, stood five feet one in his socks, was forty-five years old, had mysteriously begotten a drooping pair of long, languid mustaches, and was by nature sweet-tempered and patient.

Abijah Backus was physically of a different type. Six feet tall, with sloping shoulders, he expanded largely in the middle and then tapered off again not unlike a gigantic pear. Abijah liked things loose and soft, and his flowing beard enabled him to omit the custom of wearing a collar with small chance of discovery. He was regarded as a man of substance and standing (both of which he undoubtedly had), and he was conscientious to the point of absurdity, else this tale might never have been written. By profession he was a jeweler, and sold "options" on the side.

As chance would have it, the very first evening after the announcement of the result of the *Clarion's* contest, both Samuel and Abijah attended, at the "Pokopo People's Institute," a stereopticon lecture upon Northern Africa, Algeria, Tripoli, and Morocco, and their souls dilated at the visions of palms and oases, white roads, and mountain gorges that followed one after another upon the screen before them. Had they entertained dissimilar views before, from that evening they held but a single purpose as to the uses to which they would put their newly acquired property. Thereafter, at unholy hours—even as late as ten in the evening—when only the blue and red vases glowing in the window revealed the whereabouts of "Snell's Pharmacy," the two would be surreptitiously sitting in an empty storeroom in the rear, pondering over maps and excursion pamphlets, and maturing a deep-laid plan with which they would one day dazzle their fellow citizens.

They became, unknown to their friends and neighbors, walking encyclopedias upon the flora and fauna of Northern Africa, and could have laid out a course from Tangier to Sadi-bel-Abbas without the assistance of the optic nerve. The only thing they did not know about, and were constitutionally incapable of knowing about, was the construction and operation of the machinery of

"MURPHY! GET OUT OF THAT CAR!" ROARED SNELL.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the vehicle in which they proposed to travel.

Then these two dishonorable men unscrupulously departed from Pokopo without a word of leave-taking, thus evading and rendering null, void, and of no effect the banquet and reception which was to have been tendered to them by their townsmen.

Some six weeks later, a much deteriorated twelve-horse-power motor, carrying a gasoline tank of disproportionate capacity and a large assemblage of miscellaneous tires of all known American and European makes, started from the city of Algiers for a trip coastwise and later into the interior. A new military road had recently been completed by the Légion Étrangère, and ran desert-ward for several hundred kilometers. Eventually it was to be carried as far as the Oasis of Tazhuti, but it already offered an opportunity for motoring through what was practically a barbarous country, where one could enjoy the delights of wild desert scenery without the ordinary inconveniences of caravan travel. Backus, a shrewd business man, had taken precaution to have plenty of gasoline sent ahead to the smaller towns, while Snell's professional knowledge had enabled him to select precisely the sort of canned goods, evaporated milk and fruits, deodorizers and antiseptics, to make the journey not only agreeable but hygienic.

The most serious of their problems had been the choice of the right chauffeur; but they had taken opportunity by the forelock and hired at the "Zip" agency, in New York City, a bright young Irish-American by the name of Murphy, who had been born in Fall River, Massachusetts, and after a peaceful career as a professional bantam pugilist had abandoned it (together with a golden belt studded with diamonds) for the more exciting profession of driving an automobile. Murphy's manners were atrocious, and his language practically unintelligible, but his inexperienced employers assumed that he was no different from all others of his class.

Once safely out of sight of the Statue of Liberty, Murphy had proceeded to size up Messrs. Snell and Backus and to let them see distinctly that he regarded them as inferior beings; and, as neither of the twain knew a magneto from a mud-guard, or a carbureter from a spark-plug, they clung to him, in spite of his obvious defects, as to a pearl of great price.

Their first week out of Algiers had been one of continuous annoyance and irritation. The two business men, helpless in their ignorance of machinery, sat patiently on the rear seat of the car or wandered disconsolately by the roadside while Murphy struggled with the insides of the *Clarion's* prize motor. They usually, it is true, made a glorious and flying morning's start, for Murphy always managed to tinker the machine into such shape that after a few frantic and perspiring efforts it would crank. Then the spirits of Snell and Backus would rise and sing like the lark, and Murphy would glance contemptuously over his shoulder and remark:

"Wha'd I tell yer? Ain't nothin' th' matter with the machine! Yer only got to understand it, that's all!"

But this enthusiasm would be short lived. Once beyond the last mud hut, the "Zip" would begin to hitch and come to a stop. Murphy would sit for one silent moment in utter disgust, as one who would say, "Well, what in —— is the matter with the —— car now?" Eventually he said it right out. Snell and Backus, fearful to call their souls their own, would eye him with a sort of wondering sympathy. Murphy after a few moments would climb dejectedly down, lift up the hood, and gaze in a melancholy manner at the engine.

"Gee!" he would say. "The blame thing is so hot it's ready to blow up! Hear her snap? I never saw such a dod-blasted car!"

"Couldn't it be the clutch?" Snell would suggest in a timid and pacifying manner.

"Clutch!" Murphy would repeat scornfully. "Clutch! How in —— could it be the clutch? I tell you the car is a lemon, that's all! Clutch! More likely it's the gas. Did y' ever see such stuff as this '*essence*,' as they call it!"

"But the car goes all right sometimes," Backus would weakly expostulate. "I don't see how it could be the gas!"

"Oh, give us a rest!" would be the answer. "Who's runnin' this car, anyway?"

So they would wait in the blazing desert sun until the engine had once more ceased to crack, and the car would be nursed on for another mile or so. Blow-outs, owing to the heat, were frequent. The car would be running merrily along and then would

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

enly stop short like a balky horse. er was there such an engine since ors were invented. Invariably they d even when going on a level. Murphy, e wise by previous experience, would erly unscrew the cap on the top of the ator, and with a roar the contents would ode into the air like the discharge of a er. It was a side show that threatened gulf the circus.

ay by day, Snell and Backus became e patient and more wistful. They had icit confidence in Murphy, and yet it seem as if the car was not all that it ld be. Then Backus discovered a se-covered book of instructions and re- to the shade of a small mosque for an 's meditation. At the end of that time eturned with a faint expression of hope. By gum!" he announced, with a confi- e not wholly justified by his feelings, elieve the trouble really *is* in the clutch, r all. The book says that if 'any oil or ign substance gets on the leather it will and allow the engine to race, thereby nitting an overheating of the parts, re- ing in a continuous spark.' I reckon we t have got some dirt on to it, maybe. a'd you think, Murphy?"

he chauffeur made no reply.

We might try, anyhow," suggested l, in his most conciliatory manner. "It ldn't do any harm to *look*. Now, *would* Murphy?"

Oh, I'll look," remarked Murphy, "if want me to! But how could anything on the clutch?"

hereupon this model employee removed t of his outer garments and, armed with ge monkey-wrench, descended into the nach of the car, while his employers, be- h a large white-and-green umbrella, lit rs and gazed contemplatively upon the scenery about them. At the end of an r, a discolored Murphy reappeared, ling the clutch in his hand.

Wha'd I tell yer!" he exclaimed wildly, ling aloft the recalcitrant part, the her of which was burned quite black n friction, had caked and cracked, and amed with oil. "How could *any* car with a clutch like that, I'd like to w!" demanded Murphy. "That clutch ldn't pull a baby carriage!"

But I thought you said it wasn't—" be- Backus.

nell poked him sharply in the abdomen. "All we've got to do is to clean it," he remarked sweetly to Murphy.

"Huh!" said Murphy. "That's easy! This is a 'cinch! I told yer it was the clutch! You'll listen to me next time!"

Backus, purple in the face, gritted his teeth. He would have liked to lean over, grab Murphy by the throat, and strangle him. The chauffeur resumed his negotiations with the machinery and shortly climbed into his seat. The car started, the clutch took hold, and for the first time in days they sped along the level road at high speed.

"Luck's turned!" thought Snell and Backus. It stayed turned for about two hours. They lunched at an Algerian village in a state of ecstasy. Never had the abominable food of the country tasted better. Even the eggs, for which they always called, seemed to be fresh. It was the last lap of their journey over the great road that led into the desert. Yet they had not gone ten kilometers before, without warning, the engine began to boil again and the car jerked and stopped. Their hearts sank out of sight. After all, it had not been the clutch! Murphy shook his fists in the air and swore horribly. What had he said! What had he told them! There was nothing the matter with the clutch; it was some other part of their —— car!

The two travelers from Pokopo shrank into themselves, feeling that somehow they had done him an irreparable wrong. The chauffeur climbed down and seated himself on a pile of rock, as if to indicate once and for all that he was done—through. Backus cautiously descended and examined the clutch. At the point where the jacket was fastened to the shaft there were two screws with nuts. The jeweler's eye ran forward to the cone itself and noticed that there was fully a quarter of an inch between the leather and the surrounding metal when the clutch was in place. Of course it could not take hold, for the simple reason that it was too loose—not screwed up tight enough.

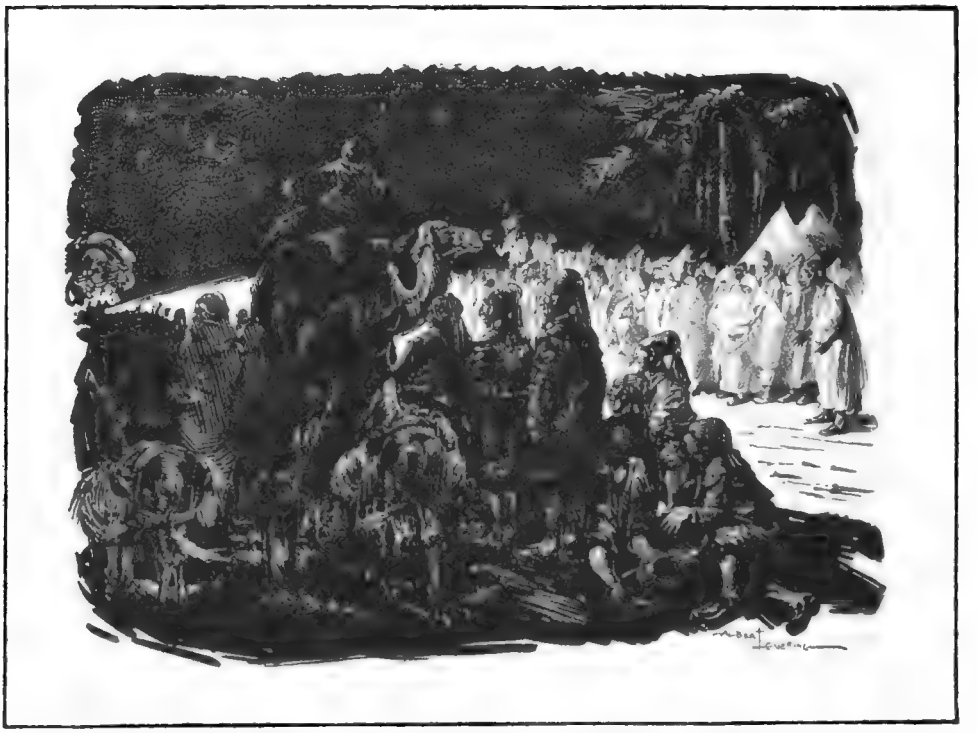
"Ain't there some way to screw up the clutch a little tighter?" he inquired politely.

"Naw!" snapped Murphy. "There ain't! It's screwed up tight as it'll go. Ain't no more threads. No use to *try* to make it go. It's all in! It's a dead one—a lemon!"

"We got to get back—somehow!" said Snell plaintively.

"Well, *walk!*" snorted Murphy. "You won't ride. I tell yer that!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THRICE WEEKLY THEY ASSEMBLED TO WATCH MOHAMMED MAROUDI FLY HURTLING DOWN THE WHITE ROAD.

"Look here!" said Backus in a soothing tone. "Let's try to put something on the clutch so's it'll take hold. Kind o' build it up, y' know. Ain't you got no small nails?"

Murphy gave vent to a hyena-like laugh. "Nails!" he yelled insanely. "Hear him! *Nails!*"

"Well," exclaimed Backus indignantly, "you got to put in *something*, ain't you?"

"Have yer?" sneered Murphy. "Well, try some rocks!" Before they could move he had sprung from his seat, seized a handful of broken stones, released the clutch, and tossed them in.

"Oh!" gasped Snell, his last hope of a return to civilization vanishing.

Murphy cranked the car and took his seat. "This is the last call for dinner!" he shouted, pulling back into gear and letting in the clutch. There was a whirring, grinding sound, like the noise of a stone-crusher, and then—the car hesitated and moved forward!

"Wha'd I *tell* yer!" shrieked Murphy. "All she needed was a little adjusting!"

Snell and Backus gazed at each other in bewilderment. Ananias had nothing on this man Murphy!

They climbed a rise of the road with ease, and far ahead of them saw the stone pillars that marked its ending.

"We'll do it yet!" muttered Backus, patting Snell on the shoulder. "We'll do it yet! Somethin' no one ain't never done before! Go clean to the end! Perk up, old socks!"

Suddenly the car began to make uncouth sounds. "Don't stop—for Heaven's sake!" admonished Snell in despair. "Keep her goin' till we git thar!"

They hesitated onward, the car sputtering and popping, until, "picking up" on a slight down grade, it gravitated between the granite posts at the edge of the desert, backfired with a terrific explosion, and stopped dead in its tracks.

The two sultans from their hillock saw three strange figures clad in long, yellowish-drab robes descend from the red object and move slowly up and down the road. One, taller than the others, carried a green-and-yellow parasol.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"By Allah!" cried Mohammed Maroudi. These be not angels! Nor is this a chariot it from heaven! They are men like ourves. Let us go to them and examine this nder."

"Is it wise, O my brother?" asked Mommed Zriek, tightening his rein. "Perps they might do us evil or cast a spell on us!"

"Pish!" grunted the Sultan of Fut, and, tting spurs to his fat steed, he trotted rward, followed at a distance by Kaifus d the Sultan of Ozzan.

Murphy was the first to catch sight of eir visitors. "Get on to the old guy with e whiskers," he remarked. "There must a Wild West show around here."

"There's three of 'em," commented Snell. I hope they ain't hos-tile!"

The Sultan of Fut reined in about forty et from the motor and made the sign of ace, at the same time voicing the hope at Allah would shower them with blessgs.

"Nix! old feller!" said Murphy, nodding gorously. "We don't talk it! But you're e goods all right! Howdy-do! Wawaw! Heap big chief!"

The Sultan of Ozzan and Kaifus now approached and likewise gravely accosted the ree strangers, who grinned and bowed to ow that everything was all right so far as ey were concerned. For some time the rabs studied the car in puzzled silence, en Mohammed Maroudi slowly descend from his horse, handed the reins to Kais, and waddled over to where Murphy ood by the machine. The Sultan's face as wrinkled with pleasurable excitement, nd he ran his fingers nervously through is white beard as he said something to aifus, who now for the first time attempt the task of interpretation.

"His Majesty is much pleased," said he, fairly good French, "with this most exaordinary machine. He fain would ride erein."

Snell, who had chanced to acquire a mattering of French in his early youth, was ble to translate this, haltingly, to Backus nd Murphy.

"I think we had better do exactly as he ants," whispered Backus. "Look at hose knives!"

Murphy motioned to Kaifus to lead the orses to a safe distance, and proceeded to rank the car. At the first explosion, Mohammed Maroudi uttered a loud cry and covered his ears with his hands.

"Jump in, grandpa!" directed Murphy, taking his place at the wheel, and waving the Sultan to a seat beside him.

Mohammed Maroudi cast one look in the direction of his Grand Vizier, hesitated for a single moment, and then gathered his garments about him and climbed in.

"Proceed!" he ordered confidently, folding his arms over his belly.

Murphy let in the clutch, and to the intense relief of the owners of the car it moved slowly down the road.

"Well, old sport, how do you like it?" inquired Murphy.

The Sultan of Fut nodded violently. It all seemed good to him. "Faster!" cried he in Arabic. "Let us go faster!"

Murphy by some intuition grasped his meaning and threw on the gas. The "Zip" swept forward with a series of explosions, which seemed to give intense satisfaction to its stout old passenger.

"By Allah!" cried he, the tears streaming down his chocolate-colored cheeks and into his beard. "This is ecstasy! It is like being borne aloft into Paradise on the wings of an angel! It is swifter than the swiftest dromedary or a stallion trained for racing! And the beautiful smell! O—ee!"

Never had a twelve-horse-power "Zip" been given such a demonstration. The gears ripped and rattled, the clutch scraped and shrieked, the transmission groaned, the engine boiled and roared, and the carbureter spat and spluttered; but to Mohammed Maroudi the sounds were as those of the bulbul and the flute. With his bifurcated beard flowing out straight behind over each shoulder, his white garments bellying like mainsails, his bare legs braced against the dashboard, he flew through space like a beatific comet.

Luckily no hitch occurred, and Murphy ran him safely back to where Snell and Backus were comparing notes under the green umbrella.

"He likes it fine!" said Murphy.

"By the gray hairs of the Prophet!" shouted the Sultan of Fut. "Now indeed have I lived! To fly like an arrow through the air! To be here and then there in but a jiffy! To be cool as with the chill of the dawn! To leave horsemen and chariots far behind to take one's dust! To outspeed the cheetah! To rival the shooting-star! Kai-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

fus! I must have it! I will possess this wonder-working machine if it cost me the half of my treasure!"

"But, O son of the Prophet," replied the more cautious Kaifus, "what will you do with it? It can not travel across the hills of the desert. It must needs roll along a road even such as this!"

"Here on the edge of the desert," cried the Sultan, "I will pitch my tents, and here will I dwell with my camels, my flocks and herds, and I will take my pleasure daily in the machine. What are the oases of Fut, or the gorges of Sadi Wadi compared to this!"

"But if these men will not barter with thee?" continued Kaifus. "What then?"

The eyes of Mohammed Maroudi flashed. "Then," said he, in a low voice, "let them beware! Perhaps a little persuasion may be necessary!"

In a moment more Kaifus had dismounted and come forward.

"His Majesty, the Sultan of Fut, thanks you for his ride in the fire-wagon. It occurs to him that in spite of its noise and smell, it might make a pretty toy for the ladies of his harem," said he. "What wilt thou take in exchange for it? My master offers thee two flocks of fifty sheep and a herd of asses!"

"Look here, Backus!" muttered Snell excitedly, when he had translated the offer to his comrade. "If they want to swap any real live stock for the car, I for one would be all-fired glad to get rid of it."

"If we could only get back to the coast!" sighed Backus.

"I reckon we can manage it," answered Snell. "But I ain't got no idea what live stock is worth here."

"Well, don't be in too much of a hurry," cautioned Backus.

Snell, turning to Kaifus, informed him in dislocated French that the car was not for sale.

"His Majesty will give thee," said Kaifus, after further conference with his master, "besides the sheep and asses, five camels and a flock of goats."

"Say, Backus, what is a camel worth, anyhow?" inquired Snell.

"Give it up!" answered his fellow traveler sadly. "It sure ain't worth nothin' to us 'way out *here*. Can yer see us marchin' into Pokopo with a string of camels, and follerin' a few hundred sheep and goats? No, by gum! If they want the car, let 'em pay fer it in cash."

"Tell the Sultan we will sell the machine for gold, but not for sheep and goats," said Mr. Snell with decision.

Mohammed Maroudi had begun to fidget at the length of time occupied by these negotiations. He wanted his motor when he wanted it, and he wanted it *now*.

"Gold?" he cried, when he learned Snell's ultimatum. "Gold? Surely they shall have gold. But gold is bulky. It hath weight. Ask these strangers whether they would not prefer a jewel of great price—even the royal emerald in my turban."

He fumbled above his forehead and removed the emerald, which he held out to Kaifus, who in turn handed it reluctantly over to Snell.

"I don't know," began the latter tentatively. "It's pretty big, and it looks as if it might be worth a good deal more than this blamed old motor. What do you say, Backus? It's more in your line than mine."

"Let's see it," said Backus, producing from his waistcoat pocket a watchmaker's glass which he affixed to his right eye. He squinted severely at the emerald between his thumb and forefinger.

"It's the real goods!" he commented. "Not a flaw!"

"What's it worth?" inquired Snell.

"Well, I ain't much of an appraiser," answered Backus, "but I should say in the neighborhood of twenty thousand dollars."

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Snell. "Do you really suppose he'll trade it for this old heap of junk?"

"Shouldn't wonder!" answered the jeweler. "Ain't you read how these niggers will give most anything for a looking-glass or an alarm-clock? Why don't we string him along some?—that is, if you think it's all right. Mebbe we could hike him up *considerable*." He shook his head in a determined manner, as if he regarded the emerald as a very poor thing indeed.

The Sultan of Fut danced up and down in his disappointment. "Tell them," he shouted, "that if they will give me the fire-wagon they shall have my emerald, a bag of gold, ten asses, a herd of goats, and a caravan to take them to the sea. Otherwise—" he curled his lips and laid his hand on the hilt of his largest inlaid pistol.

"Hold on!" cried Snell hastily. "Tell him, O mighty one, that it is a bargain."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

he Sultan of Fut expanded into many
les.
And where do *I* come in?" suddenly in-
ed Murphy.
You!" exclaimed Backus. "What have
got to do with it?"
A darn sight more'n you fellers think!"
retorted. "Do you s'pose I'm goin' to
ıd around and see you get away with a
ole lot of swag and not be in on the
ne? Not on yer life. Old Whiskers
't run his car without *me*."
He turned his back to the group and stalk-
down the road, whistling defiantly.
'Where is he going?" cried the Sultan of
t. "Where goes the Lord of the Ma-
ne?"
'He goeth back to his native land," an-
ered Snell.
'But he must stay to make it go!" ex-
stulated his Majesty. "Of what use is
fire-wagon without its master?"
'That is a matter which doth not con-
n us," said Mr. Snell. "He goeth where
he listeth. He owns not the machine, and
he labors for whom he will. Mayhap he
may be induced to labor for thee. Mayhap
not."

Murphy turned slowly around. "Ask his Nibs what wages he'll give if I stay and run the car for him for six months."

"His Majesty," said Kaifus, "will give thee thirty sheep, ten asses, sixty goats, two cam——"

"Nix on the live stock!" interrupted Murphy. "He can cut out all the dromedaries and asses before the gong rings."

"Then he will give thee a hundred pieces of gold, ten elephant tusks, and twenty collars of brass," urged Kaifus.

Murphy shook his head, while the Sultan stamped on the ground in impotent despair.

"Tell him I will give him a thousand pieces of gold," he shouted, "and a hundred tusks of ivory. He shall have twenty slaves, two tents of silk from Araby, with rugs and hangings, and shall sit at meat with me

DELIVERS UNTO THE SULTAN A CABALISTIC SCROLL FROM POKOPO.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

whensoe'er he chooses. A special office shall be created for him, and he shall be called 'The Lord High Custodian of the Fire-wagon.' He need work but ten times in the month, a flute-player shall play him to sleep, and he shall have six dancing-women!"

Murphy hesitated. "Well," he replied slowly, "tell him, seein' it's him, I don't mind tryin' the job for a while."

That night the joint encampment of Mohammed Maroudi, Sultan of Fut, and Mohammed Aboukir Zriek, Sultan of Ozzan, presented a scene of extraordinary festivity. Huge fires threw their flickering light among the sand-hills and cast strange shadows upon the swaying tents and the mysterious, silent figures that moved in and out beneath their flaps. Everywhere could be heard the bleating of sheep and goats, the bray of donkeys and the shrill cries of camels. Behind Mohammed Maroudi's silken tent were several others close together, and from these came the sound of female voices singing plaintive Arabic songs, and the mournful note of the flute.

Already the stars burned feverishly in the pale blue sky—just above the tents, so it seemed; and the heat of the day had given place to a languorous coolness that sprang no one knew whence out of the desert. Herders and watchmen walked among the sheep, while at a small fire a bevy of cooks prepared the wedding repast of Elias, son of Mohammed Aboukir Zriek, and Fatima, daughter of Mohammed Maroudi.

The crescent moon had sunk far into the south before the two prize-winners from Pokopo were conducted to their silken tent by a tall and very chubby black gentleman who occupied the post of chief eunuch to Mohammed Maroudi. Both had partaken of many strange dishes, and both had pulled for a long time on the hookahs, with the result that neither felt in the best of health.

"Snell," said the collarless Backus, seated on the edge of a crimson divan in his shirt sleeves, "in my opinion, this desert life ain't what it's cracked up to be. Give me the 'Zip' every time. I say, let's beat it the first chance we get."

"I'm with you, Backus," answered Snell, looking very pale and miserable. "Let's call at the office for our transportation, first thing in the morning."

Both found sleep out of the question. Sounds of subdued revelry came from the harems of both camps. Around the fire the cooks, guards, and herdsmen quarreled gutturally all night long. The camels made strange noises very terrifying to both Snell and Backus. Their food did not agree with them. Both felt relieved when in the pale dawn the chief eunuch summoned them to depart, while the sultans and Murphy still slept heavily. In terror, Snell and Backus seated themselves on the backs of two gigantic camels. The drivers muttered something to their beasts, and with a horrible sensation of first dropping down eight or ten stories of an elevator shaft and then being hurled out of a window, the two motorists found themselves gyrating through space. But it was only the customary method pursued by the camels in getting to their legs.

Veiled faces peered curiously at the departing guests from behind silken hangings. Even Fatima, the betrothed of Elias, son of Mohammed Zriek, crept from her couch, and marveled.

The drivers grunted and the camels obediently lurched forward. Snell and Backus, clinging on like cats, found themselves whirling in circles, tossed forward and back, thrown up and down, and describing impossible figures in the air.

"Oh, my!" gasped Backus in mortal terror, to which was added the inconvenience of acute seasickness.

"Oh, Backus!" moaned Snell, from his dizzy height.

The camels stalked rapidly forward, followed by a huge flock of bleating sheep and goats. The encampment faded out of sight behind them. As the sun rose higher, the heat became almost insupportable. In their excitement, the green umbrella had been left behind, and Backus lost his derby hat, which was promptly devoured by an archaic billy-goat. Dazed by the fierce glare of the African sun, nauseated by the swaying motion of the camels, unable to stop and afraid to get down, parched by thirst and faint from lack of food, they clung in agony to their perches.

At noon they reached a trio of palms and a small cliff that cast a narrow strip of shade upon the shimmering sand, and at the word of their drivers the great beasts sank down, and Snell and Backus in concert rolled off their backs and crawled on all fours to the ledge of rock.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ıe head Arab approached and pointed is mouth with masticatory movements is thick lips. Both shook their heads airingly.

ıen one of the Arabs began digging at foot of the palms and shortly beckoned ıem, making a cup of his hands.

Water!" gasped Backus. "Come on, l, I could drink bilge!"

n all fours the two men made their way he palm and scooped up a mouthful of ldy water apiece. The almost defunct :hecary would have given his soul for lees of one of his own glasses of ice-m soda.

Say, Snell," said Backus, "ain't this the t? Yesterday we was happy men. k at us now!"

Backus!" answered Snell in heartfelt es, "if I could just get into that motor e more, I wouldn't care whether it went ıot!"

'aintly from afar came a popping noise—*ut-tutting* like the gibber of a motor's st.

What's that!" cried Backus.

'he sheep and goats crowded together on side of the road, while the camels sham-d clumsily to their feet and stood trem-ıg.

The noise increased. "*Tut-a-tut—bang—pf - pf —bang—tut - tut-a-tut—tut-tut—*" re could be no doubt of it. The motor s coming after them. A cloud of dust de its appearance, and out of the cloud ang a red object with whirring wheels. th one accord the sheep, goats, and cam-dashed into the desert, followed by their vers, while Snell and Backus staggered t into the road, waving their arms. Sure ıugh, it was Murphy, grasping the wheel ınly and driving like Barney Oldfield.

And at his side—Snell and Backus rub-d their eyes—at his side, her garments ttering in the wind, the lower half of her :e covered by a veil of gauze, reclined a lowy female figure—Fatima, the daughter Mohammed Maroudi, Sultan of Fut and /erlord of the Desert of Sadi Wadi.

Apparently the wedding had been post-ıned.

"Hi there!" yelled Backus. "Where yer ıin'?"

Murphy grinned sardonically. "Her and e's goin' to get married!" he shouted. Get out of the way. The trousseau's in :hind. Get on to the elephant tusks?"

"But what are you doing with that motor?" said Snell severely. "That belongs to Mohammed Maroudi."

"Aw, cut it out!" snapped Murphy. "This here is an elopement. Did you think I was goin' to sit around with a lot of niggers the rest of me life and suck up cocoanut juice? Fatima's a quick asset in the museum business. Just you wait till——"

"Murphy!" cried Snell firmly, "get out of that car! It is the property of the Sultan of Fut, and if you steal it we'll have you arrested as soon as you get to Algiers. As for the lady—Miss Fatty-ma, or whatever her name is—you can send her right—back—home!"

Murphy trembled with wrath. "You—you—" he began, but Backus strode toward him threateningly.

"Murphy!" he roared, for the first time opposing his will to that of his employee. "We've taken enough from you. Lift that girl out of the car and put her on a camel. Then you dump out the rest of that junk—ivory—rugs—and all the other graft, and drive this car back to Algiers the best you know how."

Fatima, not understanding a word, but aware that a quarrel was taking place, began to cry softly.

"Stop yer drizzling!" growled her prospective husband. "Look here, you fellers—is this on the level? Do you expect me to throw up the whole game—girl—gold—and all?"

"We certainly do!" replied Snell impressively. "Mr. Backus and I have thought the whole thing over and have decided that, owing to the doubtful value of live stock in this country, we are goin' to call the trade off and put matters back in statuary quod, or as they were. We're goin' to send back the girl, the gold, and the goats. This country, Murphy, ain't no place for a young man like you."

"But can't I take Fatima?" inquired Murphy. "She's willin', and there's room in the front seat."

"As to the room—that is a question," said Snell, casting his eye judicially over the lady's ample proportions. "But as to her company, there is no difference of opinion—we don't want it."

"Say, this is tough on a feller!" groaned the chauffeur. "After our makin' such a get-away, too! They'll be here—the whole outfit—in quarter of an hour!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Take your choice!" answered Backus sternly. "Stay here with her—or come in the motor with us!"

"Well, I guess you've got the strangle-hold!" answered the chauffeur, as several of the Arabs began to draw near in evident astonishment at seeing the Sultan's daughter out riding with a strange young man.

"Jump out, Fatty!"

Messrs. Snell and Backus courteously assisted the plump princess tearfully to descend, and deposited in the road several tusks of ivory which were cumbering the back seat. Fatima threw herself at their feet, uttering loud cries of anguish.

Mr. Backus beckoned to the head-man and pointed first to the lady, then at a camel, and then toward the desert. He also tossed into the road two heavy bags that may have contained gold. "Take that young woman," said he, "right back to her parent!" The Arab nodded. Then the two Kansans climbed into the back seat. Some one had thrown in the green umbrella and they opened it with a sigh of relief.

"Let her go, Murphy!" ordered the two citizens of Pokopo in unison, and in a moment more, amid a rapid fire of small explosions, the "Zip" was speeding toward the sea.

"But it was a fair trade, Backus," argued Snell, as they sat smoking on the balcony of the "Hotel National," overlooking the green waters of the Bay of Algiers. "Mohammed wanted the motor, and we was willin' to take his emerald. He ain't got no kick comin'!"

"But we called the deal off, didn't we?" persisted the conscientious jeweler. "We've got *both* on 'em."

Snell sat suddenly upright. "I tell you," he exclaimed. "Let's send him the biggest French car we can buy in town—a regular whale, large enough to carry Fatima, and him, and the whole durn harem—and the smartest French cheffonier who happens to be out of jail this side of the Bois de Baloony."

"Good idea!" assented Backus. "That'll let *us* out, please *him*, and leave us the emerald."

That afternoon two Kansan millionaires in dust-coats purchased, amid a curious throng of Arabs, Moors, French legionaries, and tourists, a six-cylinder, ninety-horse-power Bullier-Mahon-Brisac car, and that night a rat-faced cadet of Gascony slept fitfully as he dreamed of steering-wheels of ivory, spark-plugs of gold, and plump, olive-skinned, black-eyed, languishing ladies who regarded him as a god. Next morning he and the car were flying at eighty kilometers an hour toward the desert.

Our tale is done. Thrice weekly Mohammed Maroudi flies hurtling down the white road beside a buxom wife, furiously driving his own motor, his beard streaming horizontally behind him (for there are as yet no speed laws in the Sahara), and returns amid the cheers of the harem—to listen at night to stories of the Bal Bullier and the Folies Bergère, as told by his chief favorite, the former chauffeur, now the greatest of his sheiks and the possessor of a multitudinous harem of his own. And out of the dim horizon of the desert come stalking the gray, ghostly shapes of camels; and dusky men in turbans watch and wonder, and call upon Allah and his only Prophet.

Yearly, from the bazaars of Biskra, comes a certain caravan; yearly, a horseman spurs from it across the sands and, dismounting before the Sultan, delivers unto him a cabalistic scroll from Pokopo—Pokopo, beyond the edge of the world. It is Mr. Backus's yearly holiday announcement—for Mohammed is on his regular mailing-list—and it varies but little.

14 MAIN STREET,
POKOPO KANSAS, U.S.A.

ABIJAH BACKUS BEGS TO ANNOUNCE THAT HE HAS AN UNEQUALED LINE OF JEWELRY, CLOCKS, UMBRELLAS, SHAVING SETS, HAND-PAINTED LAMPSHADES, ETC., ETC., ETC., AND ALL KINDS OF

NOVELTIES AND NOTIONS

WHICH HE IS ABOUT TO OFFER AT AN UNPARALLELED SACRIFICE.

OPPOSITE THE AMERICAN HOTEL. OUR ANNUAL SLAUGHTER

And the Sultan, who can not read the scroll, but knows that it is magic, causes it to be framed in diamonds and emeralds, and hangs it around his neck as a charm to drive away Kubeesh and his angels, the evil spirits of the desert.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HE WEDDING AT ROSLYN

BY

D. O. EDSON

IT WAS two months before his wife could laugh at the matter, and much longer before she would accompany her husband, John mith, the children's specialist, anywhere elow Forty-Second Street, unless it was in ıe automobile.

That morning, even before he awakened, ıe had a worried look on her face, as she ısied herself ordering the household affairs reparatory to the day's outing—a wedding : Roslyn. Not that she didn't love him ıd want to be with him; but a day's out- g with John Smith was strenuous. Her rother once said that a whole day with ohn was a "scream." She had long since ome to the conclusion that it was a vaude- ille of low comedy; but, nevertheless, there as a deep, abiding happiness in the worry : it all that even she could not have ex- lained, had she been aware of it. In fact, l of John's work had a subconscious effect -perhaps that was why he was such a re- ıarkable children's specialist.

Now it was as if she had a subconscious unch—she afterward explained—that some f the inevitable disaster which punctuated day's outing with him might be averted she superintended the affair from the very eginning. That was why she peeked into is room every few moments, as she hurried bout the house, to see if he was yet awake.

The last time she carefully opened the oor, she found him sitting on the edge of ıe bed, pulling on a stocking, with one foot ı the air. His big baby face, all round and ed from hard sleeping, wreathed itself in a mile as he saw her standing in the door- ay. She closed the door behind her, alked over to the foot of the bed, and, ith a determined look on her face, said:

"John, I do wish you would give your lothing more attention, and be a little more ignified. Just look at your underwear!"

THE LITTLE ONE STOOD WAITING.

"What's the matter with it?" he sleepily replied as he turned one leg, then the other, to inspect his nether garment.

"Well, what are they?" she asked, in an injured tone, now seating herself on the sofa backed up to the fireplace, her hands clasped in her lap. "White with a gray patch or gray with a white patch?"

"Well, nobody ever sees them," he said with a yawn, as he sidled over to the dresser, where he mechanically took up the hair-brushes that lay on it.

"John, put those brushes down and wash your face and hands first."

"Oh!"—that was all; in fact, it was all he got a chance to say, for something had happened to her—a spasm or something—and she had to kiss him quick, and did, straight in the "Oh!" that still lingered in sleepy lethargy.

Then she hurried from the room, and a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

moment later returned—her face now all smoothed out—with a suit of clothes over her arm. He looked frightened when he saw them—so frightened that she stopped and said in a hurt voice:

"Now, John, you promised me—you promised me last week you'd go."

"Gee! Is this Wednesday?" he asked.

"Yes, dear, this is Wednesday, and you'll go with your mama to the Bob Canfield wedding and be a good boy, won't you, dear?" That spasm and the kiss were responsible for the "mama" and the "good boy," and it hit him off all right, too; for he said, with a smile, "Sure." But, seeing the clothes again—clothes went out of his mind very easily—he asked in a timid voice: "Have I got to wear your clothes?" They *were* her clothes; she kept them in her closet, made him take them off as soon as he got home, and put them away again. He called them "her social suit."

"Yes, baby," she said. "You're going to wear mama's clothes to-day and be a real nice boy." And that's all he was—a grown-up baby; kicking the bed-clothes off at night just as he did when his mother used to make regular trips twice a night to his room to cover him up.

But now he was preparing under a trained eye for the wedding—the smartest function of the season, the wedding of Bob Canfield's daughter, at Roslyn, on Long Island. He enjoyed such affairs, too, only it was hard to get him started.

"Don't brush your hair, dear, until after you have put your shirt on; you'll only muss it up again."

"Oh, yes."

"*Now* brush your hair, before you put on your coat."

"Oh, yes."

It wasn't nagging, nor was it bossing, in the least; she just sat there on the sofa and superintended.

But the thing that happened was on the ferry-boat. The latter part of the morning had been hurried, owing to his late rising. She had allowed him to oversleep his usual time on account of his having been kept out late the night before. So that when they entered the waiting automobile, and she saw for the first time the overcoat he was wearing—not the one she had laid out for him—she had misgivings; but it was too late.

Several times on their way to the ferry she had a mind to empty his pockets; but each time she was interrupted by his grasping her hand and squeezing it, or threatening to embrace her when the car came to a standstill in some congested spot. Finally, however, they reached the ferry-house, where they discharged the automobile. Here he bought twelve papers from twelve "Micks" who suddenly appeared from under things. It was:

"Hello, Doc!"

"Hello, Swipes!"

"Hello, Doc!"

"Hello, Cheese—" in various keys, from the clear, high tone of a church organ to the rasping note of a split flageolet of a gutter band.

Grace escaped through the friendly door of the ferry-house, but not too soon to hear in loud, shrill tones of assailed loyalty:

"Ah, go to blazes, it is not! Dat belongs to de fairy what rid down wid him! He's got a better automobile dan dat! I've rid in it meself." And Grace glanced back just in time to see him, as he entered the door of the waiting-room, with a sweeping wave of the hand sustain the superior knowledge of "Cheese."

This was but the beginning of what happened on the boat.

He caught up with her as she passed the gate, and fell in behind. Then two or three women friends joined her, and in the crowd she and the Doctor drifted apart. On the boat he again caught a glimpse of her, but, seeing her comfortably seated in the after-cabin and in company with friends, he sauntered on to the front cabin, where he found a seat for himself. Here he selected one of the papers he had held under his arm—newsboy fashion—and began reading.

It was only a moment before a little, tow-headed three-year-old got a glimpse of that face, half-hidden behind the paper. Leaving her mother—a large, fat German woman with a huge basket at her feet, and another baby in her arms—she slowly gravitated over to it in a straight line, until she stood before him, her little brown, mottled finger in the middle of her mouth.

The paper slowly fell until it reached the level of the Doctor's chin, and they were looking straight into each other's eyes. Then began the signs and countersigns, the private signals. Their pink cheeks began to lift till they could lift no farther; this indi-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ted "common ground"—they knew! ıeir round, opening mouths hailed the ystery of sweets. "How about it?" :med flashed from one to the other. The ncing baby eyes of each answered: Yes"—from one; from the other—"Go ead."

They had hailed each other in full form a crowded boat; and now the little one, th her fingers resting on the two front :th of her under-jaw, stood waiting. He fted his weight to his left hip, buried his nd in his right overcoat pocket, and drew th a naked, tow-headed china doll. He ıked it over seriously, then laid it in his).

Again his hand disappeared in his pocket. is time it brought forth several small :ets of thin rubber blubber, one of which carefully and deliberately placed over mouth, and sucked into a balloon, twist- the ends to keep it inflated. He rubbed little round ball lovingly on his cheek, :n brought it down *ker-slam* on the palm of his hand. *Snap!* it exploded! His whole face changed in an instant to a laugh, which rippled over every face in the forward saloon.

A woman seated on the same side, but at the extreme end of the boat, leaned forward to see. "Well, if it isn't the Doctor!" she said, as she gathered up her baskets and bundles. "Come on, Mrs. Kelly"—speaking to the woman beside her—"'tis the Doctor; come along. I want you to meet him. He's fine enough to be Irish," she volunteered in a stage whisper. She was a nervous little woman and she wiggled down the full length of the cabin, talking excitedly all the way. "And how do you do, Doctor? Sure, I haven't laid eyes on you for almost six months"—all of this before she reached him.

The Doctor, realizing what was about to happen, quickly passed the doll to the baby, and arose from his seat to grasp the extended hand. "Mrs. Kelly, shake hands with the Doctor," the little angular woman who talked with her whole body introduced her neighbor, while that lady blocked the narrow passageway connecting the two saloons. "And if there isn't Mrs. Snyder!" she said, spying the mother of the child he'd been entertaining. "Come over, Mrs. Snyder, and meet the Doctor." There was no stopping her.

HE BOUGHT PAPERS FROM TWELVE "MICKS" WHO SUDDENLY APPEARED FROM UNDER THINGS.

It resolved itself into a low comedy, with the Doctor as central figure upstage and the passengers as audience. Those in the after-cabin began to come forward as the boat entered the slip, and none could fail to see that Gaelic-German *Liebesfest* which

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

blocked the way. Mrs. Snyder, with a baby on one arm and a basket on the other, the little girl trailing on behind, struggled over to join the group. Anxious to meet the introductions with befitting dignity, the German lady set her huge market-basket directly in front of the passageway to shake hands with the Doctor. A man coming out of the darkened space nearly fell over it. Seeing the cause, Mrs. Snyder side-stepped to make more room, only to trip on Mrs. Kelly's basket, the little angular woman talking volubly all the while.

Mrs. Snyder, finding herself crowded away from the passageway and her basket, thrust her baby into the arms of the Doctor, just as Grace and her friends appeared. With a horrified look in her eyes, Grace spied him in the center of it all, the baby in his arms. The blood rushed to her face, and she turned her head with an angry protest. It was all very well with the ordinary run of people: that, she had suffered to the point of resigned martyrdom and had accepted; but in company with New York's élite and going to the smartest function of the season —this was quite another matter.

And then, right beside her, was the voice of Mrs. Nolan, saying:

"Well, did you see that, Mrs. Kelly? Did you see the elegant slam she give him?" —the little, angular woman's tongue never slipped a cog—"The idea of her turning up her snip of a nose at a beautiful man like him!" Her breath was turning a word at every gasp. And Grace, held by the slow-moving crowd, was compelled to listen. Then, as the crowd began to move more rapidly, a boy near the door called back:

"Good-by, Mrs. Kelly!"

Others took it up—"Good-by, Mrs. Snyder!"

"Good-by, Doc."

A man just beside Grace said, half turning toward her as if to address her: "Gee, Doc's a hot sport!"

The little, wiry woman, unable silently to accept these insulting remarks, shouted back in a hoarse voice: "Go on, you dirty Long Island Dutchmen." Then, turning to the Doctor, she asked in her most polished manner: "Will you be going home soon, Doctor?"

"Oh, yes"—he rarely said "No" to anything.

She leaned down quickly, opened her basket, and took out two bunches of celery, the tops still on, fresh and green. "Put these in your pocket and take them home to your wife, and tell her they're from Mrs. Nolan," she said, with true Gaelic pride. Then Mrs. Snyder, not to be outdone, passed the baby, which she had reclaimed, to Mrs. Kelly, unfastened her basket, and brought out a bunch of young onions.

"I raised dese myself; dey're de first of de season," she said, as she handed them, like a bunch of violets, to the Doctor.

With the politeness born of instinct alone —just a smile unhampered by formalities— he put the celery in his side pockets and stuck the onions in the top one of his overcoat. Shaking hands with each woman, he finally hurried from the boat, and Mrs. Nolan's voice, which was no less incessant than the waters they had crossed—to catch up with his wife and her friends. But alas, he lost his wife and missed the train; missed it by two minutes, which lengthened into hours before he finally reached the Bob Canfield house at Roslyn.

The first delay was a half-hour's wait for the next train, which took nearly half again as much time to make the run as the train he had missed.

When he finally reached Roslyn, the day was well launched—and John Smith had been doing business as usual. For when he stepped from the last platform the brakeman alighted with him.

"That's mine over there with the green blinds and the vine," he said, pointing. "Excuse appearances, Doc, but you see everything was burnt up in the other house. You'll find her on the back porch with the baby and the pup. The rest of the litter and the mother were burnt up. The little runt didn't seem to have a chance with the other nine huskies, so she was bringing him up by hand—that's what saved him—the rest got caught in the cellar. He don't seem to grow, though; gets thinner and more peaked every day." It was the baby, the mother, and the pup all rolled into one human note, pulling at the brakeman's heart, while only a reflex worked on the train.

The Doctor laughed as he told it in the smoking-room on the second floor of the Roslyn house, three hours later, to his host, Bob Canfield, and a few remaining friends who had gathered there after the departure of the bride and groom.

"It was a little, white, squat house with honeysuckle romping all over it," he con-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"SHE HARDLY SAW ME FOR LOOKING AT THE LITTLE WHITE THING IN HER LAP."

.ued. "I went in the :le gate that swung both :ys and wasn't six feet m the flat front of the use, and walked around the back porch. There : was, sitting on the top p. She hardly saw me looking at the little ite thing in the hollow her lap. And right be- e it, on the flat of his :k, was a curly-haired ɔ, almost rolling off. e pup was fastened on a bottle, the counter- 't of one on the floor be- e her.

'The contents of the ɔ's bottle were disap- .ring fast; you could by the big bubbles t rose in it and the ɔ's feet that were trying grasp it either side of nipple. I sat down the step below them l said: 'Your husband s me neither of them oing very well.'

'No,' she said, 'Arthur ı't take his bottle at and Runt—why, the :e I give him, the thin- he seems to get.'

'What's the blue mix- : in the bottle?' I ed."

'Milk and water; but I boil it well,' she l."

mith was shaking his head in thought; ently he continued: "'Haven't you d anything else?' I asked.

'Oh, yes, it seems to me I've tried every- ıg—condensed milk, bread and milk, p. This morning Jim gave him a few ;poonfuls of tea, and he seemed to pick a bit.'

'Gee!' I said to myself, as I looked at little white thing, silent and half way of it all, kept alive—it seemed to me— / by the look in the soft brown eyes of t beautiful little mother.

'Have you got any baby food in the se?' I asked—never expecting she had thing of the kind.

'Jim brought something from the drug- store last night, but I don't know how to prepare it,' she said.

"'Where is it?' I asked.

"'I'll get it,' she answered.

"'No, you won't. You just stay where you are, and tell me where it is.'

"'It's on the window-sill right there in the kitchen,' she said.

"'Well, sir, I went into the kitchen—it opened out on the back porch where we'd been sitting—well, sir, that kitchen was in the most splendid disorder you can imagine, but clean—clean—clean as herself and the little calico slip of a thing she wore—clean as the baby—clean as the pup and the soap-box beside the stove that was his bed. But disorder—why, that room was just worried to death! Well, I found the tin box just where she said it was. It was a can of in-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

fant granum, and just the thing I wanted.

"'Got any milk?' I asked.

"'Yes. You'll find it in the ice-box out here on the porch,' she called. And there it was, a yellow bowl that was half full, with cream all over the top. Mighty good milk, too.

"'How old is Arthur?' I called, as I hustled around that worried room, looking for a saucepan.

"'Arthur's eight months, and Runt's three weeks,' she said.

"Why, that little, thin, brown-eyed thing couldn't help mothering everything in sight—baby, pup, and the flowers that were everywhere in pots all around that back porch!

"Well, I left the saucepan with water and granum in it simmering on the stove, went out on the porch, gathered in those two bottles, scalded them out, boiled the nipples, and set them aside to cool. Then I got that milk from the ice-box, found a bottle of lime-water on the ice—just where it should be—and a box of milk-sugar in my overcoat pocket—never go without it—milk-sugar, I mean—and in ten minutes those two kids were anchored on to those bottles and swinging to them like a couple of gunboats to a pair of mushroom anchors.

"Why, the pup got so excited that he wiggled himself off her lap; but he never let go of that nipple—pulled it right off the bottle and was rolling down the steps when I caught him. And the mother—that little, brown-eyed mother—when she saw her baby, that was already half angel, open its eyes to look up at her as if to say: 'I like this boarding-house better; I guess I'll stay'—why—why—oh, hell! But you have no idea how many first babies die. Yes, sir! The price of ignorance."

"Where's this house, and who are these people you're talking about, Doc?" asked his host, who had listened to the tale, now on the verge of laughter, now almost moved to tears.

"By George! That's it! Right here in your own bailiwick, Bob; three blocks from the depot on the left—the little house covered with a rough-and-tumble honeysuckle. You can't miss it. Jim somebody or other is the name—but her name is Ethel, and the baby's name is Arthur, and the pup—the pup's name is Runt! You can't miss it, Bob, and you want to get into this game, and mighty quick, too, for something is apt to happen to you before very long, old man. The first thing you know you'll be walking the floor right here in this room with a pair of little arms about your neck and two little feet dangling just over your heart!"

Just at that moment the butler appeared in the doorway. "Dr. Smith's automobile's at the door, sir," he said.

"My automobile?" Smith's face was all screwed up.

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Smith telephoned for it, sir." There was just the shadow of a smile on the butler's face.

They followed him down-stairs and into the hall, where the butler helped him with his coat. And here it was that his wife saw those bulging, green-topped pockets. Her face grew scarlet.

And that's why no one mentioned it.

And that's what did the mischief.

THE OLD ACCEPTANCE

By Virginia Roderick

"PRETTY near time to take the stove down," commented Mr. Newton, as his eye fell on the cold, plump, black cylinder. He was wandering about the sitting-room a little restlessly. Through open door and window floated the heavy fragrance of blossoming fruit-trees. It was still light enough to distinguish the deep, bold pink of the peach blooms against the whiter masses of apple and cherry. From somewhere above came a girl's light voice, singing:

"Sunny, cloudy April—
By turns I smile and weep."

"Helen going to choir practise?" Mr. Newton asked mechanically, coming back to his wife, who was sewing by the west window. "You can't see to sew there any more, mother," he admonished.

Mrs. Newton, a slight little woman with a keen, gentle face, bent to bite off a thread

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

fore answering; and just then the girl ran wn the stairs and whisked into the room. "Hello! Wearing your Easter bonnet ek-days already?" laughed her father. "Do you think you'll be warm enough that thin suit, Helen?" asked her mother, xiously, trying not to look too admiring. "Oh, *yes*, mother. Father, may I pick few apple blossoms? They wouldn't all ow to be apples, you know, anyway."

He laughed again, for it was an old joke tween them—this pretense of needing excuse for robbing his orchard—and they ent out together under the trees. She stened a spray of exquisite pink-and-white oom against the pale gray of her jacket, id looked at him for approval. She was a nk-and-white blossom herself—with her licate coloring, her dark hair, and her ft, eager eyes.

He watched her down the path, between e border flower beds, where her skirts rushed the new green of iris swords, and ut of the gate. As it clicked behind her, he rned back toward the house. Mrs. Newton ad come to the door, and together they oked after the slight young figure till it isappeared down the street.

"What'll we ever do when she makes a ome of her own?" said Mr. Newton in a w tone—and immediately repudiated the lea: "Oh, well, no use to think about that et. Freddie's getting along well, but he won't be in a hurry—here, lemme hold the globe up while you light the lamp."

Mrs. Newton did not speak till the whole rocess was finished, the wick lighted, the himney replaced, the flowered globe re-stablished on its wire support. Then, 'You oughtn't to talk as if it was sure to be Fred," she protested. "They're not engaged, and I don't know as they ever will e."

"Why, they go together, don't they? And have ever since they've grown up? And played together before that?——Oh, I guess it's *likely*, anyway. Of course you women like to pretend—" He lighted his pipe, and comfortably dismissed the subject for the evening paper.

Mrs. Newton sewed in silence. Occasionally her husband read an item aloud or made a comment. "Which Smith is this, Caroline, where they've got whooping-cough? Is that Andy Smith's boy's children? . . . See Sam Talbot's willing to sell that corner lot. I wonder . . . More talk of the Erie yards moving to Merwin. Humph!"

"See anything about that nephew of Lon Hunter's going back to California soon?" Mrs. Newton asked, with no great interest in her voice.

Mr. Newton did not answer; he was reading the "patent outside" . . . "H'm? You say something, Caroline?" He lowered his paper suddenly, as if he had just heard. "Lon Hunter?—what about him?"

"No, not Lon—his nephew, Paul—that boy that came home with Helen *last* Friday—the one that's been visiting here from California."

"Oh, yes—him," said Mr. Newton, briefly. "No, I didn't see anything" . . . He began reading again. . . . "Where was Freddie last Friday?" he demanded presently.

"He wasn't there, I guess. See here, Dan, you've no business thinking Helen belongs to him. She has other callers"—maternal pride made her bristle a little.

Helen's father refused to be diverted to the others. "Has that California fellow been about *much?*" he asked.

"Oh, quite a little. They've taken walks together, mostly."

Mr. Newton waited to hear more; he watched his wife as she sewed, opened his mouth to speak, thought better of it, still waited. Then, as she contributed nothing further, he picked up his paper once more.

"Nothing in this paper to-night," he announced presently. He watched Mrs. Newton furtively again and then blurted out: "Say, Caroline, you don't think Helen *likes* that fellow, do you?"

Mrs. Newton put down her sewing, and her gentle face was very grave. "I don't know, Dan. I've thought maybe she was getting to . . . He's a nice boy—gentlemanly and smart, and nice-looking, too; kind of bright and quick and kind."

"Well, I don't see that he's any pleasanter than Fred," Mr. Newton argued, with a touch of belligerence, "an'—why, Caroline, he *lives 'way out in California!*" He spoke with a kind of outraged surprise at her calmness.

"I know," she said, in a low tone, picking up her sewing again. It was no news to her mother heart that Paul Hunter lived in California. "But we can't help it, Dan, if that's the way it's to be. Probably it's nothing, though, anyhow."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Can't help it, shucks! Why, the girl's only twenty—she ain't so fixed she can't be changed—without knowing it, either. You could do something, Caroline"—he appealed to her helplessly—"you could talk to her."

Mrs. Newton's mouth quirked a little in a smile, and she shot him a quick look. But her husband did not remember, apparently, how little good it had done to "talk to" *her*, twenty-two years ago. He did not even catch the glance. He was listening to footsteps on the board sidewalk.

"That's Helen, I guess. Now we'll see."

He went to the door, where he could look down the street. They were on the crossing now—the slight, girlish figure, a light blur in the pale moonlight, and a man—broad-shouldered, rather heavy.

"It's Freddie!" Mr. Newton announced triumphantly.

His wife smiled. "Well, I'm glad of it," she said, with a sigh of relief.

"Why, he isn't coming in," Mr. Newton complained in surprise. "Isn't Freddie coming in?" he called to the girl, who came up the walk toward him, very slowly.

"Not to-night, father. I'm—I told him I was tired."

"What's the matter, Helen? You didn't take cold, did you?" Mrs. Newton looked at her anxiously as she stood near the window, unpinning her hat. "Come here, child. Your face looks feverish."

Helen turned to her, smiling. "Nonsense, mother," she said; but her eyes were unnaturally bright. Mrs. Newton gave her a keen, quick look. What had happened? What had Freddie said? Had there been a quarrel? Or had young Hunter's attentions hurried Freddie? She couldn't decide whether the girl was happy or not—she looked so excited.

"Hardly anybody there to-night," the girl commented idly, sitting down near the window.

"Who *was* there?" her father asked. It would be pleasant to know that the California boy hadn't been hanging about her; pleasanter still to know that she had deliberately chosen Freddie.

"Oh, Annie Kingsbury, and Bess, and John Todd, and—let's see, Bertha Downs and—Paul Hunter."

Suddenly she leaned forward a little toward the window, intent, and then wandered with elaborate carelessness to the door.

"Oh, it *is* good to have it spring, isn't it?" she said, and stepped out, lazily. The big shepherd dog rose with a ponderous stretch. She stooped to pat his rough head, and urged him along the path with her.

Mrs. Newton had dropped her work in her lap, and sat silent, as if waiting. She stole a look at her husband, who was contentedly winding the clock and poking about, preparatory for bed.

"Well, I guess it's all right, Caroline," he yawned. "You see, she came home with Freddie. If that California boy will just go— Wonder who that is? Helen's talking to some one."

"Just some one going by—" Mrs. Newton began feebly.

He walked to the door again—in time to see his daughter's slim figure opening the gate for a tall, straight young man's entrance. They stayed there a few moments, talking in low tones. Occasionally the girl laughed—a tender little laugh that was almost a caress. Then they crossed the grass toward the white fruit-trees. And as they passed where the faint moonlight shone on them clearest, it seemed to the astounded father that the boy's arm was about Helen's waist.

He came back and sat down heavily opposite Mrs. Newton. "Well, I'll be jiggered!" he said . . . and did not notice that Mrs. Newton, who had not come to the door, seemed to need no explanation as to why he would be jiggered.

It might have been ten minutes later that Helen, coming in with a rush, caught him around the neck. The tall young man, curly-haired, eager-eyed, stood close beside her, ready to plead his case. But Helen seemed to think mere announcement sufficient.

"I'm *so* happy," she breathed. "The only thing is that California's so far away. I don't know how I can ever——"

"You'll have to come back every year," choked Mr. Newton. But his wife only cried a little on the shoulder of the boy from California.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

STRAIGHT TALK

THE RECALL OF DECISIONS

me people seem to be quite disturbed over suggestion for the recall of judicial deci-s. The idea is not new. In a way, we have germ of it to-day, in the provision for con-itional amendments. That is, we think we e. A case that goes to prove the contrary ound in the experience of California. Mr. nolly mentioned it in his article in the ch EVERYBODY'S.

he people of California in their constitution that whenever a railroad shall, for the pur-e of competing with any other common car-, lower its rates, such rates shall not be in raised without the consent of the proper e authority.

But the Supreme Court was not satisfied h the obvious meaning of these words. It that the men who wrote this constitution ant something else.

So the Supreme Court went ahead and de-red what it thought the framers of the con-itution meant to say—which was just what framers didn't say.

And this decision of the Supreme Court *is the* in California.

But the well-intentioned and classically in-ucted lawyer will immediately say: "But u have a remedy at hand. Draw up a con-tutional amendment, and make the provi-n say again exactly what you want it to y."

And certain types of lawyers offer this sug-stion as if getting an amendment to the con-tution were as easy as getting a drink in a lry" town. Just consider a moment how long takes to carry an amendment to even a state nstitution. An effective remedy, isn't it?

Another aspect of this opportunity for con-itutional amendment immediately suggests itself from the practical legislative standpoint:

Many of our states have laws limiting the number of amendments which may be submitted to the people at any one time. The original idea of this limitation was sound. It aimed at preventing the voters from being confused by a multiplicity of issues. So some states allow only two, or four, or seven amendments on the ballot at any one election.

It has worked out this way, however, in those states: when the machine at the state capitol feels that a real, fundamental question is to be offered as an amendment, those on the inside immediately draw up the full legal number of amendments and see that these amendments are given precedence of consideration by the legislature. Their amendments, needless to add, are always of no importance—unless it be some excuse to spend more money.

Thus the vital question goes over until the next year. Then the same tactics are easily adopted again.

But grant that a constitutional amendment is procured, and that you make the amendment speak in such a way as to override the decision of the court. Theoretically, this is fine. Practically, it is ineffective.

The court may still decide that you did not at all mean what you said.

And this decision would remain the law!

So practically there is no appeal from it. The people must have some method of forcing their intentions into our body of law, of handling just such cases of judicial misinterpretation. They must be able to reach the decision itself.

The recall as applied in this respect seems to offer a remedy. When judicial casuistry and misinterpretation go so far that a court attempts to tell a legislature what it meant when the legislature deliberately says the op-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

posite; when such cases occur as often as they have occurred, in California, Washington, Ohio, Missouri, etc., then the recall of such decisions is surely a conservative remedy.

And how mild compared with the recall of the judges themselves!

Verily, we are a cautious people.

New York, N. Y. W. D.

WHAT KIND OF PERSON DO *YOU* HATE?

You and your earnest colleagues have muckraked almost everything and everybody in public life in this country. Won't you turn now to the Pests of Private Life who have been thriving and multiplying while you were engaged elsewhere? I have a favorite pest, and I nominate him as my candidate for your first "Exposure of the Enemies of the Private Welfare." I refer, of course, to "The Superior Person." The conversation of the Superior Person is one of the deepest causes of the present unrest and discontent in America. He makes life worth leaving.

He knows where Roosevelt made his mistake, and you think he is a Taft man till you learn that he knows where Taft made his mistake, too. He knows everybody's mistakes and nobody's successes. He notes Eddie Foy's lack of spirituality, and he seems to feel the absence of a certain joyous, rollicking quality in Nazimova. Without specifying any reason for it, he convinces you that Pinero is a bad playwright by referring pityingly to "the sort of man who goes to see Pinero plays." You think to yourself:

"What? Is this the latest? I must get next."

WE ADVOCATE LYNCHING

One of his neatest tricks is to take what everybody knows is true and then assert the contrary. He stuns and subdues the people about him by an incidental allusion to "that least progressive of all centuries, the nineteenth." You would think he knew every other century personally; and, after a while, you are inclined to believe he does and that they are all friends of his, for you never hear him say a good word about any of them.

His disparaging remarks about "the middle class" have given him a position as an aristocrat among those who do not know that his father was a circuit-rider and that he is a bond salesman. At dinner parties he tells you about his hostess of last night who "still has one of those terrible Corot landscapes in the hall." Conscious of having liked it yourself, you try to lead him on to some hint as to what sort of landscape you ought to like; but it doesn't come. He goes on from landscapes you ought not to like to books, operas, statues, gems, people, cities, rivers, and oceans you ought not to like; but he never arrives at the ones which deserve your admiration. You go home beaten and hopeless. He is the safe-deposit vault of the true and the beautiful; and he won't sell you a key.

If he has any one rule of taste which he can't prevent himself from letting out, it is to judge books by the smallness of their sales, etchings by the fewness of the prints of them in existence, and pots and pans by their antiquity.

He has a large collection of Colonial kitchen utensils, and he is always hearing of freshly opened deposits of them and making gentle journeys to old junk in Massachusetts and Virginia.

These clues will enable you to get on his trail and run him down. And as soon as you've exposed him and extinguished him, I'll tell you about another. Get us some relief from our real troubles. I. S.

New York, N. Y.

THE "SQUIRREL CAGE" MIRROR

I have been a reader and friend of "Everybody's" ever since the rise of Lawson's star, but have never before ventured to make any remarks; but, because I know we are all too prone to speak when we are displeased, and to keep silence when we are pleased, I venture a word of encouragement.

Mankind seems to be inclined to worship the past. A painting of ancient masters, a coin of long ago, a bit of crockery or piece of furniture has in our estimation a value based solely on the fact that it comes to us from an earlier age. A book that has stood the test of time we call a classic, and handle it with the tender touch of reverence. It is, indeed, necessary to link ourselves to the past, to know the joys, the sorrows, the ambitions of our fathers; for so shall we understand that our modern civilization has not come to us by chance, but that "brows have ached for it and souls toiled and striven."

But the man who lives only in the past, who admires nothing but the work of the old masters, who reads nothing but the time-honored classics, will be like the much-criticized judge of to-day, who lives in his world of legal ideals and established precedents, far apart from the struggling mass of his fellows. He will be like "Herr Teufelsdröckh" in his attic, among the stars, far above the city. The old masters did not, and could not, with brush or pen, bring us face to face with the world of to-day.

This task is left to the magazines of to-day; and among these, Everybody's certainly holds an honorable place. It has been giving us from time to time the best from the pens of those

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ive in the present, and who feel its pulse. ; made a mistake now and then, of course, ı the main it has given us good things of ıt-day importance.

.ong the writings that open to us the inner ngs of to-day, I have not found in EVERY- s, nor anywhere else, a greater one than : Squirrel Cage." It is a wonderful ser- to the not-quite-rich-but-would-be class; . puts even us of the lower financial strata : the mirror, where we see our own sordid ;, caring more for things than for souls. thy Canfield has certainly vivisected mod- fe, has seen its heart-throbs, and speaks first-hand knowledge. Don't hesitate to ıs more like "The Squirrel Cage."

sey City, Ohio. A. B.

BUT IS THIS SORT OF RECALL EFFECTIVE?

CONNOLLY:

have read your articles in EVERYBODY'S congratulate you on the temperate way in h they are written and your avoidance of :latives and extreme statements. A state- . milder than the fact itself carries more ıt than a statement which appears to be strong. I think the articles will serve to se public attention and perhaps frighten in interests into a relaxation of their grip . certain portions of the judiciary. I think ıat way the articles will have a mighty ence for good.

ou and I know, as lawyers, that a judiciary considers itself infallible is most dangerous, cularly when judges are selected as they been. Why is the judgment of a law- who gets on the bench suddenly vested a sacred character? It is, of course, most ırtant that controversies between people ld be settled, and of secondary importance they should be settled justly. The sacred ıcter should attend only the judge who s both the primary and secondary quali- ions, and the reputation should be held tly personal to the man and not to the :.

ıe suggestion of Roosevelt for the recall ecisions upon general social and constitu- ıl questions amuses me.

ıe people now have the right to recall judicial decision upon a constitutional tion by amending the Constitution, and also recall any decision of a reactionary re upon a social question by extending the stitution over the question. I wonder it not become the custom long since to do r with unpopular decisions by embodying contrary in the Constitution in unmista- e terms. The original purpose of the Con- tion was to limit legislation, and if the limitation as interpreted by the courts does not meet with popular approval, it should be easy to recall the interpretation.

Our Federal and state constitutions were the original examples of the Initiative and Referendum. They are bodies of laws of a higher sanction than mere legislation. The income-tax amendment now before the legislatures of the states is a distinct case in point.

I shall follow your later articles with great interest.

St. Paul, Minn. R. C., Attorney-at-law.

WHY SO MANY RAILROAD ACCIDENTS?

MR. CONNOLLY:

In the state of Minnesota alone there were one hundred and fifty-four railroad wrecks in the year 1911; and according to the opinion of a member of the Railroad and Warehouse Commission of Minnesota, eighty-one of these might be classed as preventable, and seventy-three as non-preventable. There were two hundred and seventy-one persons injured and twenty-seven killed; twenty-three of the twenty-seven were killed in preventable wrecks.

There was a wreck at Odessa, Minnesota, on the Milwaukee Railroad, December 18th, 1911, and I am now, for a personal reason, investigating the actions of the claim agents in their settlements.

FREIGHT FIRST—THEN PASSENGERS

The law in Minnesota provides a maximum of seventy-five hundred dollars in payment of a claim. This wreck was absolutely avoidable, and has been investigated by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Railroad and Warehouse Commission, the attorney-general, and the county attorney; and their report severely censures the railroad company and the employees. An effort will be made to have every one implicated punished.

The train was held for thirty-three minutes at a station where there was no night operator, and the train crew knew that a fast silk train was following as the second section of the passenger; and yet the rear of the passenger train was not protected by a flagman. In addition, the operator at the next station back permitted the silk train to proceed without having a clearance order, and before the passenger train had been reported out of the block.

When railroads wink at these flagrant violations of rules, they should be fair in their settlements with the victims. That they very often escape lightly is because the public as a rule do not know what is due them, and for this reason it would seem that a series of articles would help enlighten and protect them.

Terry, Montana. C. W. B.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A ROW OF BOOKS

BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

HOW many ways are there of falling in love? I can not recall that any one has counted. Usually the madness is caught through attraction by external personality. Strolling down the thronged thoroughfare of life, one's attention is suddenly arrested by something exquisitely new and unexperienced in the pageant of passing faces. One halts, looks back, turns, and follows, frantically desirous of learning all the thoughts which lie hidden behind those eyes. Had it not been for the attraction of the external, the hidden and spiritual personality would have passed unnoticed.

Thomas Hardy, reversing the process, has a story of a man who fell in love with a serving-maid's mind as revealed in her letters—only to discover, after he had married her, that some one else had written them for her out of kindness. There is an Eastern story which tells how a man became infatuated with a woman's hand, thrust out from behind a curtain. Did a man ever fall in love with an invisible woman, merely by listening to her voice?

That is, more or less, what a reader does. When he enters a book, he holds a spiritualistic séance at which he is the only embodied individuality present. Voices without faces whisper round him, pouring out their secret souls more intimately than they would ever do to their dearest friends. Unlike the lover, the reader becomes enamored first with the invisible personality of the author. There are some authors who make us burningly curious to discover the external part of them which lies hidden. This eagerness is heightened when their work appears anonymously.

A book has recently come from the press (Stokes) so extraordinarily anonymous that it can hardly be said to bear a title; the title is a dedication to three initials, M. L. G. It is the autobiography of a woman—an American Marie-Claire. So carefully does the author conceal herself that she adopts no nom de plume. She is known to us only by her nicknames. It is the same with her parents—she refers to them as Boy and Dearie. The other characters are indicated by letters of the alphabet followed by a dash.

Marie-Claire was the white lily of cloistered girlhood; this is the scarlet poppy of passion. Marie-Claire had the wistfulness of illusion; this has the wistfulness of disenchantment. The first was the story of charming innocence; the second is a story of its absence, and the vain endeavor made in later years for its recapture. The two books meet on a common ground, in their aching sense of beauty.

"To M. L. G." is the kind of book that one expects from France—it has that magic glamour which most of our American novels lack—*temperament*. One experiences the same quality of esthetic thrill in finding it among our own home-products as would be experienced should a flamingo suddenly flash down Broadway. It seems too good to be true. It is so unusual that we fear we are deceiving ourselves. We hesitate to attract one another's attention to the phenomenon, lest we should be corrected and made to appear ridiculous. But at last our excitement gets the better of us; we point out the wonder, only to find that other people from the same motives have been corking down the same astonishment.

The story opens in a theatrical boarding-house in New York when the author is two. Her parents, who are known as the Love-Birds, have gone off and left her to the care of the boarding-house keeper, whom she is taught to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Ma. Ma dies a dramatic and noisy death, emembrance of which afterward proves the girl's first passport to becoming a famous ss. By the time she is fifteen she has adopted by various persons, including a ly morphine-fiend and a beauty-doctor who ıbitious to become a baroness.

ıen she is farmed out to a theatrical agency goes upon the road. There is nothing of say wickedness that she does not know, yet, somehow, she has kept the inner sanc- y of her heart and mind untarnished. It : be because in the worst people she is al- ; uncovering good. Her rapid rise to suc- is purchased by a forced concession, the nsiveness of which she does not realize . years later, when M. L. G. kindles in her ion of what true love may mean in all its :y. Then she writes this book, describing im her girlhood, its shortcomings and ex- s, leaving him to prove to her whether per- knowledge is perfect love.

part from the book's extreme artistry, it powers by its vivid air of truth. At the st, it is a remarkable performance—a dar- ınd worthy departure from the normal ten- ies of American fiction. But it seems to ıore than that—it has the conscience, eager- , and emotional atmosphere of a veritable ession. Like the hand in the Eastern story st from behind the curtain, or the voice of ınseen woman whispering poignant and lexing secrets in a darkened room, it leaves reader with a mind agitated to learn more ıe writer's personality. He wants to know t effect this pathetic revelation had on the ized M. L. G. Was he worthy of it?

ıe whole art of intensifying life consists in ring its heights and depths with the search- of imagination. This applies especially oks. Each one, long before it comes to be ished, has acquired a complete biography ivate vicissitudes and romance. Its life as vate individual begins at the hour when ıuthor claps hand to forehead, chuckling, ıt's an amazingly good idea." It ends , having blotted the last page, he sinks in his chair, seeing visions of impossible ıphs, picturing imaginary yachts pur- d with imaginary royalties. Very often ınrecorded romance of a book's writing is as excellent as the published romance ı the book sets out to tell.

seems to be becoming the fashion for au- to unbosom themselves to the public. there was Mr. Bennett with his "Truth t an Author;" then Mr. Moore with his l and Farewell;" now comes Mr. Joseph ıd with "A Personal Record" (Harper). Bennett told us how he earned a living; Mr. Moore how he enjoyed himself; Mr. Conrad tells how his first novel happened to be written, and shows incidentally how a man's whole life may lie huddled behind the thing he writes. He commenced "Almayer's Folly," his first book, in 1889 and spent five years on it. Meanwhile, as an officer in the merchant marine, he sailed with it half round the world.

The plot was picked up on a Bornean river. The first chapter was penned on an autumn day in London. The manuscript was nearly sunk by the capsizing of a canoe in the Congo. It was left behind accidentally at a railway-station in Berlin, and subsequently rescued. It traveled with its author through Poland in the depth of winter, on his return home after an absence of over twenty years. It was first read in tropic seas by a consumptive on his way to Australia in the vain search of health.

Keats, in one of his letters, wonders in what position Shakespeare sat when he began "To be or not to be," and remarks that these details become of increasing interest from distance of time and place. Such reflections, and such voluntary admissions as Mr. Conrad's, illumine with the search-light of imagination the entire lost history of how books happened into the world. For every library we possess there is another ghostly library which, save for such stray volumes as "A Personal Record," will never be penned.

Man of the English-speaking races lives his life independently of woman. He considers his masculine solitariness a sign of strength. He can not understand the Frenchman who finds it impossible to be happy out of earshot of the frou-frou of a skirt. Things which he can not understand he suspects of wickedness. Hence the naughty reputation of the French. When Christian had climbed the hill, his sack of sins fell from off his back. When one of our novelists disembarks at Calais, he sinks his bundle of moral scruples in the harbor as he passes down the gangplank. He is convinced that the atmosphere of France is immoral; for the time being his temperature shall be French.

Not so Romain Rolland, the fifth, sixth, and seventh sections of whose ten-volume novel have just been published under the title of "Jean-Christophe In Paris" (Holt). Jean-Christophe, having crossed the frontier from Germany, enters the siren city with all his moral scruples intact. He is a pathetic and ludicrous figure, an unwieldy Lutheran Don Quixote, wandering the gay, irresponsible boulevards with affronted, mild-eyed purity. His evident goodness tempts the witty Parisians, with their keen artistic sense of contrast, to pose as bad. Jean-Christophe dons spiritual sackcloth and ashes, wringing his hands in impotent sorrow,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

believing them to be even worse than they pretend. The Parisians, like high-spirited, impish children, are delighted with the results of their acting; then they grow sorry because he is crying, after which they learn to love him.

Charles Dawbarn, in "France and the French" (Macmillan), approaches the same subject, but more directly. He reviews the contemporary attitude of France in all its relations, social, economic, religious, and political. It is a wholesome and convincing corrective of wrong views. Its spirit is that of completest sympathy with French ideals, its purpose being to interpret the new France to other nations. Mr. Dawbarn has some interesting things to say about the effects of the American invasion. The influence of American art-students is all for good. Often when they come to Paris they succeed in doing better than their teachers by reason of their virility and enthusiasm. Their success is due to much trying. They have set a standard of incessant industry which is rapidly becoming the fashion.

On the other hand, the pleasures of the Frenchman of old were simple and inexpensive. To-day a wave of extravagance is passing over the country which Mr. Dawbarn attributes directly to the example of the American. He arrives in Paris expressly to spend money. A class of parasites has arisen to enable him to accomplish this purpose with the least waste of time and the greatest profit to itself. Even in the Latin Quarter, the influence of the rich stranger is felt to the detriment of the native artist, who to-day has to pay more for his studio.

The reckless getter and spender has supplanted the figure of Uncle Sam as an American national type in the Frenchman's imagination. At the fair in Tours last summer I saw a placard hung outside a booth, bearing a list of inducements for people to enter. It finished with the clinching argument: "We all love money: we are all Americans." This was a form of veiled compliment, calculated to shame the thrifty peasant into parting with his loose change, the idea being that it was by spending his money that the American became wealthy.

"O God, let me sleep like a stone and rise up like a loaf," is the curious prayer of one of Tolstoy's soldier-characters in "War and Peace." Tolstoy's body sleeps like a stone; will his fame rise up like a loaf? Dr. Hagberg Wright claims that it will—he will take his place in that high-priesthood of the quick among the dead, to which company belong Savonarola, Rousseau, Luther, and Shakespeare. As a rule, the surest step to take for the defeating of such a prophecy is the publishing of an author's left-over manuscripts—almost invariably they prove to be the sweepings of his workshop.

But the Tolstoy luck, which followed him in life, has not deserted him. In everything that he attempted he achieved success. He received but one rebuff in his entire literary career.

There were definite reasons why the manuscripts which have just appeared (Dodd, Mead) should have been withheld during Tolstoy's life. After he had assumed the rôle of moral regenerator, all merely artistic efforts seemed to him derogatory to his spiritual influence. His eyes were fixed on the eternal; he had no right to turn aside to the ephemeral. Turgeney urged him in vain. It was only in periods of sickness, or when physically in need of recreation, that he gave his power for fiction vent. But his marvelous retentiveness kept his genius as a novelist for years unemployed, yet unwasted. Like the magic sword Excalibur, he could draw it forth from the place where he had hidden it, undulled by disuse and with even added edge.

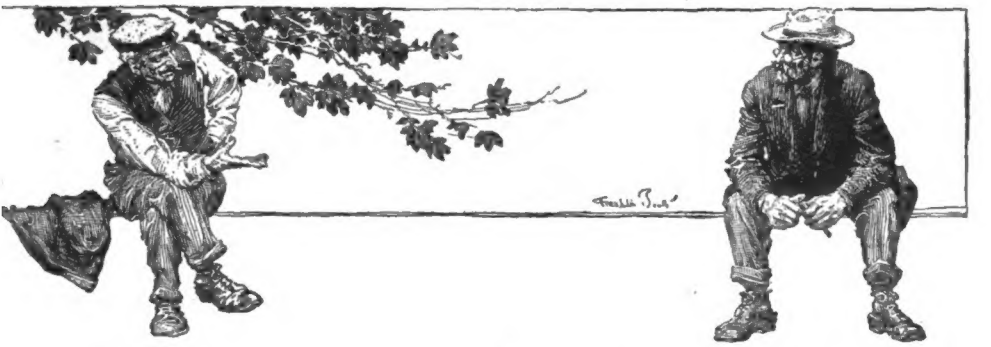
In the case of his play, "The Light That Shines in Darkness," there were intimate private reasons for silence: it was too intimately autobiographic. It tells the story of a father with altruistic social ideals, thwarted by the conventional persuasions of his family. Others translate his teachings into actions and pay the price of self-sacrifice, while he is held back by his wife from putting the logic of his gospel into practise. He comes to be regarded as a sham. He can only disprove the accusation by casting off those whom he loves best. It is Tolstoy's domestic battle that is described.

"Hadji Murád" is the biography of a Caucasian brigand-patriot, encountered in Tiflis fifty years before the story was written. In it Tolstoy lays bare the vein of Orientalism which underlies all his work. At seventy-four years of age he gazes back into the clear skies of his youth, and constructs from his memories a tragic masterpiece of startling directness and grandeur.

"The Forged Coupon" represents him in his splendid indignation against wickedness. A boy alters a figure on a piece of paper; it passes through many hands, leaving behind a broadening wake of crime. Then a little wave of virtue is started by one of the criminals; it gathers crest and rolls back and back, eating up the wake of evil, till it reaches the agent from whom the evil spread. So Tolstoy preaches with somber passion how good must triumph.

After reading these posthumous publications, Dr. Wright's prophecy does not seem extravagant. The loaf will rise.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can ist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chest- Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

Minister—"So you are going to school now, you, Bobby?"
Bobby (aged six)—"Yes, sir."
Minister—"Spell kitten for me."
Bobby—"Oh, I'm further advanced than t. Try me on cat."

Mrs. Jenkins—"Mrs. Smith, we shall be ghbors now. I have bought a house next , with a water frontage."
Mrs. Smith—"So glad! I hope you will drop ome time."

'wo little girls were coming home from ool, when one commenced to tease the other. I don't care," said Mabel. "You are only adopted child. Your father and mother not really yours."
I don't care, either," retorted Grace. "My a and mama picked me out. Yours had to you just as you came."

priest, who was a very good and amiable , but possessed of an endless flow of lan- ge whenever he arose to make a speech, was addressing a body of Irishmen on the sub- of Irish benevolent societies. He spoke eight o'clock until eleven, and his audi- was yawning wearily.

At last he ended, and then, with a broad smile, inquired if any one wished to ask a question.

A stubby little man in the rear of the hall stood up.

"Ah, Mr. O'Malley," said the priest, "what question can I answer for you?"

O'Malley yawned. "Please, father," he said, "what toime is it?"

The canny Scot wandered into the pharmacy.

"I'm wanting threepenn'orth o' laudanum," he announced.

"What for?" asked the chemist suspiciously.

"For twopence," responded the Scot at once.

Sir Thomas Lipton relates the following experience of his own:

"When I was starting in business I was very poor and needed every penny I could earn to enlarge my little business. I had a lad of fourteen as assistant. One Monday morning the boy came in with a very mournful expression. I asked him what the trouble was, and he said:

" 'I have no clothes fit to wear to church, sir. I can't get a new suit, because my father is dead and I have to help my mother pay the rent.'

"I thought it over and finally took enough money from my hard-earned savings to buy the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

lad a good, warm suit of clothes, with which he was delighted.

"The next day he did not come to work, nor the next; and when three days had gone by and I had heard nothing from him, I went to his home to find out what had become of him.

" 'Well, you see, sir,' said the mother of the boy, 'Robert looks so respectable in his new suit, thanks to you, sir, that we thought he had better look around town and see if he couldn't get a better job.' "

The Prisoner—"There goes my hat. Shall I run after it?"

Policeman Casey—"Phwat? Run away and never come back again? You stand here and I'll run after your hat."

Andrew Carnegie tells of a unique proposal of marriage which was an actual happening in a Scotch town where he was stopping one summer.

A Scotch beadle was very much in love, and was also extremely bashful. He couldn't make up his mind to ask the lady for her heart and hand in the ordinary manner. He made several attempts, but his courage always failed him at the auspicious moment.

One day he asked her to go for a walk and led the way to the churchyard; there, finding the lot where his ancestors lay, he pointed to the headstones, and said:

"All my folks are buried here, Joan. Wadn't you like to be laid away here wi' 'em some day?"

The following is a letter of gratitude received by a woman doctor in western India:

"Dear She,

"My wife has returned from your hospital cured. Provided males are allowed at your bungalow, I would like to do you the honor of presenting myself there this afternoon. But I will not try to repay you; vengeance belongeth unto God.

"Yours noticeably,

"_____"

A couple of drummers, having a few hours' lay-over in a small town, decided to dine at the village hotel. On looking over the bill of fare they noted that young "fry" were "special" for that meal, so one of the men turned to the pretty little waitress and asked:

"How's the chicken?"

The young lady blushed, then answered: "Oh, I'm all right. How are you?"

A northern Missouri justice of the peace, whose fence marks the boundary between Missouri and Iowa, is much impressed with his position.

One day he saw his son and the hired man fighting, and ran toward them, shouting:

"Cease, in the name of the State of Missouri!"

Just then the combatants crashed through the fence, and the old man halted.

"Give it to him, son!" he whooped. "I've lost my jurisdiction."

A prominent Republican was asked if he was for a certain candidate for governor, and he answered:

"No; I don't want to waste him. The situation is like an event in a Dublin theatre. Some fellow had made a disturbance in the gallery, and the cry was raised, 'Throw him over! Throw him over!' Thereupon a solemn-looking man rose from his seat and impressively shouted: 'Hold on! Don't waste him! Kill a fiddler wid him.' "

Teacher, to a roomful of pupils: "And just think! one of you may be president some day. All of you who would like to be president, please rise."

All rose except little Willie.

"Well, Willie, what's the matter? Wouldn't you like to be president?"

"Y-yes'm," stammered Willie, "b-but I ca-ca-can't."

"Why not?" asked teacher, astonished.

"Because—because I'm a D-d-democrat," said Willie, bursting into tears.

Some real-estate dealers in British Columbia were accused of having victimized English and Scotch settlers by selling to them (at long range) fruit ranches which were situated on the tops of mountains. It is said that the captain of a steamboat on Kootenay Lake once heard a great splash in the water. Looking over the rail, he spied the head of a man who was swimming toward his boat. He hailed him. "Do you know," said the swimmer, "this is the third time to-day that I've fallen off that bally old ranch of mine?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Everybody's Magazine

TRVMBVLL WHITE, MANAGING · EDITOR

'BLISHED BY THE DGWAY COMPANY
MAN J. RIDGWAY · PRESIDENT

RAY BROWN SECY AND TREASVRER
ROBERT FROTHINGHAM ADV. MANAGER

SPRING & MACDOVGAL STREETS · NEW YORK CITY.

With Everybody's Publishers

FOR the next few months every political conversation and speech and editorial will be full of words more or less loosely used to char- rize the political theories and personali- that are at issue. In order to put dis- ion into terms of common understand- it would be of service to establish some nitions that might find common accept- e. In any science a precise terminology prime necessity. Even in a field as un- ntific as politics, there may well be a sary in order that when different men the same word they may, preferably, n the same thing.

ere are some definitions which we hope be of assistance to the public during coming campaign. Nothing is more cult than to *define*, and what follows rely fallible. But not the least service ese definitions may lie in discussion of precision.

form: A general term for all propositions for e. Differs in its application in different com- ies. For instance, in America tariff reform s lower tariff; in England, higher.

former: The original kicker, father of the in- nt, grandfather of the progressive, great-grand- of the radical, sometimes all in one person. inks to change things by changing the form ngs.

surgent: A reformer in politics who is fight- sually within his party, against some things nks are wrong.

gressive: An insurgent who is fighting for definite reforms, e. g., the Initiative, Refer- , and Recall; the Short Ballot, the direct n of United States senators, etc.

eral: One who is in sympathy with progress- ive ideals, but not limited by any hard and fast pro- gram.

Radical: A term applied to advanced progress- ives who, impatient with treating only the symptoms of evil, would remove the causes. They aim to change the foundation of the social system.

Conservative: One who views with timidity any effort to change political conditions by untried means; a useful, pessimistic citizen, who thinks this is a static, not an evolving, world; who honestly be- lieves that things are as right as can be.

Stand-Patter: One to whom any political change is necessarily a change for the worse; a conservative who has a personal or business reason for resist- ance to progress. Satisfied with the hand dealt to him in the game of life, he "stands pat."

Reactionary: One who thinks the future lies in the past; and generally bears the same relation to the conservative that the radical does to the pro- gressive.

Demagogue: One who appeals to the prejudices and passions of the people.

Plutagogue: One who appeals to the prejudices and passions of the plutocracy.

Conservationist: A conservative liberal. His particular aim is to save from private exploitation our public lands, forests, water-power, minerals— all the so-called natural resources that have not al- ready been taken up by individuals.

Direct Legislation: A generic term for the In- itiative, Referendum, Recall, Short Ballot, etc.

Initiative: The right of a certain percentage of all voters (say twenty per cent.) to force the legis- lature to submit a given question to a referendum, even if the legislature for some reason doesn't want to.

Referendum: The act of referring a given ques- tion to all the voters for decision; a sort of voters' veto over the legislature. All state constitutions

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

now require a referendum on all amendments proposed by the legislature.

Recall: An instrument which enables the voters to exercise the right of the employer to dismiss the employed; i. e., the right of the voters who have placed a public servant in office to recall him from that office at will, even before his term has expired.

Recall of Decisions: The right of the voters to annul, by a referendum, any judicial decision on a constitutional question.

Short Ballot: A reform to reduce the number of offices to be filled at any election, and so concentrate the attention of the voters, and the authority and responsibility of the few officials elected.

Direct Nomination: The plan of nominating party candidates for office by the direct vote of the voters of the party, without the intervention of conventions.

Presidential Primary: A plan to let the voters of a party, in each congressional district, elect delegates to the national nominating convention—such delegates being instructed by the voters to vote for a certain presidential candidate.

Direct Election of Senators: The proposal to have United States senators elected directly by the voters of each state instead of by the state legislatures.

Socialism: A movement having for its aim the abolition of private ownership of the social instruments of wealth-production; and the introduction of a system of industry collectively owned and democratically managed for the benefit of the whole community.

Tariff: A tax upon goods imported from foreign countries, collected from the importer at the custom-house, and charged up on the price to the consumer.

Protective Tariff: A tax upon imports fixed at a point high enough to discourage the importation of goods, for the purpose of protecting the home manufacturers of such goods against foreign competition; the theory being that the American manufacturer, freed from foreign competition, may then charge the American consumer a price high enough to yield satisfactory profits to himself and good wages to his employees.

Tariff for Revenue Only: A tariff fixed upon the basis of the actual needs of the Government, to pay its expenses. The protection of domestic industries is not contemplated.

Cost-of-Production Theory: A recent Republican amendment to the party's theory of a protective tariff. It proposes that such a tariff should just cover the higher costs of production (due to higher labor- and material-cost) which the American manufacturer is up against—plus a reasonable profit.

Reciprocity Treaty: An agreement between two countries by which an item or series of items in the tariff of each country is made exempt from the regular import duty.

Ship Subsidy: A money grant given by the Government to a merchant (or corporation) to help establish a steamship route (using American-built ships) which otherwise would not be self-supporting. The cost-of-production theory applied to our merchant marine.

Privilege: All property rights which are the beneficiaries of legislation which does not equally benefit the entire community; e. g., the Woolen Trust, the Steel Trust, and other beneficiaries of the protective tariff; any corporation chartered by the state to exercise powers which others are forbidden to exercise.

"The Interests:" Corporations or businesses based upon Privilege or otherwise interested in protecting property rights as against the rights of the people.

Sherman Act: A law originally intended to prevent the establishment of monopolies, or "trusts," by making corporations in restraint of trade unlawful. The Supreme Court has since amended the act so as to condemn corporations only when they exercise "unreasonable" restraint of trade.

Income Tax: The proposal to tax for governmental purposes all incomes above a specified annual amount. It is usually on a graduated scale, so that the tax increases as the income rises. The Income Tax is in operation in Great Britain and in most European countries. A Federal income tax in this country has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. But thirty states have ratified an amendment to the Federal Constitution permitting the tax. Only six more are needed.

Aldrich Plan: A proposal to establish a central bank for *banks*, to be called the National Reserve Association. It will be the fiscal agent of the country, and will have the right to issue money (as banks do now) secured by a reserve. All kinds of banks, except private banks, may belong. Individuals will not deal with it directly.

Checks and Balances: An automatic block system invented by "the fathers" under the inspiration of their experience with monarchical and aristocratic rulers and their suspicion of democracy. It is a distribution by the Constitution of power in such a way that the states balance the United States, and both check the cities. The Senate and the House of Representatives can block each other, and the President can block Congress; while the judiciary can hold up President and Congress, too. Its admirers say it has worked; that it has kept all political trains on the track. Its detractors agree, but complain that it has kept the trains from moving at all.

Centralized Government: The opposite of a government by checks and balances. It would concentrate sovereign power in the Federal Government, and is especially opposed to the theory of individual sovereign states.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN